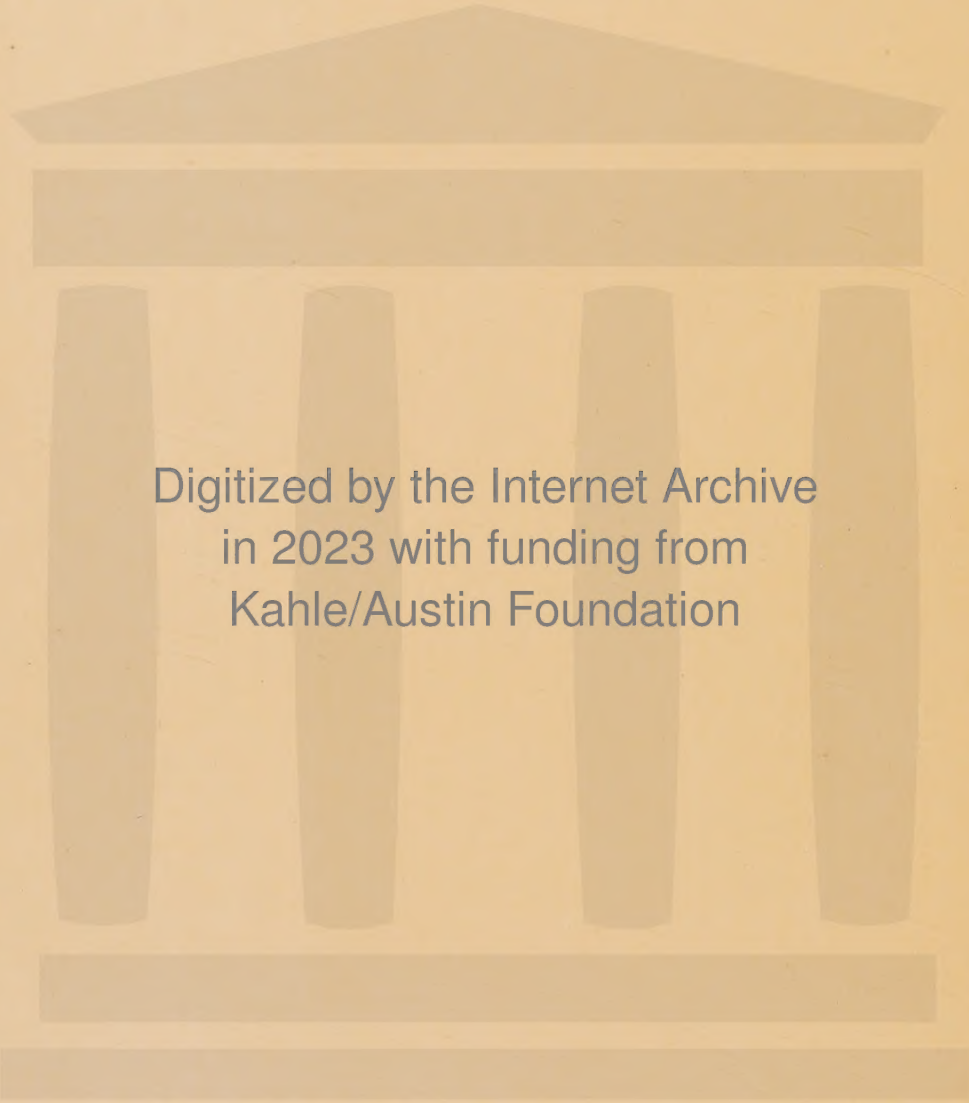


Everyday Wisdom

by

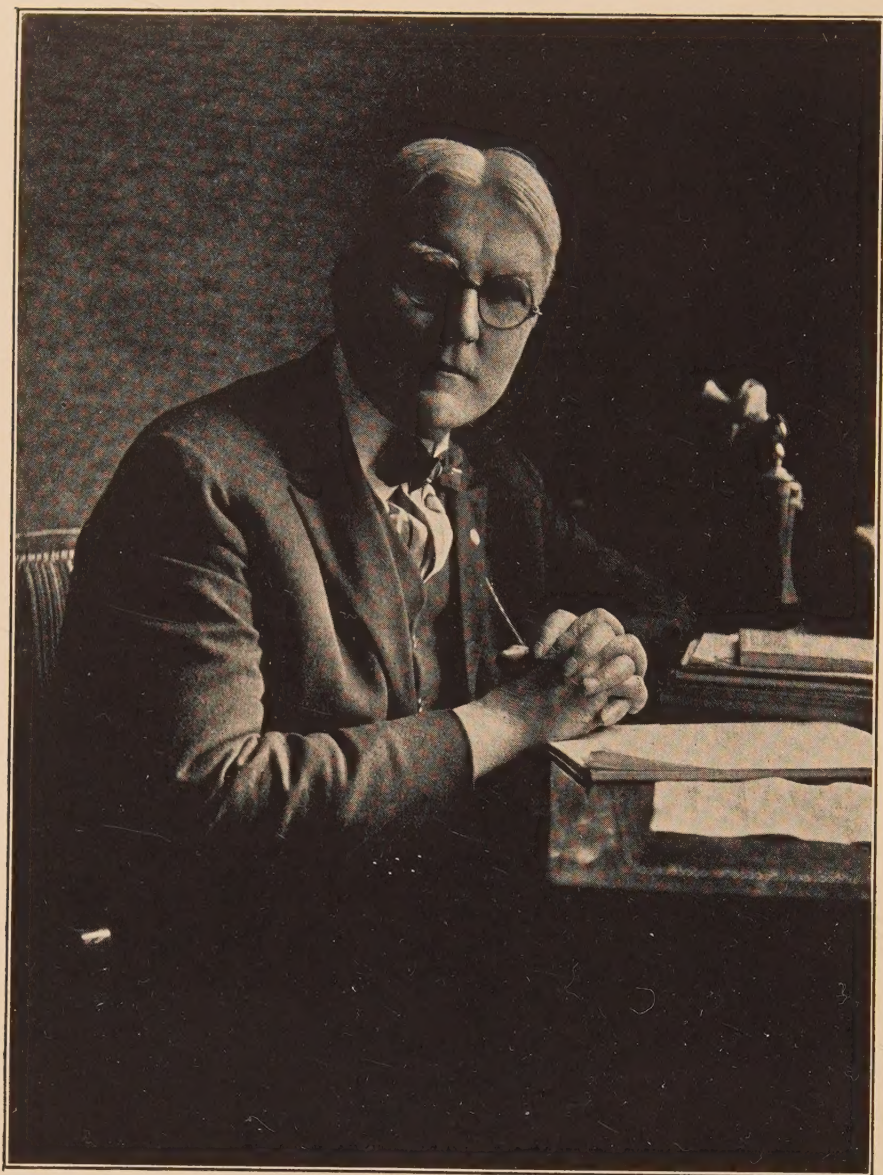
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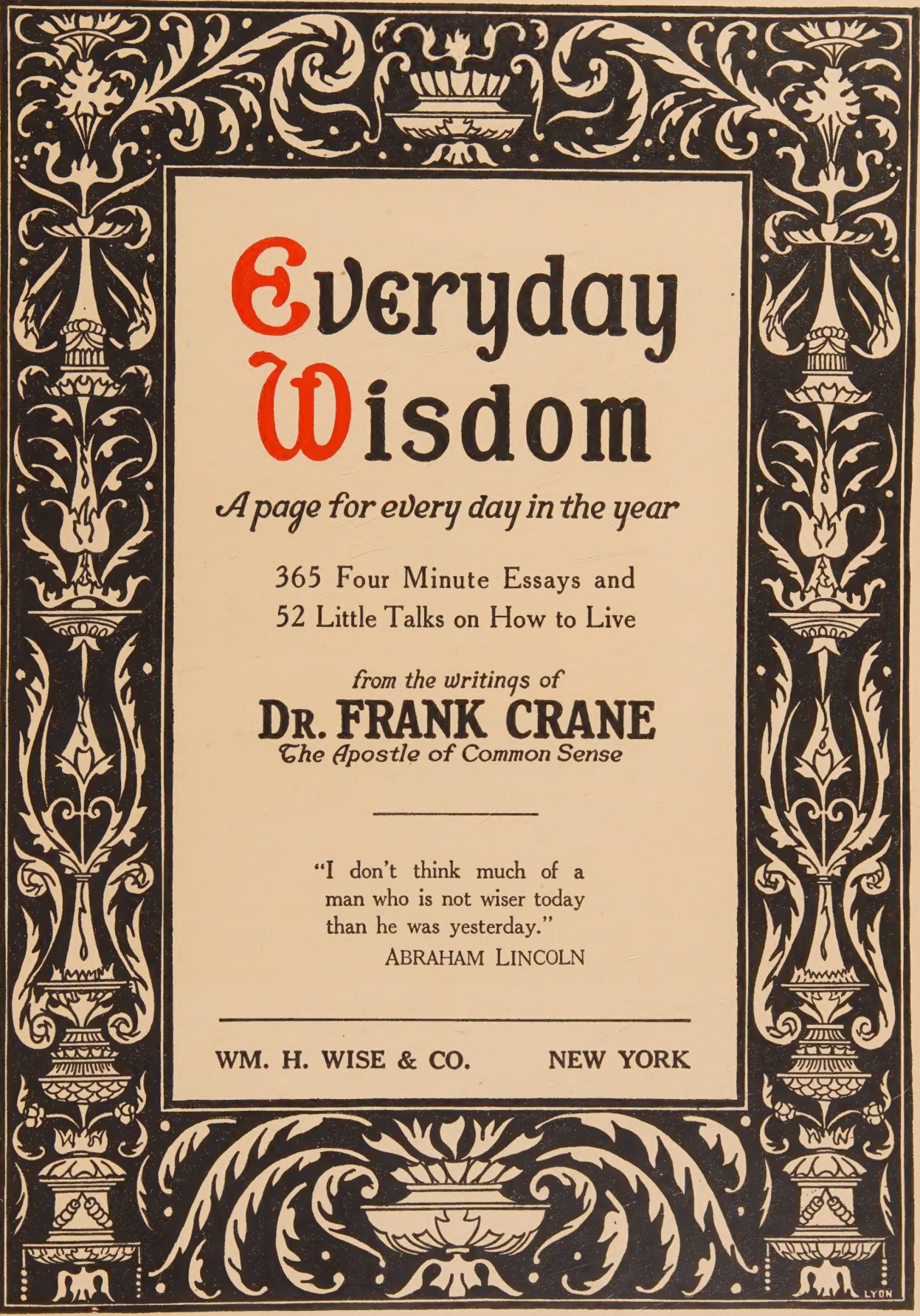
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EVERYDAY WISDOM



DR. FRANK CRANE



Everyday Wisdom

A page for every day in the year

365 Four Minute Essays and
52 Little Talks on How to Live

from the writings of
DR. FRANK CRANE
The Apostle of Common Sense

"I don't think much of a
man who is not wiser today
than he was yesterday."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WM. H. WISE & CO.

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Dr. Frank Crane

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PREFACE



HERE is a passage of Holy Writ that exhorts us that if there be any good things, such as love, virtue, truth, and so on, we ought to think of these things.

The fact that seems to underlie this exhortation is that we become what we think about.

It is certainly true that if you find out what a man eats you will find out what kind of a body he has. No man can be fat unless he takes in through his mouth the ingredients that make fat. More and more the importance of diet is impressing itself upon the medical profession.

A diet for the mind is fully as important as a diet for the body.

The texture and fiber of our minds are determined by what we read and think about quite as much as the texture and fiber of our bodies are determined by what we eat.

The value of what we read is determined by how well we digest it. We should meditate upon what we have found out and thoroughly incorporate it with what we already know.

If we want peace, poise and healthy optimism we must think of pleasant, agreeable and healthful subjects.

If we enjoy a bright and hopeful view of things we shall dwell upon our mercies and not upon our miseries.

Whoever thinks long and continuously upon disagreeable subjects gradually acquires fretfulness and unrest.

The habit of constant criticism renders the mind critical, and the habit of constantly looking for the best of things renders the mind sound and hopeful.

Of course there is a good deal of misfortune that happens to all of us, and there are many things in our lives unpleasant to think about. But there is such a thing as dwelling upon such subjects unnecessarily, and there is such a thing as turning away from them.

It behooves every one to keep his face to the light as much as possible. There is plenty of sunlight in the world as well as plenty of mud and darkness. It all depends on which way you are going.

Faith at bottom is nothing but a way you are facing. We say we believe in mud and darkness simply because we are going that way, and our attention is directed to filthy and obscure things.

We say we believe in light and sweetness because we are headed in the direction of the sky, and our faces are open toward the sunlight.

Cicero, I think, compares the process of giving mental help to the business of lighting one candle from another. The flame is passed on, but there is no diminution of the original supply.

Thoughts are given us, not only to chew over for ourselves, but to communicate to others. And if we can find a man that is ready to receive them, and a suitable occasion, there is nothing more pleasurable than giving them.

Frank Crane

EVERYDAY WISDOM

365 Four Minute Essays &
52 Little Talks on How to Live



THE AUTHOR



AS I begin to take stock of the years and their attainments I have become more and more conscious of the many things I cannot do.

I can write passably enough to make a living and can make a fair speech. That is about all.

I cannot dance or sing a song, or play the piano.

I cannot run a race on foot or excel in wrestling or jumping or athletic exercises.

I cannot manage any piece of machinery from a tack hammer to a locomotive.

I cannot add a column of figures correctly and never hope to be able to do so.

I cannot tame wild animals, break a horse or train a dog.

When I go to lay a book on the table I am never certain that it will not fall off.

I love chess and games of cards, put play them all poorly.

When in Italy I used to buy a one lira ticket in the national lottery every day for a period of some months and never won a solitary prize.

I cannot fix a clock or hang wallpaper, or paint a picture, or put up a stove pipe with any degree of success.

I was never able to become popular in a club, party, church or community, so that I was never elected to anything in my life,

except to some position no one else wanted.

I am wholly deficient in the power of competition.

I am very fond of women, but have never been popular among them so that I could really call myself a ladies' man.

When I was young I had as many ambitions as there are divisions of human activity. At different times I thought I would be a lawyer, a physician, a botanist, an entomologist, a Greek scholar, a professor of modern languages, a business man, a great orator, a writer of novels and plays, a wit, a politician, and a preacher.

One by one I have taken in my sails. By infinite experimentation I have discovered that there are but a few simple things that I can do.

The world has assisted me in making this discovery by the very simple method of paying me for what I can do and ignoring me for what I cannot do.

I suppose everybody, in a way, undergoes this process of coming to himself. And the man who arrives is to be congratulated, even if he finds out that the one thing he can do, and the one thing other people are willing to pay him for doing, is laying brick or trimming whiskers.

I sometimes wonder how many people really find their pigeon-hole.

Emerson said: "Few men find themselves before they die."

LINCOLN'S DEFINITION OF WILLPOWER



HE great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is an invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, then Death or Victory. That quality can do anything that can be done in the world."

The above tribute to willpower was written long before the present when Will in capital letters is the shibboleth of success.

Today the business ideal is the "go-getter" who smashes his way through obstacles as if they were papier-maché scenery.

Almost every magazine carries advertisements of methods for strengthening the will. New books continually come from the presses on the will and its cultivation. Collar ads showing iron-jawed young gentlemen in the latest neckwear appear in cars and magazines. Successful business men who give advice include developing the will in the list.

All this publicity has done good. It has emphasized the point that the will is something that the average man may develop and thereby become stronger.

On the other hand, it has made many feel that there is something mysterious, occult, secret, about it all.

Abraham Lincoln, who understood many things, once defined willpower in a way which strips it of much of its mystery.

He said the man who has willpower is the one who keeps his mind centered upon what he is after.

As long as your mind and imagination are centered upon what you want to get or where you want to be the chances are you will keep trying.

It is when your interest in it begins to fade that you waver.

The man who never gives up what he begins until it is completed is the one who keeps the end in his mind until he reaches it.

The one who begins something only to drop it half-completed for something else is the one who keeps his eye on the desired end for a while and then lets other interests absorb his attention.

We say the first has strong willpower, the second is weak willed.

It is, after all, a question of which side of the scales has the most weight, the present want or the future end.

Your thoughts form the weight.

You can add the weight of what you think about to either side.

According to Lincoln's definition, willpower is putting your thought in the scales-pan of the future end.

Polishing up the crowns and dusting off the robes of the dreamed of future, keeping the desired destination alive in your mind, is the long step toward having a strong will.

MAKING AN IMPRESSION

HERE is a suggestion made recently as a business tip:

"Be more willing to let the other fellow make an impression on you than anxious to make an impression upon him."

This is a good rule to adopt in all our relations with our fellows.

Every man is vain and likes to hear himself talk. No man likes to have another man do his thinking for him or to come to his conclusions for him.

It is much better to leave a man alone and let him come to his conclusions by the processes of his own reasoning than it is to talk too much.

A glib salesman who is over-loquacious often defeats his own ends. And a good listener usually is a good salesman.

There is more power in a suggestion than in an argument. And the salesman who is successful is one who is a successful steerer of another and not one who undertakes to force the conclusions of another.

The more pressure you bring to bear upon a man the more you arouse his stubbornness and opposition. And the more you let him run on in his own way and steer him a bit the more likely he is to come to your conclusion.

A great salesman says in describing his interview with someone he wished to influence:

"There were at least three times during the conversation that I felt like interrupting him by saying that I knew all about what he was going to tell me. But did I once butt in? My mission was not to impress upon him what a well-



EVERYBODY makes mistakes. The people who succeed are not those who make none, but those who learn by their mistakes. And making mistakes is about the only way anybody learns anything.

The child never really learns that the stove is hot until he burns his fingers on it.

The people who fail are those who become discouraged over their mistakes. They lose heart, and when you lose heart the best way to get over it is to quit doing wrong and begin to do right. It does no good to weep and despair. We progress simply by watching our mistakes and correcting them.

Walking is merely a succession of falls. If we fall let us fall forward. And get up and try it again.

informed man I was, but to get him in a friendly frame of mind and thus disposed to do what I wanted him to do.

"We are a vain lot, we humans. We may hate to admit it, but the deep truth is that we like the people who make us feel in love with ourselves." This is a good point for us all to remember. It is pretty hard sometimes to repress our ego, but it is a good business polity not to be too vain.

WRINKLES

WRINKLES betray one's individuality.

We are creatures of habit, whether in the wrinkles in our clothes or in our faces.

A wrinkled coat hung up somewhere looks like its possessor. He has worn it long enough for it to become set to his bodily habits.

Wrinkles, therefore, stand for our individuality.

Every once in a while a good dresser must send his clothes to the presser to have the wrinkles taken out. By this act he recognizes that his clothes assist him in mingling with his fellows because they reduce him to conformity with them.

Most pressed clothes look alike, and the well dressed man looks very much like other men. When your clothes have become set to you and conform to you, you are no longer in style.

For this reason the clothes of poor men and of common people express them much more than the clothes of those who have different suits.

The iron that is used in pressing the clothes must be hot, but it must not be too hot.

So with our ideas. They must conform to a certain degree with the ideas of those about us. And the difficulties and obstacles we encounter are the hot iron.

If the iron is too hot, however, the clothes are burned. Some people are so roughly handled that they become bitter or querulous.

Everybody needs to be ironed

out occasionally by the hot iron of circumstance, but he is fortunate if it is not too hot.

As time goes on our faces become wrinkled. That is, they become set to our habitual thoughts and actions. The more individual we are the more we are wrinkled.

It will be noticed that in the case of those who have little individuality, who are anxious to conform to those about them, that their faces do not show many wrinkles. We say that they are not indicative of much character. That means that the character they have is like that of other people and they have not much personality of their own.

A wrinkled face and a wrinkled suit make a better photograph or picture than those which present no wrinkles. That is because they express most the individuality of the owner.

In traveling through a foreign country one can see the most of it by mingling with the common people. If he confines his travels to the fashionable hotels he will meet the same kind of people in Paris or Tokyo or London that he finds in Chicago or New York.

The inhabitants of "the country of table d'hôte" all look alike and talk alike.

Those, therefore, who wish to see the actuality of another land had best go out of the beaten track and mingle with the ordinary folk. They have the habit of their peculiar land most impressed upon them, in their features and in their clothing.

WHY I LOVE MY COUNTRY

I LOVE my country because it is mine.

This statement is made without any egotism. It does not mean that I think my country is the greatest country in the world and that the people in it are superior to people anywhere else.

It simply means that they are my people. They are bone of my bone and blood of my blood. Their heritage is mine, their prosperity or disaster is mine, and their future is mine. They constitute the larger Me.

Sometimes I am very proud of my country and sometimes I am very much ashamed of her. But in either case it is my country.

In other words it is a natural tie, it is a development of a natural instinct, and when it is strong I am more of a normal man and when it is weak I am less.

I love my country in the same way I love my wife and my family. When I say I love my wife, it does not imply that I think she is stronger, more beautiful, more virtuous and more intelligent than any other woman in the world, but it simply means that whatever she may be, it is my privilege, duty and pleasure to stand by her and share in her good or bad fortune, for better or worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness or in health, till death do us part.

To the right kind of a mind this is not an irritating bondage, but is a wholesome source of strength and joy.

No other country can ever be the same to me as mine. I like other countries, I enjoy visiting them and meeting their

people, and I wish them all well. But the idea of considering any one of them as standing in the same relation to me as my own country impresses me as a sort of spiritual infidelity.

If called upon I should be glad to die for my country, and I want to be willing to do that which is much more difficult—to live for my country, and to make it as near as may be the best of all countries.

In other words when I find my country acting in a way I think is wrong, it is my duty to protest loudly, and when she acts as I think is right, I am not ashamed of the glow of pride which it gives me.

But right or wrong, she is my country. My life belongs to her more than it does to myself.

There is one thing only to which I acknowledge a higher loyalty than to my country, and that is humanity. My first duty is to human kind. My second duty is to do all in my power to induce my country to assume its responsibilities and discharge its duty to humanity.

As my country does not exist for me, but I exist for my country, so also the world does not exist for my country, but my country exists for the world.

I shall take part in no plan that implies the extinguishment of my country for the benefit of others, and no plan that shall imply the extinguishment of any other country for the benefit of mine, or that implies the advantage and prosperity of my country at the expense of the rest of the world.

This I conceive to be an intelligent view of patriotism.

WONDER



FEW of us appreciate the value in the world of wonder.

Some two thousand years ago a Child was born, one of Whose names was Wonderful.

The shepherds wondered in the fields, the Magi wondered and worshipped the Child, and the people wondered at Him.

The people of earth have not got over their wonder yet. Once a year all the stores are decorated, the shops are full of pretty things, and people have an orgy of buying. Gifts are given to the little ones of the family and sometimes to the relatives.

Services are held in the churches and the keynote of all is this same wonderful occurrence that took place two thousand years ago.

So you see wonder is not to be discounted as a business asset. It sells many goods every year.

We come into the world wondering at all about us. We wonder at our parents, at the house we live in, at the sky above us, at everything that happens.

Little by little this faculty for wonder disappears. This process we call sophistication.

All of us seem anxious to lose our ability to wonder and to become sophisticated. Then after we have lost it we would like to have it back again.

We ridicule the poor boob at the theatre ticket office who is confused and amazed by all that is going on around him, who is

awkward and stumbling because of his great wonder at what is taking place. But he goes in to the show and he gets twice as much out of it as we do.

We would give anything to be in his shoes and to have that tremendous faculty of appreciation which he has.

Wonder is at the bottom of religion. For this reason perhaps it was said that whoever shall not become as a little child shall not get into the Kingdom.

We must have the child faculty of wonder. In fact it is what keeps a man young. When he has ceased to wonder he has grown old.

True wisdom is indicated by a capacity for wonder. The really wise man knows that with all that he has found out there yet remains an infinite number of things to be discovered. He stands on the edge of his knowledge and looks at the myriad things that he cannot know.

The cheap wise man, the fraud and the egotist, looks back rather to the things he has discovered and congratulates himself upon knowing so much.

Most inventions that are of any value to the race are born of wonder. People get to wondering what this thing and that are for. They get to fumbling over it and the first thing you know is that they have come upon a great discovery.

No wonder the Lord of heaven and earth was called Wonderful.

THE ENNOBLING TOUCH OF DEATH



DEATH is the ennobler. Its touch raises us to royal heights.

Human nature is instinctively kingly. There is something about every one of us that is divine and royal. We see too much of that which is commonplace and banal. It confuses our judgment and vitiates our relations with people.

Love is given to us as a sort of divine liquor by which to idealize our fellows. When we are in love with a person we see all of his virtues written large and cannot see his vices.

A mother idealizes her child, and no matter what he does nor how low he may sink her love follows him and her care enfolds him.

But the greatest ennobler is death. A woman whose child was sick and whose demise was feared said: "To think how I scolded her for little things! If she gets well from this sickness I will never complain again of her littering the floor or dirtying the windows or soiling her frock. What do all these things amount to compared with the life of my child?"

Our irritation at the actions of those we love speedily passes away if we let ourselves think that we are soon to lose them. There is something in the finality of death that makes us overlook faults.

It is commonplace to say that there is nothing but flattery carved upon tombstones. There is nothing else to carve. All a man's sins and weaknesses are buried in forgotten graves. We only remember his good qualities.

Samuel Gompers, union labor leader, during his life had many active enemies. He was opposed all along the line. It is significant that at his death all criticism was silent and all, including friends and enemies, united in speaking well of him.

This idea is apparent in the proverb, "Speak only good of the dead." We feel it unnecessary to attack one who is forever beyond our reach.

It was said of a great magazine editor that during his life he was known as a brisk, alert and somewhat abrupt man, but when he was faced with certain death he became gentle and a curious note of kindness entered into all his correspondence. He was feeling the ennobling influence of oncoming death.

Dr. Holmes says that the human being is sometimes like a pear which mellows and ripens as its career is closing. We have often noticed that some old people lose their asperity and grow kind and gentle as their end approaches.

William Allen White during Mr. Wilson's lifetime was a vigorous opponent of the President's policies, but after the President's death he wrote a very kindly biography of him.

It will help us all in our dealings with others if we keep in mind that they are mortal, that they live with us but a few days and after they are dead their shortcomings will not matter.

There is no one that has not some faults and there is no one that has not some good qualities. If we look for the latter we shall find them.

THE IDEAL AMERICANS



BOOK has recently been published called "The History of American Idealism."

It is commonly thought that Americans are materialistic, that they are all for the almighty dollar, that they have no appreciation of the higher things of life.

This book shows that America has always been governed by its ideals. It has done things in the ideal realm that no other nation dared to do.

For one thing it has put aside monarchy. This was an old and entrenched institution. It was generally assumed at one time that no nation could live without it. America believed in the people and confidently entrusted its government to their rule.

It has abolished aristocracy. There are no recognized classes in the United States. One man is as good as another. Upon the altar of democratic idealism it has sacrificed the beloved notion of caste.

It has made of public education a privilege and a duty. It has gone farther in educating the common people probably than any other nation. It has separated religion from education and pretty generally insists upon the training of every boy and girl. Education used to be for the few, and it is to some extent yet, but in America the tendency is to make it for all; that is, all have an opportunity here to receive what education they can hold.

Americans have burst the chains of slavery at the cost of much blood

and struggle. This was an old institution that had a very secure hold upon men.

Americans have democratized art.

Americans have helped European nations on their way to democracy. America has proved itself willing to fight for its ideals in other lands.

America is just now making strenuous efforts to release itself from the bonds of greed and corporate dominion. It has not finished yet with this task, but it is one which it recognizes and toward the goal of which it is on the way.

America has recognized woman as a citizen. By recent constitutional amendment it has made all women voters. For centuries governments were run by men. America was the first nation universally to recognize that the woman has equal privilege before the law.

America has got itself rid of the liquor traffic. This may be as yet imperfectly accomplished, but the mind of the nation is full set on ridding itself of the liquor evil and in time it will accomplish this. If anything the sentiment against the public sale of alcoholic liquors is increasing.

America has stood for the eradication of the drug traffic and the limitation of the production of drugs to medical and scientific needs.

On the whole America has shown itself devoted to the ideals of the race and willing in every respect to sacrifice profits for ideals.

THE ONLY EQUALITY

ALL men are born unequal.

The equality of humans is limited to one thing—time.

Henry Ford, President Coolidge and the tramp asleep on the park bench all have twenty-four hours to use each day, no more and no less.

Every man has so many years to live, some a few more than others, but when the end approaches the machine wears out and neither power, fame nor wealth can add a year.

The only equality is equality of time—time to work, time to struggle, time to achieve.

No one will be held accountable for not becoming President of the United States, but he is accountable for not making the best possible use of his time.

Benjamin Franklin used the years of his life so well that from a humble beginning he rose to be one of the wealthiest and wisest men of his age.

He aptly defined time as “the stuff of life.”

A man's fortune depends on how he invests his money; his character on how he invests his time.

The wisest of all investments is that of time spent in self-improvement.

Gladstone, the great Prime Minister of England, advised:

“Time invested in training the mind and voice brings greater

rewards than any other investment.”

Most things in life may be bought with the currency of time.

Within reasonable limits every gift of character has its price.

If you are willing to devote time

If you are looking about for something to do, something big, something that will bring you fame and money, find something that can't be done, and do it.

Whoever is working at what can be done is not indispensable. If he leaves, seven others are in line to take his job. But the man who does what can't be done is indispensable — the business cannot get along without him.

Conscience always points to what is beyond our capacity. But the world progresses only as mankind does what cannot be done. If a thing is impossible, let's do it.

enough to practice you can learn to play a musical instrument, make a presentable speech in public, have a neat appearance and become the possessor of many other attributes.

Your work requires a certain number of hours, but your leisure is yours to invest as you will for better or worse.

“Time changes all things,” says a proverb of the East.

By wise expenditure of your one equality you may become equal in other respects to those who now are superior.

RISING SMOKE



WHEN smoke is near the ground, that is, when it is just rising, it is in rather compact form, but as it rises it dissipates. The atmospheric pressure upon it is not so great.

This calls to mind the general law that the compactness and hardihood of any movement depends upon the amount of opposition to it.

Rulers have known for long that war is sometimes a good policy for the state. It serves to unite the country in a common bond of defense. Very often, therefore, when a country is divided and full of dissatisfaction it may be united by engaging in war. Local differences are forgotten in the common danger.

The more prosperous a country is and the farther it is removed from danger, the more divided it is likely to become. Bret Harte, in his "Outcasts of Poker Flats," shows how beings of the most contradictory nature are united by a common danger, and the same thing is manifested in one of Richard Harding Davis' stories.

In fact every movement needs opposition in order to solidify it.

The early Christians were probably a very compact band of believers because they were so persecuted.

Often divorce arises, and estrangement, when a couple has become rich. So long as they were poor they were drawn close together by the pressure of poverty. When that pressure has been removed they have drifted apart.

There is nothing like a good

healthy enemy to invigorate any policy. In a common danger people of any organization are drawn together.

Perhaps the unity of white sentiment in the South is due to the impending number of negroes among them. Only in a community that is continually threatened, whether that threatening be real or imaginary, is such an organization as the Ku Klux Klan possible.

The best and most effective propaganda among the working people, driving them to a solidified class, is where that class is under constant pressure. Where there is liberty and freedom there is not so much class spirit. For this reason you find the working class much more compact and its ideas much more vigorous in Europe than in America. There the pressure upon it is great. In America the pressure is removed and anyone has the privilege and right to go into any class he wants to.

Blocs arise in the Senate of the United States and in the House of Representatives because of pressure upon a certain class, because of real or fancied injustice that is done to it. This pressure serves to solidify and maintain the bloc.

Liberty and opportunity are favorable to individualism, while lack of opportunity and absolute liberty tend to push people together. They feel that they must stand together in order to obtain their rights.

When smoke is near the point of issuance it takes compact shape, but when it rises it dissipates.

WHEN THE DRAMA IS OVER



OUR chances of great success in life depend ultimately on how you are able to answer this question:

Can you keep on working just as hard after the drama has ended?

What I mean is this:

A sustained appreciation of a dramatic situation is impossible.

The most dramatic event becomes matter-of-fact if held long enough.

Suppose right now while you are in the middle of reading this editorial someone touches you on the shoulder and notifies you of your election to the presidency of the company for which you work.

Instantly you appreciate the dramatic situation and dramatize yourself. You see the romance of achievement, the glamor of success.

You picture the headlines in the local paper: "From Clerk to President—Dramatic Rise of Local Man," etc. You visualize yourself in a heroic role.

And all this would be true enough.

But after the flowers and the speeches you would settle down to work.

As the days and weeks and months slipped by, the drama would fade and the position be taken for granted.

You might then find that while you *might* think of the drama of it, you would *have* to think of the work and all its details.

Then the routine, the drudgery,

the constant attention demanded by the job would absorb all your thought.

It is easy to work hard under the exhilaration of seeing yourself in a great dramatic role. But when the dramatic import of the situation fades out and it becomes matter-of-fact, the drudgery of the work remains.

Then comes the test of a man's real character, the proof of whether he really desires to be great or only to seem great.

A famous war correspondent once said that the quality about great men that always impressed him was the frequency with which they engaged in world-influencing actions without seeming to sense the superlatively dramatic roles they were playing.

They were giving their whole attention to the job. They kept on after the drama had faded. This is one of the reasons for their greatness.

Everyone has his troubles—even Presidents of the United States and Holders of Municipal Bonds—and these troubles always make the most noise in the band concert of life.

The place you want to attain has its troubles, too.

That's one good reason for getting there—to see if you are man enough to overcome them.

But remember that when the drama fades the troubles will remain and your success will depend on your ability to keep on after the drama ends.

FORTUNE FAVORS THE PREPARED

A BOLT of lightning, some years ago, crashed into a deserted camp on the Mohawk River, divided into two forks and left a trail of wreckage behind.

When the owner, a little man with a crippled body, a massive head and an eternal cigar in his mouth, heard of it he was delighted.

Hurrying to the camp he examined painstakingly every inch of the path of his destructive visitor.

A mirror had been smashed into a thousand bits. He spent days fitting the pieces together.

From his investigations he learned much that was of incalculable value to him.

The man was Charles Steinmetz, "the wizard of electricity," who later made artificial lightning do his bidding.

For years he had been studying the phenomenon of electrical discharges from the sky. He had made himself a specialist in this branch of electrical investigation. The fortunate chance of a bolt striking his lonely summer camp, where everything remained untouched for his examination, was a piece of luck.

But that stroke of luck would have done no good if he had not been prepared to grasp it.

The same luck presented itself to thousands of others who were impotent to take advantage of it.

Fortune may favor the bold, but it certainly favors the prepared.

Many apples had fallen from the trees before Newton had his experience. It wasn't the apple fall-

ing, it was Newton's thinking that discovered the law of gravity. Not what went on outside his head but what went on inside made the experience a lucky one.

There is a story to the effect that synthetic chemists had worked for months in an attempt to concoct a certain substance. They were ready to give up in despair. Some unknown element was needed.

As a last trial they put the mixture on the fire again and told a new assistant to keep stirring it. He picked up a nearby thermometer instead of a ladle. The heat broke the thermometer, and lo! the mercury proved to be the needed element.

Success came in this strange freak of fortune. But the thing to remember is that they had been preparing up to that point and were ready to take advantage of luck when it came.

The sickness or death of superiors brings sudden openings for advancement. But they are only for the men who have prepared and can take advantage of them.

Unusual openings for riches often appear for those who have saved and are prepared to invest.

Exactly the same thing may happen to a dozen men. We refer to the one who is prepared to take advantage of it as the lucky man.

It is said that a ray of light passes invisibly through space until it strikes some solid object.

Fortune like a ray of light is not seen until it comes in contact with the man who is prepared to take advantage of it.

DISRESPECT FOR THE BIBLE



MAN in Washington has brought suit to prevent the government from paying the salaries of some teachers on the ground that they are violating the provision of the current District of Columbia Appropriation Bill which says that nothing shall be taught which is "disrespectful to the Bible."

What is disrespect for the Bible? The whole matter hinges upon this.

The modernists may hold that they are quite as respectful to the Bible in their interpretation as the fundamentalists are in theirs.

It is not disrespectful to any book to differ from another person in your interpretation of it. The Baptists and Methodists differ in their views of what the Bible meant by Baptism, and there are issues upon which the Catholics and Protestants, Seventh Day Adventists and Evangelicals do not see eye to eye. But the majority of the communicants in each of these cases respect the Bible quite as much as the majority of any other group.

To read your own interpretation into a book and then insist that anybody else who does not take it is disrespectful to that book, is coming it a little too strong.

It is not disrespectful to believe in progress, nor to believe that men's views may change with the discovery of further facts.

Indeed many passages of the Bible are expansive in their meaning; that is, they meant something at the time they were writ-

ten, but they mean much more now.

For instance, when David wrote, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy hands, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" he was endeavoring to express the insignificance of man, how small a speck of dust he was in the cosmos. Our knowledge of the universe at present and the belief that the sky is not a fixed dome, but a vast field full of remote stars, has but augmented this idea of man's insignificance. The passage may mean something different from what it meant to David, but it means vastly more.

The Bible was given as a book of spiritual revelation to elevate and orientate the spirit of man, and anyone who will live in accordance with its moral precepts will live a fine and high life. But the Bible was not given to teach cosmogony, or geology, or astronomy. Its language had to be made in such a way as to be understood by the people to whom it was addressed contemporaneously.

According to this view any errors that may have crept in do not pertain at all to the Bible's spiritual message, but they are due to the faultiness necessary in its expression.

That message is still above and beyond and before mankind. It is a mark of progress to grow toward it. But we cannot grow toward its ideals of spiritual excellence unless we are free to grow in every direction, and in this case we must outgrow some of the scientific views of the past.

UNRECOGNIZED OBSTACLES



GENTLEMAN with a Russian name writes me to following effect:

"Having read many of your essays, and being a practical man in a practical world, I have come to the conclusion, after trying out your theories, that they are all right in theory, but when used practically are not worth the paper they are printed on.

"Take my own case, for example.

"I am an every-day working man (when I have work), putting forth my best efforts, studying whenever I have an opportunity.

"Am a hard, indefatigable worker, yet, whenever I have been employed, have seen others with less ability (clock watchers, etc.) get ahead while I would be the first to get let off.

"Why?

"Others do not care for the work they have to do, and are hand lickers, trying to get into the good graces of those over them.

"Employers like such people.

"They never pay attention to those who work diligently and honestly for their interests.

"I myself am of quiet, mind-your-own-business disposition. Employers do not like such people.

"Hypocrites are the only ones who succeed.

"Barnum was right when he said people like to be humbugged.

"And you are making plenty of money humbugging the public."

The only comforting assurance that we get from this communication, and you can find something cheerful in everything if you look hard enough, is that the writer has a good opinion of himself. This, doubtless, will be of much comfort to him in this untoward world. It is well to know that one has somebody who appreciates him, if it is only one's self.

One thing, however, we would like to call to his attention, and that is that in

the great business of getting along and getting ahead about the most important factor is to have other people appreciate us and like us and want to help us.

In making our employer like us and wish us to advance, and raise our wages, it is quite important that we do our work diligently and honestly and that we be, like my correspondent, of a quiet, mind-your-own-business disposition.

In all my experience, and I am much older than I like to confess, I have never found an employer who disliked such a person for such a reason.

Two other things are important.

In the first place, any one who goes around with a chronic belly ache, such as my correspondent manifests in this letter, is looking for trouble, and there are plenty of people who will hand it to him.

Again, if we want people to like us we must like them. The love business is fifty-fifty.

If a worker begins by hating the insides of his employer and attributing to him all sorts of mean and hypocritical motives, he need not be surprised if the employer gets right back at him in the same spirit.

Very often the obstacles to our success are those we stubbornly refuse to recognize. We will not admit, for instance, that we are impolite, impudent, slovenly and generally disagreeable, when others can see this with half an eye.

We do not know if our correspondent is a married man. If he is not he had better get married and then listen to his wife. She will probably tell him some homely truths about himself that will redound to his soul's good, if he will only lend a willing ear.

One of the best things wives do is to tell their husbands what is the matter with them, and one of the worst things husbands do is to refuse to listen.

The one thing most of us hate to do more than anything else is to examine ourselves and correct our faults, or even to admit that we have faults.

THE PENALTY OF NOTORIETY



HE penalty of notoriety is that most people like to throw stones at a prominent object.

The writer was once delivering a lecture, and was shot at by a drunken man in the audience. He wanted to shoot something, and the speaker being the most prominent object in view was his chosen target. Luckily, he missed.

The love of being prominent, or famous is in all of us. We want to rise a little above the general mass. It is pleasant to be pointed at and noted as a prominent person.

But there is a trait in human nature that loves to knock those who are prominent.

There are thousands of people who would enjoy seeing Henry Ford taken down a peg, simply because he is so rich. There are many people—we believe they are not in the majority—who would enjoy the discomfiture of any public man, from the President of the United States down.

Perhaps it is part of the inferiority complex. Those who are low in the scale do not like to be outdistanced by others, and the reaction upon them is one of envy.

We may rest assured that among those who have been bested in any form in the game of life there are some who do not take it good-naturedly, although the majority do. These people like to attack anyone who is superior.

The bolt that lays low the towering cedar will pass the lowly bush by unharmed, and those plants that bend before the storm

will last longer than those that rigidly resist it.

The only way to be safe in this world is to remain unnoticed and unworthy of notice. All success is a sort of venture. No matter what it is that brings a person into prominence—whether ability, or riches—it makes him a target for venomous shafts.

It is rare, therefore, to find a man who has achieved success who, at the same time, is kindly and free from bitterness.

There are some such, and they deserve a great deal of credit.

There are just enough poor losers in this world to make the lot of the successful not a happy one.

At the same time, it is impossible to be of much use to your fellow men unless you are well equipped with personality, or with money. Those who desire to help their fellow men and seek success for this purpose should have enough philosophy to hold them steady against the assaults of those who want to take them down. There is something in human nature that resents superiority, either of ability or of fame, and one must be prepared to bear patiently with this.

In order to live comfortably in this world, you must not expect people to be ideal.

Optimism may be a mere point of view, but it is valuable for all of us, even though we have no foundation for it. Some one has said that "an optimist sees a light where there isn't any, and a pessimist is the son-of-a-gun who comes along and blows out that light."

MUSCLES OF THE SOUL



OOD habits are the muscles of the soul.

As the muscles reinforce and strengthen and give power to the body, so good habits strengthen and give force to the sum total of the good impulses in a man's nature.

Like the bodily muscles, they expand and grow stronger with exercise or shrivel and waste away with neglect. The more they are used the more powerful they become.

Strengthening and developing these muscles of the soul—good habits—is far more important than building bulging biceps or being able to bend a spike with your bare hands.

The other day I read over again the little volume on "Habit" by the great American psychologist, William James. It is a small book containing only sixty-some pages, and it is well worth any one's time to read it several times.

In it James gives the four steps in building up the soul muscles of habit.

He is concerned with the forming of new habits. This, however, is the same as breaking bad habits, for the most successful way to break a bad habit is to supplant it by another—a good habit.

These are the four steps he recommends:

1. Launch out on a new habit with as strong an initiative as possible. Start out with a "do or die" attitude. Marshal all the circumstances you can to enforce the right motives, he suggests. Put yourself consciously in conditions that encourage the new

way. Make engagements incompatible with the old. Take a public pledge if the case allows.

The greater the momentum at the start the less likely there will be an immediate temptation to break down. And every day a breakdown is postponed adds to the chances of its not coming at all.

2. Never let an exception take place until the new habit is firmly rooted in your life. Continuous repetition is what gives the habit power. "Each lapse is like letting fall a ball of string you are winding. A single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind up again."


3. After making a resolution seize the first opportunity to act upon it. Never make a resolution or feel an emotion to do right without expressing it afterwards in some active way.

4. Keep the habit alive and strong by a little daily exercise. Do something every day or two for no other reason than you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws near the muscles of habit will not have grown flabby and untrained.

James says the man who has daily cultivated the habits of concentrated attention and self-denial in unnecessary things when the real test comes "stands like a tower when everything rocks around him."

Following these four rules, based upon everyday common sense, this famous psychologist says, is all that is necessary to remember to build up strong and invincible muscles of the soul.

MALLARD THOUGHTS

 HOREAU speaks somewhere of the beauty of "mallard thoughts."

The wild, freethoughts that wander where they will reveal our inward beauty more truly than the tame, domesticated reflections of our social lives.

Unchained and unrepressed they are the compass pointing to the pole of our longing.

Mallard thoughts like homing birds fly to the land of heart's desire.

If you can penetrate the secret of a man's mallard thoughts you know what the man is in his ultimate worth.

That quiet bystander on the highway of life, Henri Amiel, once remarked with kindly understanding:

"Tell me what you feel in your solitary room when the full moon is shining in upon you and your lamp is dying out, and I will tell you how old you are, and I shall know if you are happy."

The man's dreams proclaim the man more truly than his dress, his speech, or his manners.


They are like a table of contents to the volume of his desires.

In youth his dreams are the shadow of a substantiality which may come. In middle life they are a check upon the price which the years have exacted. In old age

they are the mirror of the hopes that yet remain.

As a dewdrop, glistening on a blade of grass, reflects the whole world about it, so a dream reflects the whole man it comes from.

"We are what we imagine and

OME people fail because they never begin. More people fail because they never finish.

Stick-to-it-ive-ness wins oftener than genius or luck. You may make mistakes, others may misjudge you. You may be mistreated and wronged. You may be tired and discouraged. But if you Stick, by and by everything and everybody will give way to you.

If you have principles, they will do you no good unless you Stick to them. If you do not Stick to your friends, you do not deserve friends. If you do not Stick to your job, you cannot make a success of it and find a better one. In a troubled and anxious time of the Civil War General Grant said, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Let that be your motto.

our deeds are born of dreaming," says Percy McKaye.

Mallard thoughts are shy, timid and beautiful. They spread their colored wings only in the air of solitude. They soar unrestrained only when we are quiet.

But they bring back to us many of the golden moments of life.

THE PRETTY WOMAN



VERY woman wants to be pretty.

The country over is starred with beauty parlors where women are trying to make themselves over and improve their appearance.

All men like pretty women, yet somehow pretty women have not much of the right kind of influence in the world.

Perhaps it is because beauty is a gift. And anyone who has a gift has something that does not promote character, but interferes with it.

I have often noticed that a boy who plays the violin well, or the mouth harp, or dances well, or can do any other kind of trick well, is apt to be an unbalanced character.

The same is true of a boy who inherits a lot of money. He is subject to temptations that the ordinary boy does not meet. It is a rare thing for him to overcome them sufficiently to become a successful man.

The truth is that the man who has the best chance to succeed, if by success is meant all-round achievement and contentment, is the man of an average character, the man who is endowed with no especial gifts.

The Bible tells us that it is as hard for the rich man to get into the Kingdom of Heaven as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. It is hard for any man who is in any way especially endowed to be the right kind of person. It can be done, but it is rare.

There seems to be something in the possession of unusual qualities

that unbalances a man's character. If I had a child and wanted him to be happy, I should pray that he would not do anything well enough to be marked out above his fellows.

It is a queer thing that in this life happiness seems to run along in the rut where the common people live. It is a privilege of the common and not the uncommon folk.

There are some people who cannot see the greatness of Abraham Lincoln. He was not a great speaker; he was not an artist; he was not a musician; he was not good looking. He was not extraordinarily endowed in any one particular way, but was great in his balance of character. He was great in the sense that the common people are great. This made him the idol of the masses and the more his true character comes out the more he is esteemed by the common people.

Those great women who have most influenced the world, either by their works or through some man, as a rule have not been pretty women. The pretty woman's gifts seem to lie mostly in the direction of destructiveness. It is rare to find a woman of handsome mien who is handsome also in her thoughts and spirit.

But if women have the right thoughts and feelings and principles, in time they impress themselves upon the appearance and they grow more beautiful as they grow old. They do not excel in the beauty of youth, but excel rather in that beauty which comes with the accretion of years.

THE TRAGEDY OF SHYNESS



IF Nathaniel Hawthorne were alive there is a novel I would like to have him write. He had the genius for describing the over-development of some one trait of character that had become morbidly super-intense, until it twisted and colored, deformed and transformed the whole man. He thus depicted the overactive Conscience in *The Scarlet Letter*. I would like to have him take up the overactive sense of Modesty.

He could thus show us the timid, shrinking boy, full of love, life and companionship, but too keenly sensitive; so that little by little he is alienated from all his playmates, draws apart from his brothers and sisters, and even from his mother.

No one understands what the difficulty is. He is miscalled selfish, egotistic, misanthropic. He is none of the three. He is very unselfish, the opposite of egotistic, for he despises himself, and loves his fellow beings passionately. The secret is that his spiritual skin is so thin that human contact of any kind is an exquisite torment.

His early life would thus be traced, until the climax comes. He falls in love with an estimable girl, who, however, has the womanly knack of liberal criticism. He pours out to her all the pent up reserves of his nature, unfolds

in a passion of confession all the inner life that has so long been hidden. She takes it all quite as a matter of course. She sets him down as a very "peculiar" man and tries to get him to fall in line with the rest of humanity.

His struggles to retain her love and to endure the torment of their relationship increase in complexity and intensity, until at last the high-strung silver cord snaps, the too thin golden bowl is broken, and he goes mad.

There is many an offense that we attribute to wrong motives which is really attributable to shyness only. The reason why that boy spoke as he did was not that he did not respect you, and not that he wanted to insult you; he was simply shy, embarrassed and awkward.

As a rule a shy person has great depth of sentiment and strong emotion. It is worth while to cultivate him and to know him. He may make an excellent companion and a loyal friend. And very often the one who is bold and sophisticated and full of self-assurance is shallow and insincere.

To see a shy nature, a diffident and reserved soul, melt under the kindly warmth of appreciation and become free and candid and expansive is like watching a beautiful flower open into bloom.

SECRET GOODNESS



ONE of the purest satisfactions is doing good by stealth. Not that it is not also pleasurable to be generous and get thanks for it, but there is a far finer flavor to the kind deed that is never known.

This is the secret treasure of the heart. As the Eastern nabobs had underground chambers where they could go and gloat over their chests of gold, thrust their arms into bags of rubies and let diamonds trickle through their fingers; so all those good turns we have done to others in secret are our private hoard where we can enjoy the delights of ownership with a good conscience.

Unfortunately, society is so constituted that we all have to act with a propriety we do not always feel, and hence we are most of the time oppressed by the knowledge that we are not really as good as people think we are. Hypocrisy is forced upon us to a certain degree.

It is a most excellent antidote for the self-contempt that arises from this, to have always on hand a goodness nobody suspects.

Don't talk of it. Don't tell it. Hold it as the one secret that shall keep you from hating yourself.

Whoever said "Let thine alms

be in secret," understood human nature in its highest reaches.

"Let your charitable gifts be anonymous," says Dumas. "These have the double advantage of suppressing at once ingratitude and vanity."

One attribute of the Deity which I have seldom, if ever heard mentioned, and which is a very important one none the less, is Modesty. All the joy of the world comes from Him yet He has never appeared to receive a vote of thanks.

He gives us health and vigor. He gives us love and better still the capacity to love. He gives us hope and courage.

He lifts the sun daily to warm us and supply our globe with all its forces. He sends rain upon our crops. He makes the corn grow and the trees spread out their branches to shade us.

Yet we can only say "I thank you" to Him addressing our words vaguely into space.

He conceals Himself. He does good and runs away. Yet some of us are quick to attribute to Him every calamity; although most calamities come from our own perversion, and slow to acknowledge the gifts from One who accomplishes His benevolence with the injunction, "See Thou Tell No Man."

THE SUN



VERY kind of force known on earth comes from the sun.

It is the sun that gives us day and night as our globe spins round like a top. It is the sun that makes the seasons as his rays shine more or less directly down upon us in our wobbling, whirling course around him.

It is the sun that lifts the waters from the ocean, the sun's heat that causes the winds by which the vapor laden air is blown to the mountains, there to be condensed in rain and snow.

Hence it is the sun that is the cause of all running brooks, creeks and rivers that water the land, and that brings their water back again from the ocean in a perpetual round.

It is the sun that makes all plants grow. This gives us trees from which we get the lumber to build our houses, to make our furniture. It gives us crops which furnish us our grain and vegetables and which feed the animals that supply our meat. And it gives us the flowers to delight our eyes.

Hence it is the sun that builds our home, heaps our table and adorns our garden.

The sun is the great scavenger which by its heat decomposes all dead bodies and unclean things and takes them back to their original dust.

It is the sun that turns all the engines of civilization.

For coal is but stored sunshine, deposits of wood chemically changed in the deep laboratory of the earth.

So the sun indirectly bakes our bread, warms our room, creates electricity (which is made by coal or steam or water power), and hence runs our electric cars, gives us our electric lights, and the like.

There would be no petroleum and its various products were it not for the sun. Hence it is the sun that makes the kerosene lamp burn and that propels the automobile. An express train is roaring sunshine. An ocean lines is majestic sunshine.

Our bodies are sunshine. All the food by which they are sustained, all the blood that courses through them and all the air that gives them breath are directly due to sunshine.

I am sunshine, and so are you, though we may not look it.

Even the brain is sunshine. And hence thoughts, fancies, hopes, dreams and love itself, being entirely dependent on the life of the body and the brain, are sunshine.

If you should turn off the huge light that burns everyday in the sky this earth and everything on it would immediately freeze up and fly away into space as dead as a piece of cinder.

The Creator does not need to wreck the world; let Him simply blow out the sun and the entire performance is over.

THOUGHT IS THE TROUBLE MAKER



HOUGHT is the trouble maker of the world. If it were not for the thinkers, kings might go on undisturbed, spending in play the cream of the nation's toil, and trusts might keep sleek as fatted swine, and superstition rule forever, and old frauds flourish as eternal oaks.

It is the thinker that is at the bottom of every revolution. He splits parties and churches, he sows discontent among the lowly, and makes the magnificent ones of earth suspect their privilege.

Thought brings down them that sit on high, and the despised and rejected of men it raises up.

Thought is the loyal friend of demos. It is always for the many against the few. The sure and selfish cry out, "They that turn the world upside down have come hither also!"

Thought is always modern, and more, it is a futurist, it is the abiding heretic, the ever present disturber of the peace. Thought is the "angel that troubleth the pool."

"These turbid currents, and the dregs'
 upheaval
And floating scum
Of sewer and slum
They beat at bonds and mummery
 medieval.
Thought, for the fools who heed no
 warning swell,
Prepares its hell."

It is interesting to read the story of evolution, how continents were built up and species improved

and how the race of mankind has slowly lifted itself out of barbarism into civilization.

But more interesting it is to observe the sure and gradual accretion of thought, how the edifice of ideas has unhesitatingly risen out of the field of confusion.

It is interesting to note how the condition of mankind has been rapidly improved by one invention after another. And every invention was but a thought.

It is one commodity of which we have the more the more we give away. Whoever has a good and wholesome thought ought to share it with another. This will make him none the poorer, although it will make the other man much richer. It is the curious faculty of thought to increase in itself by being given away.

Thought is not only the great destructive, but the great constructive force in the world. Thought eats its way into ancient frauds and at last they crumble. And at the same time thought, like the buried acorn, pushes upward as a mighty tree.

Man the animal is contemptible; the elephant and the lion are stronger than he. But man the thinker is considerable.

The man sits astride the horse and makes the animal go where he will; yet the horse is more powerful than the man. The secret of it all is that the man knows how to put a bit in the horses' mouth and the horse does not know how to spit it out.

THE WORLD WAGS ON

ALL of us think that we are of considerable importance and we acquire the impression that affairs could not get along without us.

Sometimes we seem to be very necessary in the eyes of others. It is singular how when death comes we observe the world moving smoothly on.

A Lincoln or a Garfield may be removed. Some hearts are broken, but in the majority of homes life continues as usual.

We throw a pebble into a pool. There are a few ripples, but soon the surface is calm again. Somehow or other this world has a way of wagging on. It moved long years before we came and it will move along after we are gone.

If anyone thinks he is indispensable, it is a good plan for him to go to the cemetery once in a while and see what will become of him.

William Feather says, "Lincoln Steffens, after years of activity in behalf of civilization, rested from his labors, and finally made a public confession in which he said it was a shock to discover that the world did not fall to pieces when he let go."

It may be right for us to take hold and do our share, but we should not think too highly of ourselves. Even if we do not do

our share sustenance will come from some other place.

You remember what Mordecai said to Esther: "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, doubtless deliverance and enlargement shall arrive to the Jews from



*Q*UEN," said Rousseau, "be human! It is your first duty." All of us would get along better if we kept in mind that we are all human. Your employer is nothing but a human being. The board of directors is just a collection of human beings. The men that work for you are human beings. Your wife, your husband, your sweetheart, your children, your friends and your enemies are, after all is said and done, but human beings. They fear and hope just as you do. They make mistakes and regret them, just like you. They are sometimes good and sometimes not so good, as is the case with you yourself. Therefore, do not judge. Do not condemn. Leave that to the Being who made them.

*Since there is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
It hardly behooves any one of us,
To be hard on the rest of us.*

another place, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed."

Sometimes we get an idea that we are holding up the sky or that the universe depends upon us.

We are but little specks that come and go, and the processes of the suns will go on without our assistance.

TOO MUCHNESS



HE only people who are perfectly comfortable are the perfectly good and the perfectly bad.

But as the negro said, "they hain't no such folks."

Most of us are so-so. Consequently we are usually in trouble, and to get along at all, and be reasonably decent we must

"Watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore."

The curse of having any conviction is not having enough of it.

The madman who is miserable is the one who is not quite mad, who is sane enough to know he is mad.

The unhappy believer is the one who hardly believes at all.

The wretched lover is the one who is not head over heels in love, only a little, who remains out of love enough to see that his Seraphina is not quite perfect.

To get the good of any enthusiasm you mustn't dabble your feet in the water's edge of it; you must dive in.

To be happy in love you must have passion enough to swamp your judgment. As a French poet puts it:

"As Sampson on the knees of
Delilah,
I feel thy enveloping and
tender treason
Fall on my heart with each
sweet kiss,
And I say: 'Betray me! but
give me thine eyes!

Give me' " — no, Clarence, I shall not translate it further. I notice as I run my eye over the remaining French of this poem, that it was evidently not written by the director of the Y.M.C.A.

Just the same while too much of a muchness is not to be advised, neither is the fear of it profitable. Most poor work is caused by not striking hard enough. The thing we fail in doing is quite often the thing we do not do with all our might.

I have heard many a poor speech that was boresome, simply because the speaker never woke and turned himself loose. I have read many a piddling book because there was no blaze nor steam in the soul of the writer.

And I have seen many a poor performance on the stage due to the fact that the actor did not try.

This world is full of second-rate and second-hand stuff, mostly produced by flabby souls.

ALONE IN THE HOUSE



NE thing I refuse to do. It is to sleep alone in a house that is empty of humans and dogs.

I might consent to sleep in a prison cell by myself, especially if I were moved to do so by two burly policemen, but my punishment would be much worse if I knew no fellow criminals were in neighboring cells. Half of the comfort of lodging at an inn is the feeling that another traveler is in every other cubicle.

Even if I had to sleep the night on a bench in the park, I think I should get along better if there were other hoboes about.

Still, an empty park or an empty field has nothing of the terror of an empty house.

A woman may be no protection against burglars, but she is a great protection against spooks. Her presence may not have seemed to be much and I may have taken it for a matter of course, but her absence is something appalling.

We are tempted at times to say children are a bother and their rattle and bang and exuberant vitality get on our nerves. But the goneness of them is vastly more fearsome than their presence.

Alone in the house I rest all night upon the cliff edge of alarms.

What ghostly things the wind does with the curtain! What half-heard sounds arouse me to intent

listening! You would never suspect that a wardrobe makes as much noise as a boiler factory until you lay awake at night listening to it popping and creaking.

My cane slips and falls in the corner and I wake up perfectly sure that somebody has been firing at me with a revolver.

I hear hurrying footsteps. Somebody is in the other room. A young army is in the hall, probably carrying a corpse.

I know there is a pounding at the door until I lie right still a few moments and discover that it was only my heart thumping in the pillow.

I never knew that just moving your finger nail along the pillow could make a noise like a steam engine. Morbid fancies that never get a peep into my mind during the day now come right in, sit down and make themselves at home.

I see myself dying alone. I map out the whole scene, the discovery of my body, the hue and cry of the funeral. I even read the notice in the papers about my demise wherein people say kindly platitudes about me in which they never indulged during my lifetime.

I am not afraid, not even timid. O no, nothing like that! Only scared pink.

And I am grown up. What must little children suffer?

IS HE A HYPOCRITE?



WID it ever occur to you that perhaps the person you call a hypocrite is simply a more complex, a more highly organized person than yourself; and that the one you call "good" and an honest, sincere soul, is sometimes merely narrow?

It's worth thinking over.

There are some large natures which cannot be satisfied with less than touching life at all points. They crave experience, all kinds of experience.

This of course is dangerous. Anything is dangerous except going to sleep. But it is becoming more and more a characteristic of our modern life.

And in some way or other we have to get some ideas of morals and religion that will fit this wider and more adventurous spirit. It will not do any longer to say, "If you want to be good and go to heaven you must not see these things nor hear those, read this book nor know this fact."

Limitation, ignorance and protection have their place in the economy of life, but they are a poor substitute for character.

Before you dub a man a hypocrite find out the real gist of his life, whether he be loyal, clean and true, and not whether his manners

and tastes are the same as yours and Mrs. Grundy's.

It is conceivable that a man may worship God and yet enjoy a theatre.

Very often our conviction that a man is a hypocrite arises from the fact that his opinions or his practices differ so greatly from our own. We are so sure of ourselves, we are so positive that we are right, that we cannot possibly conceive how people can be otherwise and yet be sincere.

And the simplest solution of the problem is to declare that they are hypocrites.

I do not believe in human slavery. And I agree with John Wesley who called it "the sum of all human villainies." But I know perfectly well that some of the very best, kindest and most just people in the world did once believe in slavery and were just as honest as I am.

Tolerance is a plant of late growth in life. And tolerance often indicates a lack of earnestness.

But there is such a thing as being both earnest and tolerant; being sincere and active in one's efforts to advance certain ideas and yet being broad enough and courteous enough to acknowledge the sincerity of our opponents.

There is a chivalry also among the knights of ideas.

NEW FRIENDS



HERE is a vast deal of sentiment that has been expended upon the subject of old friends, and somebody ought to say something about new friends.

Of course an old friend is a treasure and brings a peculiar warmth to the heart. Old friends tried and true cannot be too loyally cherished.

But one by one the old friends drop away from us, some by death, some by removal and some by the sheer separation of growth.

We become different persons ourselves as we grow older and we cannot expect others to remain always the same. And then our ideals and our tastes change.

If life is to be continually enriched, we must be constantly making new friends.

Life, after all, is an adventure, and a new friend has untried possibilities. When a new personality comes within our orbit we have something like the thrill we feel when we take up a new book. The volume may turn out to be stupid enough, but we are interested in seeing what may happen.

One common mistake in the practice of friendship is the notion that friends must be ideal and such as shall meet our approval in every particular. We never find people like that. Everyone has his limitations as we have ourselves, and unless we can take people as

they are and like them as they are, including all the ways in which they differ from us, our life will be barren of friendships.

And friends depend a good deal upon fate, or the course of events, or destiny, or something "not of ourselves."

The friend which shall mean much to your life may have drifted into your company at some social gathering, or upon a railroad train, or in the course of business. It is not too fatalistic to believe that destiny has its own plan about your friendships and brings into contact with you those whom you really need and not those whom you think you need.

And friends reveal ourselves to us. Every new person we meet sets up a new reaction in us. The development of our life may be from within, but its course largely depends upon the stimulations it receives from without.

All of us are not only what we have willed ourselves to be, but also to a great extent what our friends have made us.

Altogether it is always a distinct thrill to me when I find a new friendship. It keeps me young, for it keeps me hopeful, and gives me the feeling that there are many pages yet in the book of life which I have not read.

Perhaps indeed the very richness of our nature may depend upon our capacity for new friendships.

THE MYSTERY



NE of the profoundest mysteries in the world is that the one you have wronged is not so likely to hate you as the one that has wronged you.

There is no spite so terrible as the spite of the person who has done you an injury and knows it and knows that you know it.

Perhaps this is due to the "inferiority complex." That is, when you have done a man a wrong he realizes that you are morally beneath him and he looks down on you a bit; but when a man has done you a wrong he feels that he is morally beneath you and resents it.

The most constant and ineradicable weed in the garden of the human heart is envy.

I remember when I was a boy that I found it difficult to understand why the people crucified Jesus. He never attacked anybody or harmed anyone, but went about doing good. I was amazed at the fiendish delight of those who crucified Him.

Since I have grown older I have come to understand this strange quality in human nature.

There is no doubt in the world that we take an impish delight in dragging down the man who is in a high position. When the deacon in the church is discovered to be an embezzler there is more joy among the ungodly than over ninety and

nine whose names are yet unsmirched.

Shakespeare notes the same quality in the way the world regards feminine beauty and charm.

"Be thou chaste as ice and pure as snow, yet shalt thou not escape calumny."

It is very hard not to believe in the devil. Indeed much more difficult to disbelieve in him than to believe in him.

For there is a trait in human nature that is pure devil. It does not seem just to attribute it to our brute ancestry, for the animals have nothing so evil.

The very worst trait of human nature is that feeling of anger that springs up in us when we see another handsomer, happier, better or more fortunate than ourselves.

And this is a very positive thing and often takes the form of desiring to hurt.

I like to believe in humanity and really think that all men are fair and all women are good, in the main. But the troublesome fact continues to obtrude itself that we experience a fiendish pleasure in dragging down those who are up, in spattering mud on those who are clean and in seeing misfortune come to those who are fortunate.

If you can go through your heart and find not one speck of this feeling within you, you are indeed to be congratulated.

A WARDEN SPEAKS



ND now comes Major Lewis E. Lawes, warden of the penitentiary of Sing Sing, New York, and in a recently delivered public address adds his testimony to the overwhelming evidence already on hand proving the futility of most of that vast system of dealing with criminals now and for centuries in vogue throughout the world.

The warden does not quite go to the root of the matter, which is that punishment does not cure the disease known as crime. It is no more a cure for crime than burning at the stake was a cure for heresy; beating people with sticks was a cure for insanity; or flogging children was a cure for the stomach-ache.

A criminal is a human being out of order, and he needs to be sent to a doctor and not to a slave driver; to a hospital and not to a kennel.

He needs to be treated and helped, and not to be mistreated and further debased.

This is the simple truth to which the mind of the world has come not yet, but toward which it is on the long way.

Warden Lawes spoke of two things. First, he said that drug addicts are not cured by prison, and that capital punishment is no deterrent to murder.

He said that drug addicts let out of prisons go back to the use of

drugs, as a general rule. "I know," he continued, "a hundred different instances where prisoners who used drugs before being committed to prison were released, and all of them went back to the use of drugs. I feel there is absolutely nothing being done regarding the curing of drug addicts. Their number is rapidly increasing."

In other words, our favorite and sacred formula that the thing to do with one who does wrong is to hurt him has broken down again. A drug addict is already debased, and it would surely seem that no one outside of Bedlam could imagine that any good can come of debasing him further.

"Concerning capital punishment," said the warden, "I have made a study the last few months of data from all parts of the country, and I find that there are proofs advanced that are conclusive, to my mind, that capital punishment is not a deterrent to murder. I find that in states without capital punishment the ratio of homicide to the population is less than in those having capital punishment."

Attention is here called to the fact that this is not some wild reformer who is speaking; it is not a sentimental woman, nor an impractical preacher, nor an inexperienced essayist. It is a man who has had plenty of first-hand experience with the actual facts.

A CHILDHOOD TRAGEDY



HE maternal instinct of generations is in little girls. This instinct leads them to play with dolls. To a child the doll takes on the same importance that the child herself takes on to her mother.

The keen pain that goes through a mother's heart when her child is injured has its counterpart in the tragedy that fills the child's heart when her doll is broken.

To the material mind of the grown-up, hardened and tempered by experience and problems, by disappointments and loss, a broken doll is a trivial matter.

But to the childish mind the loss of a fortune, the destruction of a city or a world war is in nowise so woeful as the broken head of a doll that came to an untimely end.

Whatever contributes to the happiness of children is worth while.

And so the work of the American doll manufacturers is reaping a reward not only in financial gain, but in the greater spread of the sum of childish happiness.

Although there are many foreign dolls found in most toy shops, these are but a small percentage of the total number. This is because the ingenious American manufacturers have produced dolls of life-like modeling, dressed them in the last word of fashion and made them indestructible, by contrast to the breakable bisque head.

The manufacture of the unbreakable doll in America began in the present century and has developed so greatly that it now amounts to more than twenty-five million dollars annually.

Studying child psychology, the American doll manufacturer has made his dolls with a soft and yielding body—something a child can mother and cuddle over.

And since chubby and healthy dolls are dearer to a child's heart than the thin and gawky ones, most American dolls are now plumper than those mothered by the children of a generation ago.

The evolution of the doll resulted in the sleeping doll; then the arrangement of jointing construction brought forth the walking doll and an ingenious little drum shaped affair in which air was used to produce the desired sound resulted in the talking doll and the crying infant so dear to tiny feminine hearts.

Besides this, close attention is devoted to the garments of the doll. Lelong or Patou may design a dress in Paris with no thought of dolls in mind, but some clever designer will surely adopt or adapt it for some American doll manufacturer. High prices are paid to these designers and no silk or lace is too costly to be used for dolly's clothes.

Last year a crippled woman living in an attic in Greenwich Village, in New York, conceived a design for a doll. Her royalties to date have been over ten thousand dollars and she is now enjoying an extended trip to Europe.

New ideas are welcomed, eagerly sought for and liberally paid for.

Whatever contributes to the happiness of the child is worth while, and it carries with it a rich reward.

THE JUNGLE

ALL around us is the jungle waiting to come in.

If all the people in a community were destroyed, it would not be long before the wild beasts invaded it.

A story was written some time ago which fancifully depicted the experiences of the last man on earth. He woke one morning to find all the people of the city of Boston gone except himself. At first he revelled in the abundance of supplies everywhere. The grocery stores were full of provisions and the banks full of money, only waiting for him to go and get what he desired.

He soon found, however, after a day or so that the spiders were invading his club. The wolves encountered him in the streets and the sea monsters entered the bay. It was not long before he was chased by the wild animals and compelled to seek refuge in one of the houses. He discovered that being the only man on earth was no dream of bliss but a very serious condition.

Civilization always triumphs by the organization of human society. Barbarous men and barbarous animals are held at bay only because of the activities of civilized beings.

According to the news dispatches, starving wolves have besieged Vilna, a settlement of Edmonton, Alberta. There are reports of wolves around Vilna and these reports were forwarded to the

headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Winnipeg. All social affairs and trips at night have been cancelled because of the wolves threatening the lives of several residents, the dispatches state.

O *N almost every woodpile you find a crooked stick. It will not lie straight, stand straight nor sit straight. It does nothing but make trouble. It gets in people's road, barks their shins and trips them up.*

In every group of human beings you find some like that. They are against everything and everybody. They sow dissension. They like to say things that make people unhappy. They think it is a disgrace to be contented and satisfied. Whatever the majority is for they are against.

Are you a crooked stick? If so, straighten out!

Whenever civilization stops or men cease their activities, the jungle is ready to break in.

The same thing is true of every one of us. Disease stands ready to invade us with the absence of positive health.

Ignorance and vice await the destruction of knowledge and virtue.

Each one of us has only to cease his activities and his place will speedily be taken by someone of those who stand waiting with hungry eyes and stomachs to take his place.

THE UNITY OF SOCIETY



R. GEORGE R. ROBERTS, vice-president of the National City Bank, made a good speech the other day at the Washington's Birthday Celebration of the Union League Club of Chicago.

In his speech he emphasized the essential unity of modern society.

"We are really as consolidated as we would be under socialism, but we do not realize it. "We have developed," he said, "an intricate, highly specialized industrial system, in which each of us does some one thing, which often has little direct relation to his own wants, and depends upon satisfying his wants by exchanging products and services with others. It is a wonderfully effective system when all in balance and running in order, but it is an interdependent system. It is like a great machine in which every part is dependent upon all the other parts.

"Moreover, it is a great voluntary system, and its efficiency is largely dependent upon good understanding, good feeling, and co-operation among all the groups and members that compose it, and that is not easily maintained. Emerson said that the real test of civilization was in 'Facility of Association'—the ability of people to understand each other, get along together, and work together for common purposes. Most of

our troubles, it seems to me, are due to the fact that we have developed the industrial organization beyond the comprehension of the common man."

The same unity which exists in our national life is also essential in our international life. He gives the following illustration of this:

"A curious reaction from the collapse of Russia is seen in the relations between that country and India. India is a great tea-producing country and Russia formerly was a great tea-consuming country. India did not trade directly with Russia. She took her pay for the tea in cotton goods and other exports from Great Britain, and Great Britain took pay from Russia for the tea in foodstuffs and raw products. It was three-cornered trade. The inability of Russia to take the Indian tea affected the ability of India to take cotton goods from England, the falling off in the demand for cotton goods made 1921 the worst year the British cotton goods industry had experienced since the American Civil War, and the inability of England to sell cotton goods sent the price of raw cotton in the United States from 43 cents a pound in 1920 to 11 cents in 1921, and that decline in the principal product of our southern states affected all the industries of this country."

THE EGYPTIAN CURSE

LORD CARNARVON in opening up a tomb in Egypt was bitten on the right cheek by a mosquito. He paid no attention to the bite and the following day took off the scab while shaving. The wound became infected possibly by dust or probably from a fly. Erysipelas developed and he died.

And now come the witch doctors and the whole hocus-pocus tribe and tell us that Lord Carnarvon's death was the result of a curse laid several thousand years ago upon any one who would disturb the bones of the deceased monarch.

Ibrahim Cyrana, an Egyptian priest, declares: "This is not the first time that sacrilegious explorers have been slain by their own temerity. Each tomb of a Pharaoh bears an inscription called the 'seal of execration,' foretelling a terrible death for the disturbers of the Pharaoh's sleep. The vengeance of the Pharaohs has been wrought upon Lord Carnarvon. Howard Carter may laugh, but he will also soon be stricken down."

Marie Corelli thus expresses herself: "Could it be that Tut-ankh-Amen kept something poisonous among the garments and jewels in the tomb? In any case I feel that the intrusion of modern men into the 3,000 years' silence and death sleep of the kings of Egypt is something of a desecration, and it will not and cannot come to good."

And Sir Arthur Conan Doyle,

who in late years has turned from good story writing to poor spook hunting, says that the explorer's death may have been due to an "evil elemental." An elemental, he informs us, is an artificial force created by a spirit mind or by nature. He declared that he was aware of the existence of such a power, particularly Egyptian, but that no one knew the extent of the influence it might exert.

Professor Lutz of the University of California points out that the superstitious Egyptians believe that Carnarvon's death is due to the curse of Allah or to a sorcerer having power over serpents.

Even William T. Stead, the noted British publicist, declared that every person who had been associated with the mummy of the Princess Amen Ra soon suffered death or grave misfortune. He declared that the four young men who brought a mummy case from Egypt all suffered accident or death. One lost part of his right arm by the explosion of his fowling gun. Another was shot and killed. A third lost most of his fortune. And the fourth died in poverty.

The most amazing thing about all this nonsense is that so many people "think there is something in it."

From long ages of savagery the human race has inherited an enormous amount of blind superstition. Most of us have dark corners in our mind where we still believe in taboos and totems.

BOYS' WEEK



N International Boys' Week is proposed.

The object is not to solicit funds but to promote publicity.

Boys need advertising.

Modern business has discovered that advertising is an absolute necessity. Time was when it was a doubtful venture. Today it is recognized as one of the mudsills of prosperity.

The biggest business in the United States and in the whole world is the boy business, which of course includes the girl business.

In other words, an intelligent view of humanity is that it is vastly more important to attend the boys and girls properly than it is to pay so much attention to adults.

Adults are fixed quantities and most of them failures. Boys and girls are bundles of unlimited possibility.

Every normal family exists primarily for the sake of the children.

And every state ought to keep in mind that it should have the same end and aim.

As for literature, there would be fewer boresome and tedious writers if authors always wrote so as to be understood by the people of twenty-one and under. At least they would write then so as to be understood and not for the

purpose of showing off their talents.

It will be well if Boys' Week shall induce preachers, teachers, newspapers and magazines to think definitely about boys.

We speak of the boy problem, but there isn't any other problem, or there will not be very soon.

There is no movement or reform which is not eventually put over by the boys. In fact, every reform movement has two distinct stages, the first in which it is proposed by adults, and the second in which it is carried through by the next generation.

The reason why the League of Nations stuck was because it was cluttered up by adult minds. When the boys of the present generation grow up it will go through smoothly.

Most of the religion of the world depends upon boys and girls. Religious experience as a rule originates and receives its definite form between the ages of ten and twenty.

Boys march; men mark time.

The only older people who can be considered assets in the world and not liabilities are those that retain the boy mind; that is, those that are still capable of wonder, enthusiasm and experiment. When these three elements fail the man who is out of his grave is out of place.

FEBRUARY

FLL things are not what they seem," sang Little Buttercup, and we agree with her as heartily as the chorus.

Particularly when we think of February.

February is the shortest month in the year, only it is not. It just seems so. Really it is the longest month.

It drags. It never gets done.

It is the last of Winter. Winter was all right in December, with its sleigh - bells and Christmas Time: but along about February, when it is slush and influenza, it gets on our nerves.

It is like a bore who will not go away.

It is like the woman caller who stands at the door and talks a half an hour after she has said good-bye.

It is like the last third of the parson's sermon, which goes on after he has had many a splendid opportunity to quit.

It is like the last few sticks in the cord of wood, which every one knows are the hardest to saw.

It is like paying off a mortgage after the house has burned down.

It is like the last year of the war.

It is like old age when one has lost interest in everything.

I never knew anyone who liked February.

It is nothing but a month.

It contains Washington's Birthday and Lincoln's, and Saint Valentine's Day. And once every four years it contains an extra day.

But that is all that can be said for it.

All other seasons have their delights. Anybody can be good in Spring, when the grass is greening and flowers preening. And Summer is the time for holidays and loafing. And Autumn is rich in fruits. And Winter has its keen delights. But February is just—bla.

The little runt makes a feeble effort to be funny by bringing around Leap Year once every four years, and giving the old maids a chance. But I have never noticed that it did them much good. Before they learn how to use it, they are too old.

Besides this, it messes up the calendar. It has two days less than any other month most of the time, but we cannot even depend upon that, for every once in a while it has only one day less.

Somewhere, I suppose, in the wise counsels of destiny, February has its purpose. But as far as mortal mind can see, it is only just another thing to be lived through—like the measles or the chicken-pox.

COFFEE



OFFEE has been roundly abused often and defended seldom, for the reason that it needs no argument to drink it and a good deal of persuasion to keep from drinking it.

There are some who claim that it is pure poison and should never be touched. This is an extreme view.

As far as the normal working of the human organism is concerned, coffee is not necessary. It is not a food. It is a stimulant, and any one would be just as well off if he never touched it. At the same time it doubtless does little harm to at least 97 per cent. of the people who take it and it helps a little to alleviate the drabness of life.

It is probably the least injurious of stimulants.

People who are hyper-sensitive to alkaloids, however, should let tea, coffee and cocoa alone, or be very temperate in their use of these beverages.

Coffee is at least one thousand years old and may be as old as Tut-ankh-Amen. For nobody knows exactly when it was discovered. Vessels looking very much like modern coffee pots have been found in the tombs of Egypt.

It was in 900 A.D., however,

that coffee was first mentioned in literature. At first people ate coffee. The whole ripe berries, which were red and looked like cranberries, were crushed and moulded into food balls, held in shape with fat, and were used by the wandering tribes of Africa in their long marches.

The first coffee drunk was a kind of a wine made from the hulls of the berries. Indeed, the name coffee comes from the Arabian Qahwah, meaning wine.

Coffee was first drunk as a medicine. Its use as a beverage dates back at least 600 years.

Coffee, like tobacco, is used all over the world. It is a democratic beverage and is patronized equally by the common laborer and the guests at fashionable restaurants.

The coffee plant was first cultivated in Abyssinia, where it is indigenous, and spread thence throughout the world.

Paul Revere, who made the famous ride, was a silversmith who had made many beautiful coffee pots.

Coffee drinking in Arabia is a part of the ritual of business, as also in other oriental countries.

Since the adoption of the eighteenth amendment, the consumption of coffee in the United States has increased almost 20 per cent.

THE WAY OF THE SPIDER

WHEN a man wants to cross a chasm he builds a bridge.

When a spider has a gap to cross he spins a web out of himself.

He spins a fibre until it is long enough to swing him over the desired interval.

So every man's success in attaining any given point is largely due to what he has behind him, to the facts that he has already made possible.

It is not education nor ability alone that determines a man's progress, but it is his record.

You will notice whenever you go to a firm to apply for a job that they want to know what your record is, what you have done. Man has no wings to take him to the desired object, but he must spin a bridge out of his own doings, out of himself.

Any man can make promises, any man can have hopes, but these are not noted. The thing which is stable and able to be depended upon, if we would get to a desired object, is our record, what we have done.

Character is a thread that we spin within ourselves. It does not consist in advantages that someone else has given us, nor a knowledge that we have learned from someone else.

A resolution that contains nothing in it practically to be done now is of no value.

A resolution that is carried out is of great value.

No man can get away from his record. It is the best and the worst thing about him. Just as a criminal is tracked and captured by his record, so the heights are



THE only way to climb the hill of success is hand in hand. Without unity we get in each other's way.

The reason for having rules in a business is the same as the reason for having discipline in an army. It is to keep us all from interfering with each other. It is for the purpose of getting things done the quickest way.

Let us avoid anything that can cause friction, discontent or other trouble that may interfere with the common good. A business enterprise needs harmony. It needs to be in tune as much as an orchestra.

scaled by those who have the proper record.

When the Bible tells us that the house which is founded upon a rock shall not be moved, we often misunderstand what the rock means. We ordinarily think that the rock is the sayings of the Master, whereas the rock is the having done those sayings.

A man who builds his success upon his record is a man with a house founded upon a rock. When the storm comes he shall not be moved.

A COLYUMIST OF OTHER DAYS



T is a poor newspaper these days that does not employ a colyumist.

That is, somebody who shall say short and pithy things, or at least try.

There was a colyumist a long while ago who lived in France, and whom it might be well for present day writers to study. His name was La Rochefoucauld.

It may be a comfort to the modern wits to know that the sparkling sayings of La Rochefoucauld did not perish in the breeze, but many of them live to-day. He was a cynic and he believed that everything could be explained by selfishness. In his time he outsat the Smart Set.

Still, he was clever; even what you might call deuced clever.

Subjoined are a few samples which I venture to say are still lively, though they have lain in book tombs many a year.

Perhaps the most famous of his epigrams was this, which is bitter enough: "In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us."

Others are:

"There are some persons so frivolous that they are as far from having real faults as solid qualities."

"Our envy always outlives the happiness of those we envy."

"There are no fools so troublesome as those who have some wit."

"Weakness is more opposed to virtue than vice is."

"It is more easy to become acquainted with men in general than with any man in particular."

"We easily pardon in our friends those faults which do not concern ourselves."

"What renders the vanity of others insupportable is that it wounds our own."

"Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range."

"There are few virtuous women who are not sometimes weary of their profession."

"Little minds are too much hurt by little things."

"We think very few people sensible except those who are of our opinion."

"Weak persons cannot be sincere."

"We often pardon those who weary us, but we cannot pardon those whom we weary."

"Gratitude is the secret desire of receiving great favors."

"Our virtues are most frequently but vices disguised."

"It is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves."

"Truth does not do so much good in the world, as the appearance of it does evil."

"Self-love is the greatest of all flatterers."

"A refusal of praise is a desire to be praised twice."

"Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue."

"Hope, deceitful as it is, serves at least to lead us to the end of life along an agreeable road."

WHY MEN MAY NOT WEAR GAY CLOTHES



THE reason why men may not wear gayly colored clothes is that the women will not stand for it.

And the reason why they will not suffer it is curious.

It illustrates one of the common illusions which have got themselves into universal acceptance.

That delusion is that man is the chooser and woman is the chosen. Everybody takes this for granted. It is rather a pleasing fiction—for the men. And the women like to indulge them in this belief. But it is all wrong.

Bernard Shaw wrote a play, "The Superman," the motif of which is that the man is a helpless creature, and if a woman makes up her mind to get him, he'd just as well cease struggling. Most of us took the play to be a whimsical piece of humor. It was funny, but, like a good deal of Shaw's fun, there is a serious truth running beneath it.

There is no field in which "things are not what they seem" so truly as in the lists of love. The lover flatters himself that he is wooing his maid and gradually enclosing her in his net. Yet all the while the poor boob is being played with by the wise little girl, and if she wants him she lands him, and if she does not want him she gets rid of him.

It is much the same after marriage. The man walks about, throwing out his chest, speaking in a deep bass voice, and laying the flattering unction to his soul that he is the boss of his own house. He is not. He is a sort of trained bear. And the average woman manages him easily.

Often forlorn maidens complain that they have to sit around like blackberries on a stem waiting for some man to come along and fancy them. Hence they rail at the universe and the nature of things, and cry out against this cruel

world. But the matter is with them, and not with the world.

And all this has proof in the fact that women array themselves in flowery colors and see to it that men's garments are sober and unnoticeable. For it is always the choosing sex in the matter of mating which adorns itself.

We can see this in the lower animals. It is the barnyard cock that carries the flaming red comb and the long, glistening tail feathers, while the hens are drab little affairs.

The same is true in almost all other bird tribes. Among them the male chooses, and, consequently, it is he that has the gorgeous plumage and the bright colors, while the female is a modest little creature.

The same thing, to a certain extent, is true among fishes, and among wild animals, and, to a certain degree, it is true among plants. It is a law of Nature, but only of Nature previous to the appearance of mankind upon the scene.

"In the Spring a livelier iris changes
on the burnished dove;

In the Spring a young man's fancy
lightly turns to thoughts of love."

From time to time men have attempted to escape from the tyranny of black in evening dress. The poor things desperately want to wear something that will differentiate a guest from a waiter. But it's no use. About twenty years ago scarlet dress coats made their appearance in Paris, and, afterward, blue was tried; but it would not do.

Recently another attempt was made. Two young men wore purple dinner jackets with light pink collars and revers at a theatre. Their effort to start a new style was unavailing.

Woman, the chosen sex, the superior sex, is not going to let her victim wear colors.

LINCOLN



O you ever realize that the reason so many people love Abraham Lincoln is that he was a common or ordinary man?

Most people who acquire distinction do so because they possess some quality or talent that makes them exclusive. Such, for instance, was the case of Chopin, of Gladstone, of Mendelssohn, and of many others who were contemporary with Lincoln. But Lincoln is remarkable in that he possessed no exclusive characteristics.

He was not good-looking. He was a homely man. And most of us are homely. He once said that "God must love common people, or common-looking people, because He made so many of them." It is no disgrace to be good-looking, and perhaps one may be pardoned for taking a reasonable pride in his pulchritude. But just the same, with most of us good looks are conspicuous by their absence. Lincoln belonged to the great majority in this respect, as he was not a good-looking man.

He was not learned. He was not a Greek scholar, as was Gladstone, nor was he a great musician, nor a great artist. He was great, but his greatness consisted in the qualities which all of us have.

He was not clever. He was just like the rest of us in this respect.

In him were exalted all the kind and gentle impulses which we all have. When we say he was noted for his kindness, we but state that he was noted for his human qualities.

So it was with his common sense. It was the kind that is the balance of all human faculties.

In fact, he kept close to the commons. He had that ability to look past his immediate advisers, to the great mass of the common people, and to sense what those

people wanted. He had faith in the common people. He knew them, and loved them. It was not for nothing that he had gained his education by difficult processes. He had lain by the fire and studied his lessons in the most difficult manner.

He was not a man of great ideas, but he was a man who had the great ideas of the common people. He recognized that he was the servant of the common people, and not their leader or their master.

He was universally loved, because he loved universally. He loved men, and they loved him in return. It was truly said of him that his heart was as great as the world.

There has been much question as to whether he was a Christian or not. Many preachers have held him up as an example of Christianity. On the contrary, others have tried to prove that he was a free thinker. Whatever was his religion, it was the common divisor of all creeds. He fully carried out the precepts of Jesus, at least His principles. There never was a man who more exemplified the fundamental basis of all religions. He loved his fellow men, and tried to do them good.

He had a sense of play. Probably no time was more terrible than his time, no time was more filled with the passions of men. But through all this, he kept his sense of play, and was enabled to see the funny side of things. This sense of play is a most human characteristic. It helps one to bear his burdens, and to see things in their proper perspective.

It was the common criticism of Lincoln that came at last to his advantage. He was criticized for being ugly, and awkward, and homely. But it was these qualities that endeared him to the common people. A great many of us are ugly, and awkward, and homely, and we are brought near to him.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE STEEPLE



It is generally conceded that loyalty is among the first of virtues.

The loyal man is a hero, and the disloyal man the lowest of creatures.

It is very hard, however, to get people to grasp any idea except in the very simplest of terms. And the trouble is that the greatest and most important ideas are not simple at all. They are complex and they need adjustment to other ideas.

When we get hold of some one enthusiasm and cling to it excluding all others, we are led into fanaticism and often into cruelty and into the most abominable inhumanity.

Internationalism, humanity, and universal brotherhood, for instance, are fine things. But if we become obsessed by these ideals and forget that we are human beings having other relations, and go about assassinating presidents and blowing up factories, we are dangerous bugs.

We need to keep this in mind when thinking about loyalty. We need to ask, "Loyal to what and to whom?" Also we need to ask, "Of two loyalties, which comes first?"

The primitive loyalty is to one's self, as expressed by the proverb "Self defense is the first law of Nature."

But we do not have to travel very far in the steps of civilization to discover that good as this self loyalty may be it must be subordinated to a better. And we justly deem a man to be a poltroon when he will not be loyal to his wife and his children even when it involves danger to himself.

Every step in civilization involves a higher loyalty. After self comes the family and after the family comes the state, or nation.

When an enemy invades our country as the armies of Germany invaded France, it becomes the duty of every

one of us to supersede loyalty to himself and even to his family by a higher loyalty, a loyalty to his nation and his flag.

This is rather generally acknowledged throughout the world. But it is not the end. There is still a higher loyalty. There is loyalty to humanity or to the human race.

To this highest of all loyalties even patriotism must become subservient. When it does not, it may be a curse instead of a blessing.

If, for instance, it is conceivable that our country should decide upon an iniquitous invasion of Canada or Mexico it would be the duty of every citizen to renounce and disobey such a Government.

Of course our Government is not likely to enjoin upon us a duty which involves being disloyal to our family, to ourself, or to humanity.

But the only reason why it will not do such a thing is because the sentiment of nationalism is held in check by the sentiment of humanity, justice, and right which has the higher claim.

The problem of to-day is to subject the sentiment of patriotism to the more universal and fundamental sentiment of loyalty to humanity.

For loyalty to humanity is the only kind that can be called loyalty to God.

In the little town of Ruffey-les-Echirey in France they have decided to paint the church steeple in the national colors. It is a striking illustration of disordered sentiment.

National colors have no business upon the House of God. For Whoever or Whatever He may be, God certainly is not the God of France nor the God of America nor the God of Germany, neither is He the God of the Buddhists, the Mahometans or the Christians. If there is any God at all He is the God of the human race.

RESPECT



OUR whole problem is a struggle for respect.

The desire for respect is probably our deepest one.

Most human actions, good and bad, can be explained as efforts to obtain respect or as desperate gestures caused by the loss of it.

It goes without saying that a man seeks political office, or success in business, or riches, or to see his name in the newspaper, and that a woman seeks a place in society and the honors of love because all these goods are one form or another of respect.

We are social beings. As our bodies are nourished by absorbing our material environment in the form of food and drink, so our spirits are nourished by eating the manna that grows in soul gardens. The name of that manna is respect.

We are as happy when we find it as a baby when he finds his bottle. We are as wretched when it is denied us as the famine stricken who have no bread.

Respect, indeed, is the bread of life, even as love is the water of life.

Respect is our deepest morality.

The surest way to make one a criminal is to break down his self-respect and make him believe that others do not respect him.

Almost every human wreck was wrecked by auto-suggestion. The drunkard, for instance, believes that he must drink. He has lost all esteem for his will.

The man of integrity is such because he has the very highest opinion of himself, not that he is egotistic, but that he

respects and obeys his own judgment and criticism as royal subjects obey a king.

Stupid and childish-minded society has assumed that the way to deal with the criminal is to punish him, and almost all forms of human punishment consist in the breaking down of self-respect.

The offender is grabbed by the policeman; he is beaten, manacled, and carried to prison in a patrol wagon as an animal is carried to the slaughter house; he is browbeaten by the lawyer; he is condemned by the judge; he is taken to the penitentiary and subjected to every form of degradation.

By some idiotic process of reasoning we call this justice. It is not. It is petulant retaliation on the part of society.

It never did cure any man and it never will.

Just the first glimmerings of common sense ought to teach us that the cause of crime, the thing that makes a man do a crime in the first place, is that he lost respect for himself and perhaps lost the respect of others, and that, therefore, the real cure for this condition would be to treat him in such manner as to restore his respect for himself and assure him of the respect of others.

Justification means making a man just and making him cease to be unjust. And justification, we are told, is by faith. But the thing we need to learn is that the faith which makes us just is not the faith we have in something above us and outside of us, whether that something be God or society or our friends, but the faith these persons have in us.

GREATENING OUR SOULS



E. FOSDICK says that one of the most picturesque images of the present stage of human development was given us by Bergson, the French philosopher.

It is in effect that the chief work of science has been to enlarge man's body.

"Telescopes and microscopes have increased the power of our eyes; telephones have stretched our hearing to some three thousand miles; telegraphs have made our voices sound around the earth; locomotives and steamship lines, better than seven-league boots of ancient fable, have multiplied the speed and power of our fleet; and guns have elongated the blows of our fists from two feet to twenty-five miles. Man never had such a body since the world began. The age of the giants was nothing compared with this. But man's soul—there the failure lies. We have not grown spirits great enough to handle our greatened bodies. The splendid new powers which science furnishes are still in the hands of the old sins—greed, selfish ambition, cruelty."

There are two aspects to progress. Every advance in invention that gives man added power over nature may be used either constructively or destructively. The explosive power of gases will excavate tunnels and foundations and also make bombs for big Berthas. Poison gas may destroy insects and vermin or human beings. Airplanes may benefit commerce by rapid transit or may furnish a deadlier means of war.

When the man's arm is lengthened and strengthened, it may enable him to be of greater help in increasing the sum of human happiness or it may make of him a more terrible monster.

When you sharpen the axe you do not change the quality of its steel and when you give a man scientific knowledge or any great talent you have not necessarily made him a better man.

The thinking part of the world is beginning to see that the safety of the human race or any part of it does not lie in thickening our armor nor lengthening our sword. It lies in changing the quality of man's heart and purpose.

All talk of defense by armies and navies or any other manifestation of brute force is fallacious. Our only defense is of the spirit.

France, for instance, will never be safe from Germany until it has made a friend of Germany, although there will have to be a great many distinguished funerals before that comes to pass.

Those who imagine that the safety of a great city depends upon its police and prisons are mistaken. Its only real defense consists in the moral inhibitions of the people in it. If every one was intent to do crime, not all the police nor all the armies of the world could prevent the city from rushing to ruin.

The greatest work that lies before the world is the greatening of the soul. For if that work is not done the greatening of the body will mean our destruction.

HAVING A GOOD TIME



NE of the most pathetic spectacles is the human creature in his effort to have a good time.

We know almost every art in the world better than the art of enjoying ourselves.

We can build skyscrapers and magnificent cathedrals, we can paint beautiful pictures, we can write books and publish newspapers and run railroads, and we do all these things with tolerable efficiency.

But when we start out to have a good time we seem to leave all intelligence behind us.

That is because we forget the fundamental elements of fun.

These elements, as I have before pointed out, are: First, that the amount of fun we have depends upon the extent to which we use our imagination; second, that the amount of fun we have is directly proportioned to its cheapness, and the more money we spend the less fun we have; and third, that we cannot have real fun unless we keep the rules of the game and make other people around us happy as well as ourselves.

The extent to which these plain rules are overlooked is illustrated in the reports of the New Year's celebrations in the various cities.

Paris, which is supposed to be the chief fun emporium in the world, was the chief offender. Christmas and New Year's were

there celebrated by a "champagne gusher" which could not be capped, and flooded the city with the most expensive wines on record. For weeks every table at such places as the Café de Paris, Maxim's, Bal Tabarin, Moulin Rouge, and other famous restaurants, had been taken at high prices.

Many of these restaurants charged \$20 a head for tables, with meals and wine extra. The ordinary price for dinner was \$50 and champagne was sold at a minimum of 125 francs a bottle.

The result was that these celebrations were rather exclusively American, as nobody but Americans had money enough to throw away in this fashion.

Similar carousals were held in the other capitals of the world.

All this would not be particularly objectionable if people got what they paid for. They do not. They go on under the delusion that a good time can be measured by the extravagant use of money.

It is the little people of the world who have the fun. It is the people who are disciplined and who work that enjoy themselves.

And to fancy that one can have a good time by eating \$50 worth of food and drinking \$50 worth of wine is about on a level with fancying that the inhabitants of an insane asylum laughing and shrieking and rattling their bars are happier than the people outside.

KEEP THE DOOR SHUT

KEEP the door of your mind shut against all undesirable and depressing thoughts.

These thoughts will come to you and perhaps you cannot help their coming. But you can shut them out and refuse to entertain them.

Nine-tenths of the sweetness and stability of one's nature depends upon his power to refuse to think of certain things.

A man is fortunate if he has some subjects that are agreeable to him and are constructive in their nature to which he can turn his mind in case he is tempted to think destructive things.

The art of happy living is closely connected with the art of controlling one's thoughts.

The cause of much despondency and even of suicide is thinking constantly on unpleasant subjects.

If you have to think of an unpleasant thing, if it is a fact, and you cannot get away from it, set apart a certain time to devote to it, think of it thoroughly, and when you are through, quit. Don't let it keep on annoying you. It will sap your strength and deplete your capacity.

The secret of a happy life is found within. If we cannot control the things which come to us we can control our use of them. A man's mind is as if he were standing upon a bridge. All sorts of objects float down on the stream

under him and he can either let them pass through, or he can divert them.

Much morbidity, and even criminality, is avoided by the agility with which you can get back to subjects which are helpful and



THE value of work depends upon the spirit that is put into it.

After all, we are nothing but human beings, whether at work, at play or asleep. Work is nothing but the forth-putting of the human spirit. It is the light that shines from the candle in the soul. It is the energy streaming out of the human mind.

No matter how well trained you are, how quick your eye and how skilled your hand, your work is not the best unless you put your spirit into it. And the more spirit you put into your work the more good it does you. It reacts upon you wholesomely. For when you work at work you like, at work where your heart and soul and interest are, then it is not work any more — it is play.

avoid those which are dangerous.

There are some things that are like vegetables stored in the cellar. If we are not careful to keep them dry and to stir them occasionally they will rot.

There are some minds which seem to be going about with a cellar full of diseased matter in them. It is a good plan periodically to throw all the decayed subjects and all the disease breeding subjects out of the cellars of our mind.

AMERICAN POETRY



SOMETIMES wonder why publishers keep on printing little books of poetry. These thin and timid volumes like shrinking violets keep thrusting themselves upon the notice of the wearied waders across the fields of literature.

Most of them, it must be confessed, are poor, except a few, which are very poor.

The causes of this are two. First, the writers haven't anything to say, and second, they cannot say it with a touch of genius.

Once in a while, however, there is an exception. A real book of poetry has flowed in through the mails and landed upon my desk.

I took it up in my usual bored and superior manner, and the first thing I knew I was done for.

That miracle happened, that strange miracle that keeps us believing in life and in beauty. It is the sort of miracle that happens when the young man falls in love with pretty blue eyes or when you and I suddenly discover in the crowded commonplaces of the world some sparkle of divinity and nobleness.

It is the sort of thing that happened to me when I heard Wagner's "Meister-singer" for the first time in Munich, when I fell upon the picture of a Florentine girl's head by Leonardo in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, when I saw O. P. Heggie in "Fashions for Men," when long ago as a little boy I read "John Halifax, Gentleman," when I

first read the stories of Sherlock Holmes, or when in a little theatre at Omaha I heard Paderewski play Chopin's "Ber-ceuse."

There have been similar occasions in your life, that is provided you are alive, occasions when you had some sort of an experience that made you feel as John Wesley said of himself in City Road Chapel, you "felt your heart strangely warmed within you."

The little book I speak of is called "Finders," by John V. A. Weaver.

It is a book of poetry. That statement I dare to make without fear of successful contradiction.

First of all, because it is real. It is so real that it hurts.

Secondly, the poet knows what he is talking about. He is not writing of the isles of Greece nor the images of Buddha. He is talking about fires that have burned his own fingers and pains that have wrung his own heart.

He has dipped into the muddy stream of our common American life and has come up with a handful of gems so beautiful that we are amazed at this humanity.

He is full of slang, but who cares? It is all alive and palpitating.

What F. P. A. in the New York Tribune said of him I indorse:

Say, listen: If this Weaver was a frog,

Er if he come a-lecturin' from London,
You'd yelp yer nut off, "Ain't the fella quaint?

His stuff is, like they say, from out o' the soil.
Too bad America ain't got no writers."

Wha'd'y'mean too bad? You make me sick.

IN SEARCH OF ATMOSPHERE



THE other day an eighteen-year-old girl student at Columbia University disappeared mysteriously and was not found for three days. She was eventually discovered by her relatives and a detective living under an assumed name in the lower part of the city.

The explanation she gave of her escape was that she left the college and her student boarding place because she found there no dramatic atmosphere. It was in search of atmosphere that she took her foot in her hand and started out into the world to write plays and stories and poetry.

She had only \$9.50 at the beginning of her adventure and about one cent at the end.

She did not find much except discomfort in her excursion. She said, describing her search for lodgings, "They showed me a room for \$5 without gas, and as I knew I could not do any writing there without light I took the only other room vacant, which was \$6.50. My, but it was cold there! The next time I go away I am going to have plenty of money. The bed was like a pile of hay and the light was poor—and, oh, so cold!

"And I had only one good meal while I was away. The only other thing I had to eat was a bite of lunch which took all but one cent of my fortune. I am not really sorry to be back again. It is warm here and nice and there is plenty of food and all that, but there is no atmosphere."

What this young lady and thousands of others like her need to know is that there is no atmosphere anywhere except in one place, and that is the imagination.

The most common mistake all would-be writers make is that they could write interestingly if they only had interesting adventures. The fact is that those who lead the most adventurous and exciting lives as a rule do not and cannot write at all.

The material for good writing is found in a lively imagination and not by travel.

Those who write the bloodcurdling detective and mystery stories probably lead very humdrum lives and their only excursions into mystery are solving puzzles and playing chess.

Some of the most interesting books on bringing up children are written by old maids who never had any.

Some of the most readable advice on finance and investment is prepared by gentlemen who cannot make over sixty dollars a week, and do not save that.

Some of the most inspiring sermons are preached by men whose day's doings are anything but inspiring.

Creative ability simply means a creative imagination, and the power to tell a thing well has nothing to do with the power to do it well.

I am a writer myself and I could probably write a better essay on shoeing horses than any blacksmith in the state, but if I undertook to shoe a horse, I would probably be kicked to death in a few minutes.

THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGG



ALWAYS the greed and the shortsight of men tempt them to kill the Goose that lays the Golden Egg.

The goose, economically speaking, is our old and much-abused acquaintance, Capitalism.

The Golden Egg is Employment.

We complain a good deal, in the United States and elsewhere, of unemployment. And when men are hungry and cold they are inclined to strike at the rich man who is full and warm under the impulse of the same kind of reasoning which induces a child to take a hatchet and chop the piano because he bumped into it in the dark and hurt himself. For men in the mass do about as little thinking as children.

Even the slightest reflection ought to advise us that people cannot be employed unless there is somebody to employ them. And that which employs labor is Capital.

Perhaps that is the best definition of Capital. For if Capital does not continue to employ labor, if it ceases to do so and begins to spend itself in other ways, it does not live long.

Capital is absolutely dependent upon labor for its preservation, even as labor is dependent upon Capital.

Where there is no Capital, there is no civilization, for civilization is just another name for society with a surplus.

A movement has been recently set on foot to organize the thinkers and business men, or perhaps we had better say the business men who happen to be thinkers, to study the question of taxation.

If they go at this with an open mind, it ought to do much good, for nothing is more stupid than the principles upon which taxation is usually carried out.

One of the commonest delusions is

that the most equitable tax is one that bears down upon the rich and spares the poor.

This never works out, for the simple reason that it is the rich who employ the poor, and for the additional reason that the rich are experts in the art of passing the buck. So that a tax levied upon them is speedily handed on to the laborer.

One of the most iniquitous of taxes is the income tax; for it penalizes the rich man for putting his money into productive industries, and pushes him toward investing in municipal bonds and other non-productive securities.

The very first principle of taxation ought to be that if a man is producing something and giving other people employment, he should be rewarded and not punished.

Of course, there is a deeper principle even than that, the principle that taxation should merely be payment to the government for services rendered by the government to the individual.

This is the north star and ever-fixed pole of any rational system of taxation.

The only trouble with it is that you cannot follow it very far until you come to Single Tax.

If the rationality of Single Tax, however, seems too remote from our present standpoint of confusion, we ought at least so to adjust our taxes as to encourage business, and to penalize idle money.

Mr. Reginald McKenna, former Chancellor of Great Britain, and now chairman of one of the largest banks in the world, denounced the other day that policy of taxation which would "deprive business men of the stimulus of a reasonable return for their labors. In such conditions," he continued, "business men become stagnant, and stagnation means unemployment."

ANTS AND BEES



D. HOWE, America's greatest cornfed philosopher, stepped aside the other day to hand me one.

"The objection to many good things is not that they should not be done, but cannot," he says in his *Monthly*, a periodical entirely composed by himself. "Dr. Frank Crane—an amiable gentleman, I have long been convinced—says: 'I will not think of failure, of sorrow, of disease, or any kind of wretchedness except as I can bring beauty and joy out of these things. I will put my imagination against an untoward world and believe forever that I am unconquerable even in death.'

"All very nice, except that the good Doctor can do nothing of the kind. Surrounded with sorrow, disease, wretchedness, failure, no man can avoid thinking of these things, or believe he is unconquerable even in death, except when he is drunk or insane."

I am a faithful reader of Ed Howe's writings. That is why I am an optimist, for the best way to become an optimist is to read the pessimists, just as some one defined a pessimist as some one who has to live with an optimist.

One of the interesting plays of this season was called "The Insect Comedy," in which men and women were satirized by representing them as insects. Some were butterflies, some were crickets, some were tumble-bugs and some were ants.

Ed Howe is the ant philosopher. His feet are always on the ground. Ants have not much use for bees. Occasionally they cock their eye at the flying insects and sniff.

Why all the buzzing?

Ants and bees are both thrifty. Only one makes little white things called ant bread and the other makes honey. Ant

bread is useful only for other ants. Honey is good for everybody.

The ant is busy, very busy. He is always actively engaged and always in a hurry. But no one ever found out where the ant was going. The bee, on the contrary, when he goes home, goes straight, so straight that his path is called a "bee line." Also he brings home the bacon, or rather the honey.

The ant is a realist. He lives in the dirt which is solid, tangible and useful. The bee treads the empty air. The realist among mortals is the literary gentleman who insists that the only truth about a house is to be found in the garbage can and the kitchen sink. Those who insist that the music on the piano and the flowers on the parlor table are also real are deluded idealists.

The ant realist is not devoid of feeling. He believes in feeling. He has, however, no use for such feelings as nobleness and faith and romantic love and religion. But, take now a good sharp bellyache,—that is something that he can understand. That is practical.

The ant wonders at the bee and wonders with contempt. Why flowers? They are nature's great mistake. If nature wanted an apple, why didn't she grow it right out of the tree? Why all this interlude of blossom and beauty and fragrance? Pish! Also tush!

And why sunsets and all that waste of heavenly pigment? When He gets through with the sun for the day, why doesn't the Creator just blow it out? And so far as men and women are concerned, why romance? Bah! The sex drive he can understand. It is nature's unpleasant way of continuing the race. But why muss it all up with poetry and music and moonlight?

Still, I like to read Ed Howe. He has a certain pawky humor of a brand found nowhere else.

VICTOR HUGO



HERE he stands, Messieurs the Discontented, the great model for all time of the literature of protest!

Why don't you look at him? Follow, imitate him!

I have just read again "The Man Who Laughs," and a great shudder has gone down my soul.

And when years ago I read "Les Misérables" it seemed I grew ten years that week. It was a whole course in college.

I have just been reading recently some of the modern attempts to give voice to the submerged.

Of such books there will always be a-plenty, if for no other reason than because envy springs eternal in the human breast and no passion is more quick and vocal. And dangerously easy.

Probably the earlier literary efforts of every writing person were vents to bitterness.

Just as the first language of a human being on emerging from the matrix and taking the form of an individual is a cry, so whining is the language of immaturity.

To be cheerful implies a certain sophistication. Only graduates from the school of experience can grin and bear it.

Every young playwright begins on tragedies, every cub reporter prefers murders, and every singer in the lists of literature must, like the nightingale, bruise his breast against a thorn.

But there is this difference between the master and the prentice. The master writes of grief nobly, the prentice meanly.

In the one sorrow, oppression, injustice has touched a chord divine that not only pierces you with its sadness but smites you with its beauty.

In the other we get but the puling petulance of the infant.

No one wrote more than Victor Hugo of sordid things, of sin and ghastliness, of the muck of poverty and the hideousness of cruelty; but he made it all beautiful, and as he writes the convict Jean Valjean looms with a vastness as of Christ, and the frightful deformity of the Man who Laughs becomes majestic as the laughter of hell.

Gorkis, Dreisers, Sinclairs, Hamsuns, all ye bitter ones, learn this: no art has any right to exist except it be beautiful.

When the true artist touches the meanest object he gives it a kind of awfulness. Even the repulsive, in the hands of genius, becomes admirable.

You may write of murder and the ultimate perversions, you may portray human monsters and vermin, you may tell of dung heaps and the stench of sewers, if you do it all as Hugo did it and tinge your stark realism with the wonder of art.

But evil qua evil has no charm. Vice and squalor and poverty, without the transforming beauty of the spirit, have no message.

If you must be dull, write Sunday School books and prate of virtue, but let no man write of such sacred themes as poverty and injustice and inhumanity but such a one as Hugo.

The Book of Job is all about ugliness, but it is beautiful. The Four Gospels treat of the lower classes and working folk, and their central figure is a carpenter's son, and a man of sorrows acquainted with grief, and the story's climax is tragic, but they that wrote these books somehow put a light in them that causes them to shine like the moon forever over the harsh rocks of human agony and makes our Mojave Deserts and Death Valleys of human misery shimmer like the sea.

DWELLERS BY THE SHORE



HERE is one way of looking at life, which is that we are not so much dwelling in a country that has bounds as we are dwelling by the shore of a country by waters that have no bounds.

Those who live by the shore of the sea are face to face with infinity.

What thoughts come to them as every day their eye roams about and finds no limit to its vision. So we are all dwellers by the sea-shore. We are awaiting our turn to sail forth.

Beyond us rolls the boundless extent of what we call eternity, and somewhere in the distance yonder is our future home. We are waiting for our craft to sail. Sooner or later all of us must go.

Some men turn their eyes from this ocean of infinity and refuse to see anything but the solid land beneath them and behind them. Others look at the infinity so hard that they do not realize the solid land.

Both have their use. We need the broad outlook to remind us that we are not dwellers here, but only campers, and that our real home is somewhere beyond.

We need once in a while to think of the ground under our feet and all around us. This steadies us in our thoughts of the eternal.

We can very well after a fashion

get intoxicated with thinking of vast subjects. Those whose minds are constantly on the contemplation of death can hardly lead sane and normal lives here.

On the contrary, those who look only at this life lose that element



It is everyone's duty to be healthy. Unless you are healthy it is hard to be strong, it is difficult to be attractive.

It is possible for a defective person by a courageous spirit to overcome his disadvantage, but it is a disadvantage none the less. If you value happiness and success, watch your health.

You need clear eyes, sound teeth, keen ears and good digestion. And if you want these you must pay the price. The price is care. No person need expect to keep a sound body that indulges in excess. Sooner or later the mechanism will give way.

Avoid stimulants, take exercise, keep clean and don't worry. These are the oldest laws of health, and no one has ever improved on them. You cannot be a help to others unless you have strength and vigor yourself.

of mystery and wonder that comes to us from looking at the other.

We are dwellers by the sea. Once in a while it does us good to raise our eyes and look out toward those vast distances, toward that ocean upon which our fellows have voyaged never to return.

LOOK THIS FELLOW UP



AGENTLEMAN from New York City writes to me of an outlandish incident which came recently under his observation.

It calls attention to a sort of thing which, while it may not be very common, yet undoubtedly occurs once in a while.

Something should be done.

We have police to arrest burglars, thieves, and confidence men. Noted criminals of all sorts have their pictures published in the newspapers, and the press is often of service in bringing them to justice.

Why cannot something be done about this man? I cannot give his name, but I have his number.

He is a Yellow Taxi chauffeur, and the number of his car is 067388.

My informant writes me that on March 1, as he was going to his office from the Grand Central Station, he actually saw this abandoned taxi-driver give consideration to several pedestrians trying to cross the street.

He actually, although he had the right of way for vehicles, stopped his car to allow pedestrians who had started to cross the street to reach the other side.

He did not come up close to old ladies and toot his horn and throw them into a panic.

He did not make disparaging remarks out of the side of his mouth to people who feloniously and mischievously came pretty near being run over.

He did not shove, push, intrude, and otherwise set himself and his machine

forward and make everybody get out of his way.

Something should be done.

At least a committee meeting should be held at some residence on Fifth Avenue and the parlor Bolsheviks invited to come and express their opinion. At the conclusion of this meeting a committee might even be appointed.

We hesitate to suggest anything so radical and apparently brutal as appointing a committee, but we deliberately do it in this case.

And have not the chauffeurs a union? Some sort of labor union ought to take up this matter. If this sort of thing is allowed to go on unrebuked, very soon pedestrians will get the notion that they have rights which chauffeurs are bound to respect.

And the case opens into larger issues. It is to be feared that the public is overlooking any number of kind and thoughtful acts which should be exposed to pitiless publicity.

If people go on doing thoughtful and generous deeds, what is going to become of our fundamental conviction that everybody is bad?

We must look to the foundations. The very basis upon which government, our theology, and our civilized society are founded, is that everybody wants to do wrong and can only be restrained by some sort of superior force. Unless we are to lose our faith in this comforting doctrine, we have got to put a stop to these mischief-makers who are going about being decent and considerate and helpful.

THE ART OF LIVING



ASCAL thought that living was so important everybody must be studying it. But he said he was surprised to find that more people knew the laws of geometry than knew the laws of life.

Living is an art and one that is to be learned by practice, and executed by skill.

Our real happiness is not a matter of chance, but of law. Our condition today depends on what we did yesterday. And whether any man is happy or not is a consequence of his total former actions.

Inner success is certain. It is as much a subject of law as mathematics.

In the real life of a man there is no such thing as luck. Perhaps luck has a great deal to do with our outward efficiency, with our place in the world and with our fame, but it has nothing to do with our real contentment. Anybody can be content that wants to be.

Our condition depends largely on our thoughts. It is the result of what takes place in us and not what occurs to us from the outside.

Those who deliberately turn their attention away from disagreeable things, from failures and misery and wretchedness, and contemplate that which is bright and beautiful and sunny find the

effect of it gradually growing upon them.

The sum total of one's life and one's efficiency depends also upon discipline. The undisciplined as a rule are the unhappy. If a man does not have himself well under control he is liable to become the slave to the most unruly passions.

The principal difference between the wise man and the fool is that the wise man controls himself. He knows just how far to give way to his desires, while the fool is helpless before them.

The former is like a man steering a boat and the other is like a boat drifting helplessly before the wind.

If you want your life to get anywhere there must be plan and purpose and aim and steady persistence.

It is an amazing thing that in our schools every sort of subject is studied except the art of living. As a consequence we have many experts in medicine, in all sorts of sciences, and in literature, but few experts in life.

What we all need to know, however, is how to live, not how to get on, for unless getting on administers to the richness and value of our life it is not worth while.

Many a man has found his goal attained, yet his mouth is full of ashes. The realization of his dreams does not bring him happiness because he has not learned how to live.

ITALIAN PROVERBS



LIKE most Latin races, Italians enjoy sayings of a subtle and suggestive nature. That is, their epigrams are not broad humor, but delicately titillate the molecules of the brain. Here are a number of them:

Speak well of your friend, of your enemy neither well nor ill.

Dead men open the eyes of the living.

A bad agreement is better than a good lawsuit.

He who would have no trouble in this world must not be born in it.

Once in every ten years every man needs his neighbor.

Tell a woman she is beautiful and she will soon turn fool.

A man's hat in his hand never did him any harm.

'Tis a bad house that has not an old man in it.

A woman that loves to be at the window is like a bunch of grapes in a highway.

He who spins hath one shirt, he who spins not has two.

Eat after your own fashion, dress as others do.

When the ship is sunk every one knows how she might have been saved.

'Tis a mark of great perfection to bear with the imperfection of others.

What a man likes well is half accomplished.

When you are all agreed upon the time, said the Curate, I will make it rain.

Poverty is a blessing hated by all men.

To an unjust government a martyr is more dangerous than a rebel.

Death hath no other ill except the thought of dying.

Who speaks of it commits it not.

He who finds no money in his own purse is still less likely to find it in that of others.

He who never boasts is esteemed at a third more than his value, if he is worth anything.

He who is not impatient is not in love.

Who threatens most is he who most doth fear.

Who waits for time loses time.

He who has the courage to laugh is almost as much master of the world as he who is ready to die.

He who is lucky in love should never play cards.

Love's quiver is filled with arrows, not with arguments.

Any plan is bad which is not susceptible of change.

The best way to get praise is to die.

A wise man's country is that one where he is happiest.

Wise is the young man who is always thinking of taking a wife and never takes one.

So very good that he is good for nothing.

Timidity enthroned is always tyrannical.

A rakish bachelor makes a jealous husband.

A man cannot leave his wisdom or his experience to his heirs.

TRUSTEES OF THE WORLD



LOYD GEORGE, former premier of Great Britain, is now a member of the House of Commons. The other day he made a speech which was loudly applauded by his fellow members. Arthur Henderson, the Labor leader in Parliament, declared that Lloyd George had made the greatest speech of his career.

The substance of this speech can be boiled down into a few words — one of its paragraphs:

“Great Britain cannot reorganize the world alone. We must get the support of America.”

In that pronouncement the British statesman expressed what is perhaps the most necessary thing for the human race to do at this present time.

It is for Great Britain and the United States, the two great English-speaking commonwealths, to get together and work hand in hand for the rehabilitation of the world.

In the first place, these two nations can do it. And they represent the only group which can. They have the money, they have the virility, they have the influence, and they alone.

If these two nations are combined no other powers in the world could stand against them.

There is no danger of their combining to rob or tyrannize other nations, because public opinion within them is wholly against such policy. No government in a programme of aggression could remain in power a minute.

All that these two nations want is for the other nations to behave themselves, quit fighting and go to work.

These are the two great commercial nations of the world, and commerce does not want war.

Whatever, therefore, makes for thorough co-operation between these two nations makes for the welfare of mankind.

Neither of them has the slightest desire to dominate the other.

There are crooked sticks in both countries — Britishers who hate Americans, and Americans who hate Britishers. But they are an exceedingly small, though vociferous, minority.

In any world compact of nations it is Great Britain and the United States that will be the backbone. If these two or either of them are lacking, no world compact will be workable.

It certainly seems as though the wisdom of statesmen should devise some sort of arrangement by which these two great peoples could work together in harmony for that peace of the world which they both desire.

These two nations are prosperous and powerful, and always destiny saddles responsibility upon the prosperous and powerful. There is no escape from the obligations of power. The weak and feeble can evade their duties, but the strong and great can never evade them.

YOUR SISTER



THESE words are addressed to the brother.

They are intended to call his attention to his sister and to give him a few nuggets of advice concerning her.

Enforced intimacies are always trying. They put a rather severe strain on one's character. The boy and girl brought up in the same family come into such continual contact and know each other so well that it is easy for them to fall into that familiarity that breeds contempt. But the Creator probably knew what He was about when He gave us the members of our family. We are apt to think they do not suit us and to wish that they were different. But the trouble quite often lies with ourselves. If we would make more of an effort to adjust ourselves, to control ourselves and to be of service, we should get along better.

You are going to meet many other girls, brother, most of them when they are on parade. And you may think that they are prettier and more agreeable than your sister, mainly because you do not see them so much as you do her.

But your sister has a relationship to you that no other girl will ever have and it can be made very beautiful and grow into a lifelong, helpful friendship.

Pay attention to her. Give her some of those little courtesies you extend to other girls. Bring her some flowers once in a while or a box of candy. Take her to a show. Offer yourself as an escort. Get up when she comes into the room and treat her as you would a welcome

stranger. Keep this treatment up consistently for a while and see what happens.

Above all things, try to understand her. The most difficult person to live with in the world is one you do not think understands you. Hence listen to your sister. Encourage her to give you her confidence and try to appreciate her problems. Get her in the way of looking to you for help. Don't be impossible.

And don't criticize her. Don't get into the bad habit of rude frankness. Nobody can flourish under an atmosphere of continual fault-finding. Don't say sharp and bitter things. And above all things don't ridicule her.

You have no idea what a charming person your sister might be if you would simply show her that you love her and are glad in her presence.

Sisters are sometimes difficult, but they are worth working for. And a brother who has gained the love and confidence of his sister has got something which will be a source of comfort and happiness to him all his life.

And try to look at the situation as if it were a privilege to you to be her brother and not a privilege for her to be your sister.

Curb your egotism if you can possibly do it. Let her impose upon you a bit, which is a woman's privilege and deceives no one, not even herself.

In other words, give her the best you have. Try to build up in her a sincere and genuine feeling for you. Who knows? Some day it may be for you a tower of strength.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS



OMEWHERE in the old prophets it is predicted that there shall be a country which shall draw to itself the desire of all nations. Its sons and daughters shall come from far, and fly to it as doves to their windows.

Such a nation at present seems to be the United States of America.

At every border an eager multitude is pressing to come in. We have immigration laws that must be strictly enforced to prevent an indigestible horde of foreigners from invading us.

The reason, of course, is obvious. Here is prosperity, while abroad are hopelessness and bankruptcy.

Here the common workman receives a stipend that seems to the worker in the nations of Europe to be fabulous.

Here are no century-old traditions of caste rendering it difficult, if not impossible, for the sons of the poor to break through into affluence.

Here is opportunity for all, liberty of movement, and freedom of opinion.

Here is the chance for those who have lived in penury to educate their children entirely at public expense, and to see them free to occupy any position in society they may deserve.

Here is practical religious liberty.

All these forces, therefore—economic, sentimental, and political—enter into the magnetism which

draws to the United States people from all over the world.

A striking illustration of this was offered in the news items some time ago.

Juarez is a town in Mexico on the border of the United States. The officials of that place appealed to the government at Mexico City for help in caring for some 3,000 stranded Mexicans, some of whom had walked as far as 500 miles seeking entry into the United States, where they thought they could get work.

These wanderers had heard reports of jobs paying fabulous wages across the border. They had come into Juarez on passenger and freight trains, on burros, and afoot, seeking admission into the neighboring country. Most of them were peons, some were Indians, and the majority of them were barred because they could not pass the literacy test.

Acting Mayor Manuel Alvarate of Juarez said that about 300 men a day were reaching the town, seeking jobs across the border. There is no limit on immigration of Mexicans from Mexico, provided immigration requirements are passed, but only about 200 a day can be examined.

The time is past when the miseries of the world can be healed by immigration. There are no more uninhabited Americas except those regions that call for the most vigorous pioneer life.

And it behooves each country to settle its population question for itself.

"PEER GYNT"



VERY once in a while when you go to the theatre you get something. I mean something that sticks to the ribs.

It is that something which you carry away, that something which lingers with you, which, after all, is the net result, product and usufruct of any play you see, book you read, lecture you hear, or man you meet.

The other day I had rather an extraordinary experience. I went to see Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" as produced by the Theatre Guild, with young Schildkraut in the title role.

What was unique in the experience was that I had never read the play nor witnessed it before, although I had heard of it all my life. It was just one of those things I had omitted. Therefore I had the unusual experience of getting a brand-new, fresh, and virgin impression, although I am a thousand years old, more or less. To come across that sort of thing after you have passed your twenties is remarkable and youth-giving.

I found "Peer Gynt" to be a play deficient in about everything that anybody ever thought a play ought to contain. It had practically no story, little action, not much love motif, and no shooting.

There was also no particular uplift, only one barelegged dance, and the philosophizing was quite by the way.

It was, in fine, just unmitigated fancy. The author seemed to be indulging in an excursion of the soul.

The impressions were as desultory as life itself—a little merry-making, a little of the horrible and grotesque, a little youth, a little old age, a little sensuality, a little moralizing—and yet

somehow or other the whole thing was strangely alive.

I do not know why, but ever since I have seen this play the distant landscape round about my spirit has been a little plainer. The mists have raised a little on the horizon. And I see standing in the distance as sentinels of my destiny the great and silent sphinx, the horrid mountains and the vasty sea.

And those trolls! Everybody's soul has trolls down in the caverns—twisted unnatural, beastly, devilish figures. Perhaps we do not glimpse them very often and hasten to forget them. But they are there.

And then the play had its climax in old age and death. It was not an episode. It was life itself. Not my life, nor yours, but that strange, possible life that is to all of us.

Not the least part of the impression created by the play is the incidental music written for it by Greig. This music I had heard many times from orchestras and pianos. Now I was hearing it where it belonged. It was a jagged, jigsaw sensation that had long been floating in my consciousness and now had found its proper place in the picture.

Was ever music more subtly appropriate! It is as vague and whimsy and unearthly as Ibsen's words themselves.

We have all thought quite often of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in us. There is also a Peer Gynt in us; in each of us a dreaming, striving, posing, lying, seeking, baffled other self.

I must add to the population of my soul Ibsen's Peer Gynt to take his place along with Barrie's McConnachie, Stevenson's Mr. Hyde, and one or two vigorous angels of my own that have always succeeded in keeping their place.

DUST

WHEN I go along the crowded street I am greeted everywhere by whirls of dust.

I find my shoes covered with it. Horses kick it up and it is everywhere, even in my lungs.

This dust, however, is a remarkable thing. Out of it comes all that grows; the trees, the flowers and the crops all spring from it.

What is it? The decayed and disintegrated results of former life. All that lives must find its final abiding place in dust. The death of all things, however, is not so remarkable as the birth of new things out of this common element.

I myself am a product of dust, for He who created me made my body out of the dust of the ground. A man is just as much a growth of the soil as a tree. His evolution has only been a little longer. By and by he must return to the dust from which he came.

This dust, therefore, contains in itself the potentialities of all being. In it are the trees, birds, flowers and men of the future.

It is a symbol of myself. For what is personality but a something or other composed of things, we know not what?

What are ideas and thoughts but things that have found lodgment in us and have floated to us from somewhere?

I have no original ideas. The very words I use are the detritus

from others' ideas. And the very passions of my body and soul are but a temporary grouping of certain sensations that belong to the human race.

It is an interesting spectacle to watch human beings and all the

HE strongest things in the world often seem the weakest. Most of us at some time or other are fooled by them.

For instance, Gentleness is stronger than Cruelty; it will go farther and get more things done. Fair Play is better than Cheating, although the cheater usually thinks he is very clever. Kindness is stronger than Harshness. Clean, straight English is stronger than Profanity; you can even hurt a man worse with it. Patience is stronger than Petulance.

It is an upside down world, and things are not what they seem. No matter how strong the brutal, unjust and tyrannical appear, by and by the plain, decent gentle folk outdo them and outlive them.

growths that surround them, whether of plants or animals, rhythmically rising from the dust and settling back again. All life and growth as we know it, is but an episode. If there were no new births, all things would go speedily back to the dust from which they came.

Dust, therefore, is a remarkable substance, containing in itself not only the death of all living things, but the potentialities of their regeneration.

SAVING YOUR FACE



HE great business of saving one's face has probably made more trouble than any other one phase of egotism.

Many a man has resigned a good job and sacrificed fair prospects to save his face.

More than one woman has left the husband she really loved and condemned herself to miserable loneliness just to save her face.

A father often persists in stubbornness and cruelty toward his child, even after the fires of resentment have died down and left only the cold ashes of vanity, just to save his face.

There have even been girls that have jilted the man they really loved and married a second rater just to save their face.

It is amazing how much steady misery we are willing to endure, how much discomfort, for the sake of our face.

And what is a face? Why should we value it more than a heart? In other words, why should I break my heart to save my face?

Or why should I wreck my pocketbook to save my face?

Saving my face means that I value my reputation more than my character, that I think more of what people will say than I do of my honest estimate of myself, and that I value publicity more than justice.

Saving one's face even gets to be of national and international importance.

A recent newspaper editorial declares that probably the greatest obstacle to a peaceable settlement

of affairs between Germany and France is that M. Poincare has a face to save, and Herr Cuno has a face to save.

By this time the French certainly realize that, whatever they are going to accomplish in the Ruhr, they are certainly not going to make the adventure pay; and the Germans realize that their passive endurance will not make the French withdraw.

The reason why the two parties are persisting in their obstinacy, and why they do not get together and solve the whole question for the benefit of the people of both nations, is that they have their faces to save.

The Frenchman has whooped things up at home to arouse a national spirit for his backing, and now that he has aroused it, it is pushing him on in a policy that he must know will be disastrous.

The way things are being managed now between France and Germany by the governments of both countries makes sure economic losses, vast hatreds, and violence.

One reason why Mr. Lloyd George was successful for so many years was that he didn't mind when people called him shifty and inconsistent, and that he was perfectly willing to drop one plan and try another when necessary. He was more anxious to get things done than he was to save his face.

Perhaps the most potent reason why the United States persists in its present fallacy of isolation is that there are so many faces to save.

INTELLIGENCE IN THE THEATRE



THE first object of the theatre may be to divert and amuse. Indeed, most theatregoers have this in mind.

And amusement has its place. Human nature needs relaxation. It needs laughter and entertainment.

It is very easy, however, for the theatre, if it is managed solely with this end in view, to slump into something distinctly second rate.

Amusement is like sugar or salt. A certain amount of it flavors life agreeably. Too much of it easily passes into disgust.

Surely once in a while a play should appeal directly to the intelligence. This does not mean that it should fall into the classification of "highbrow," by which we usually imply something boring and uninteresting.

Surely the intellect has its passions, its enthusiasms, its thrills, its delights, its tragedies, and its ecstasies quite as much as the body.

After all, man is a spirit, even though he cannot deny his body.

One of the plays of this season struck me as being absolutely unique, as being a play appealing directly to the mind.

If we could have taken off our bodies and sat down in our naked souls, even then we would have enjoyed it.

It is the play called "Pasteur," by Sascha Guitry, the eminent French dramatist.

The character of Pasteur was interpreted by Henry Miller, one of our modern actors, with the very finest sense of values.

That which this play did, and which

not one play in a thousand does, is to give the impression of reality. The audience actually saw Pasteur. The character, the ambition, the struggles, the hopes, and the triumph of the man came right over the footlights. It was history and biography made real.

It was more than that, It was a human being re-created before our eyes.

There was no story, none of the conventional tricks of the theatre. It was just a section of life.

And, after all, the most interesting thing in all this world is life.

There was not a woman in the play. The sex appeal was entirely absent.

There was romance, but it was the romance of a career.

There was conflict, but it was the conflict of intellects, the new and daring mind battling with minds armored in prejudice.

There was crisis and suspense, but it was the same kind of thrill the surgeon gets from a successful operation, the lawyer from his legal triumph, or the orator when he dominates an audience.

There was climax, but it was the climax of a great soul, of a man who had done his work and wrested the laurels of his fame from an unwilling world.

Our bodies, of course, are always with us, and they are not without their perpetual interest, but there are times when we get a little tired of them. And for those who want a vacation from the flesh, and who really enjoy an occasional plunge into the waters of pure spirit and intelligence, this play is a marvelous refreshment.

It is a sample of what the theatre can do, but alas! does entirely too seldom.

SMILING AND THINKING



NEWSPAPER paragrapher recently told of a remark which a Chinese official once made to Andre Gide:

"You Europeans, everywhere, have on your faces an expression of sadness and care. You know every science except the science of happiness."

M. Gide said: "I admired his tranquil smile as he said this."

The narrator goes on to say that back of that tranquil smile are hundreds of millions that have seen no progress for centuries, women in millions that work like beasts of burden, carrying coal on their heads to supply British ships.

He continued that it's lucky for our own race that its able men are careworn and sad. He declared that one cannot smile and think at the same time.

"Smiling stops thinking, and thinking stops smiling" is his conclusion.

This statement and the argument behind it are very excellent, except for one thing. They are not true. Aside from that, they are quite interesting.

As a matter of fact, thinking that is accompanied by grouch and gloom, and by that worry, anxiety and nervousness which occasion gloom, is of an inferior quality.

The best kind of thinking is that produced by a tranquil mind. The mind can no more do good work when it is pestered and harried by care than a horse can do good work when he is constantly attacked by flies.

A grim face and a sour disposition are frauds. They are substitutes for thinking.

The man with cheer in his heart and courage in his soul and joy on his face will, all other things being equal, go farther and do better than any soldier of sadness.

In fact, the finest work of the human being is always accompanied by a certain joy. On the heights there is always sunshine.

Socrates joked in his death cell. When Kepler discovered his famous laws he capered and laughed and played like a child that has found a new toy. When the ancient Greek, while in the bath tub, hit upon the solution of the law of specific gravity he was as recklessly happy as a drunken man, and ran naked through the streets crying out: "Eureka! I have it!" Abraham Lincoln was considered by small minds to be a buffoon because he enjoyed funny stories and liked a quiet chuckle in the midst of his tremendous affairs.

And even the Nazarene, although He was called a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief, spoke to His disciples on the eve of His crucifixion, saying: "Peace I leave with you; My peace give I unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you." So that in the core of His soul, He must have been happy.

No. Fret, stew, worry, tragedy, and gloom are symptoms of littleness. In all deep souls there is a great calm. In the highest reaches of the spirit there is ever sunshine.

JOHN BURROUGHS

APRIL is the birth month of John Burroughs, who has somewhere been described as "the farmer boy who grew to be perhaps the greatest living naturalist of his time, and one of the greatest of all time."

John Burroughs lived all his life on a 350-acre farm in the Catskill Mountains, in upper New York. It was the place where he was born, April 3, 1837.

Here was one farmer's boy that was never lured away from the country for long. He remained right where the Creator put him.

He wrote about the things that the Creator put around him. And the reason why his writings are interesting is because he knew and loved what he wrote about.

It does not make much difference what theme you take for writing so long as you love it and understand it, whether it's peanuts or politics, religion or recklessness. But it may be stated for the benefit of young writers that any attempt to describe things with which you are not familiar, particularly things you do not like, is likely to result in failure.

Burroughs was just a quiet farmer. He ate, dressed, lived and thought as a farmer.

There is no reason why a farmer's brain should not be as acute and observing as the brain of a lawyer or a college professor. That is, no reason except that he does not use his brain.

Burroughs used his. He not only saw things but he looked at them. Also he remembered them.

He went further, and set down the things that interested him, and he was interested in birds and beasts and their doings, and in the woods and sky and streams.

He never claimed to be a scientist or a literary gentleman.

He was just a plain man that lived outdoors and liked it. He was interested in it and wrote about it. And his writings will have a permanent place in literature.

All this, of course, is not intended to prove that one should not have a good education in books. Books have their purposes, but life is better.

"Oh, the old farm days!" he wrote. "How the fragrance of them still lingers in my heart! The Spring, with its sugar-making and the general awakening about the farm, the returning birds, and the full, lucid trout streams; the Summer, with its wild berries, its haying, its cool fragrant woods; the Fall, with its nuts, its games, its apple gathering, its holidays; the Winter, with its school, its sports on ice and snow, its apple bins in the cellar, its long nights by the fireside, its voice of the fox-hound on the mountain—how much I still dream about these things!"

It is fitting that John Burroughs is buried near a big rock on his farm where cows graze about all day, and where he first saw a hermit thrush, a wonderful bird that not even his older brothers knew the name of, which fired his imagination and sent him to study birds.

ADVERTISING



HE New York Advertising Club is planning a new \$500,000 home.

This will be the first time that an advertising club has owned an entire building for its clubhouse.

It indicates the growth of advertising in the realm of business and the part which it has played in the development of the modern world.

Every one knows that business has undergone a radical change within the last century—that instead of being something which was necessarily a bit soiling and for which one properly apologized, it has grown to be one of the proudest callings of men.

The time was, and not so very long ago, when the endowed gentleman—that is the man who spent money that some one else had earned—looked down upon the business man—that is, the man who earned money for himself and some one else.

This idea of pride in idleness and shame in industry is the rotten foundation upon which most of the magnificences of the old world were founded.

In the days of royal splendor to do nothing but amuse one's self and spend money was considered noble, while to devote one's energies to the service of mankind in industry or merchandise was considered an occupation suited only to those inferior beings who were not lucky enough to have rich parents.

As modern business has emerged into self-respect, so advertising has changed in quality.

At one time it was a mere blowing of

one's own horn and considered impudent and vulgar.

The only ethical thing was supposed to be never to make any claims for the excellence of your work or the value of your wares.

Along with this secrecy in profession there existed also the secrecy of price marks and general darkness which concealed sharp practice and often villainy.

Advertising took on another nature when the business world discovered it must come out into the light.

Advertising means the sunshine in business.

It means that a man is entitled to the self-respect which his labors have earned for him.

It means that the modern business man, to use a phrase of J. P. Morgan, "has glass pockets."

It means that advertising, instead of being clever lying, is the cleverest kind of truth telling.

It means that advertising capitalizes honesty.

The reaction of nation-wide advertising is to produce a nation-wide standard of quality.

The merchant of to-day recognizes that advertising is an integral part of his business and that it is as necessary for him to let the world know his service honestly as it is for him to perform it honestly.

The influence of great advertising has always been to improve the quality and value of business.

And the professional advertising man to-day has taken his place among the world's most useful citizens.

THOUGHT



AGENTLEMAN by the name of Socrates was made to drink hemlock because he made a nuisance of himself.

He had a habit of buttonholing the young men of Athens on the street and cleverly examining their stock of ideas. He wanted to know what they believed and why they believed it.

Did you ever ask yourself about the foundations upon which your beliefs rest? Is your belief in the gods, in the commonwealth, in money and in the government, strong enough to withstand cross-examination?

Such an old busybody as Socrates could not be allowed to live. It was said of him that he was a heretic because he put an interrogation point upon the proper religion and he was an anarchist because he refused obedience to ancient traditions. Also he was a disturber of the peace because he made men think.

Bertrand Russell says: "Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more than even death itself."

Really the man who gives us a new thought has done us more good than a man who makes us a present of a lot of money. The thought may change our lives and alter our whole point of view, while the money may do nothing to us but harm.

The majority of the people in this world do not want to think. They do not like to be disturbed. The first question with most people is to keep the peace and not to find out the truth.

Tennyson, on the contrary, spoke



LISTEN to what the clock says. It says: "I have harder work to do than any mortal has, but I do it more easily, because I do it one second at a time. I have thousands of ticks to make every day, but I have a second to make each one of them. I don't do them all at once. I never worry about what I did yesterday, nor about what I will have to do tomorrow. My business is all today, here and now. I know that if I do that well I need not fret about the past, nor trouble about the future. If you would be as peaceful and happy as I am, do not try to live all your life and assume the burden of all your work in the future. Live now. Do the work in hand. There is always time enough if you take time. There is a hard road and an easy road to do the work you have to do. If you would find the easy road, look at me. I never worry. I never hurry. But what I have to do I get done."

the truth when he said:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt Believe me, than in half the creeds."

There is some truth in the saying that all belief is founded upon doubt, for doubt is the challenging of oneself and the making of ancient beliefs square with our own intelligence.

SARAH BERNHARDT



HE recent death of Sarah Bernhardt closes the career of the most remarkable woman of modern time.

Maurice Maeterlinck, who knew her well, said when she died, "To-night there has passed the greatest feminine personality since Sappho."

There will be many reviews of her success. But there is no explanation.

She may have been lucky; she may have had personal charm; she may have been persistent and industrious; she may have had genius; but many another has had these qualifications and not achieved her fame.

The power of personality remains the world's greatest mystery.

One can see for himself how inexplicable it is by asking himself why he likes one person and dislikes another, or why one person stimulates and another depresses.

She had beauty neither in face nor form and yet excited in her fellows a passionate admiration that few beauties attain.

Her voice was not pleasing. The street venders of Paris used to run a string covered with rosin to the bottom of a tin can and when the string was pulled the contraption gave forth a peculiarly harsh squawk. They called this the voice of Sarah Bernhardt. All the same that voice thrilled millions.

She was essentially a public soul. She had that rare quality that attracts the multitude. She said herself:

"For fifty years I have given the public the vibrations of my soul, the pulsations of my heart, the tears from my eyes."

It may be that the multitude loved

her for the simplest of all reasons—she loved the multitude.

Her hold over men was not due to youth nor to any trick of appearance. Even down to old age she retained her enthusiastic following.

At sixty-six she was still able to produce illusion in the character of Rostand's "Eaglet."

Later still, after one of her legs was amputated, she successfully returned to the stage.

In her old age she made a tour of America and as she could not get booking in the legitimate theatres, she played in tents. At one of these engagements she played in Los Angeles a performance to twelve thousand persons.

The life force was strong in her. And perhaps the best mark of life force is courage.

Somehow courage is a quality that profoundly appeals to us. It is the first of virtues. There is no soul so mean in which courage is not admirable. Indeed we can forgive almost anything if one is unafraid.

Sarah Bernhardt faced the world, faced her critics, faced her limitations, faced tradition and faced destiny itself with a fearless smile. And at last all mankind came to her feet.

Anything unbeautiful that may have been said of her or thought of her is dissolved forever in that splendid courage.

We are all soldiers in the great campaign against despair, and the flag of this comrade of the world floating valiantly above the doubtful ridges of the battle has put heart into us all.

"Allons! After the great companions!"

ANKH



HE syllable ankh in the title Tut-ankh-Amen, the name of the Egyptian king whose tomb has recently been opened, is said to be the symbol of enduring life.

The common form of this character is a circle surmounting a cross, which picture often occurs in the ancient records of Egypt.

This symbol we find used later denoting enduring life in the person of the Goddess Venus (Aphrodite), as love signifies the life force.

According to mythology, Venus sprang from the foam of the sea, and was borne over the waves to the Island of Cyprus.

From Cyprus we get the word "copper"; Latin "cuprum."

Copper, or its kindred bronze, is the eternal metal.

When the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen was opened recently the bronze hinges swung true, although they had been in place some 3,500 years. There was also a bronze lock on the door in fair condition.

Several years ago, near Ghizeh, a piece of copper water pipe was found, which experts estimate was used about 5,700 years ago.

Professor Flinders Petrie, the great Egyptologist, brought back from Egypt some wonderful copper relics found in the tombs near Abydos, one of the most ancient towns of upper Egypt. According to him, these relics date from a very remote period—that is, from about 5,000 to 6,000 B.C. These

relics consist of axe and adze heads, piercers, chisels, knives, needles, pins, and the like.

They are for the most part covered with the green tone of the old metal, but several of the larger axes still show the original polish which was imparted to them by the king's coppersmiths some 6,000 years ago.

To those who love the kinship of ideas this connection between Venus, the God of Love, the idea of eternal life, the King Tut-ankh-Amen, the cross and circle, and copper is interesting.

Another connection is significant.

Centuries after the epoch of Venus, Goddess of the Island of Copper, the Alchemists were pursuing their studies in mediæval Europe. Alchemy was originally one of the early efforts of mankind to bring science to bear upon the problem of the soul and moral perfection.

For this reason it was frowned upon by the ecclesiastical authorities, and Alchemists were driven into many forbidden arts, such as black magic and demonology. To prevent discovery they corresponded with each other in symbols.

And among these symbols we find our old friend ankh, which once symbolized enduring life to the Egyptians, later the Goddess Venus, and finally became the shorthand sign for the enduring metal—copper.

NORTON



CHARLES D. NORTON, a New York banker, when he died, at the age of fifty-two, had so impressed the world with his life that editorials about him appeared in papers in every part of the United States.

Norton was an Oshkosh, Wis., boy. His father was a preacher. He attended Amherst College. After working a while for a magazine he became an insurance man, and had an office in Chicago. At thirty-eight he was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, and a year later he was secretary to President Taft. Then he came to New York as vice-president of a bank, and afterward was an officer in many banking, railroad, coal, and oil companies.

It was none of these things, however, that gave him his reputation. There are hundreds of insignificant men all over the country who have done that sort of thing.

What made Norton famous was that he had an idea.

Any man who will get hold of a big idea, or rather allow himself to be got hold of by a big idea, may become a great servant of his fellow men.

And the greatest of all is the servant of all.

Mr. Norton's idea was city planning.

First for Chicago, and then for Greater New York, Mr. Norton was interested himself, and interested many strong men in the need for planning a city.

He devoted the best of his thought and energy toward making Chicago

more beautiful, more comfortable, and more enjoyable. He impressed upon the public the need of seeing that every change made in the city should be a change for beauty.

Daniel Burnham, the architect, exercised great influence upon Mr. Norton, and the latter's favorite quotation was the following from Mr. Burnham:

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood, and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans, aim high, and hope, and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with growing intensity."

One of the truths that the public mind is slow to see is that city beauty has a most intimate connection with city politics. The spirit of man is insensibly, but powerfully influenced by the nature of his surroundings.

This is particularly true of children, who, as future citizens, are the most important part of a city's population.

Garish billboards, cluttered back yards, filthy river fronts, ramshackle buildings, and dull streets speak constantly to the child mind. They are depressing. They diminish the joy of life, and whatever decreases the life force promotes shiftlessness and crime.

With increased development of the civic consciousness and social solidarity we shall more and more perceive the necessity of all working together for a city beautiful.

SNOBBS

IT is time a new Thackeray arose to write a new book on snobs.

This age with all its democracy is as snobbish as any former age.

The essence of snobbery is to judge a person by what he has, or the place he occupies, rather than by his real worth.

We still love a lord, and kowtow to a millionaire, and stand aside for a cabinet minister.

Of course achievement and position are entitled to a certain respect, but we are apt to forget that a human being is also entitled to respect. A true gentleman is courteous to every lady, and as gentle and thoughtful toward a scrubwoman or a waitress as toward a duchess.

It is very important that parents should select those schools that are clean of snobbishness.

Winifred Black writes of a mother who took her girl away from a certain school, giving this reason:

"She learned snobbery at the boarding school, and we've had a terrible time to get it out of her system. She got to judging people by the kind of car that came to school after them, and girls whose mothers wore smart furs were always perfectly all right to little Mary.

"Poor little thing! She couldn't help being snobbish—it was in the air at the fashionable boarding school where we sent her when I

was called south to look after my mother in her last long illness."

The tradition of the "gentleman" and "lady" is one of the finest things the English race has produced. Every effort should be made to keep that tradition strong and sweet. Especially we should teach our children to respect character wherever they may see it.

Honesty, thoughtfulness and courage are things to be looked up to whether they are exemplified by a chimney sweep or a duke.

Particularly it should be impressed upon young minds that one of the surest signs of vulgarity is to be insolent and contemptuous toward those whose social position is lower than our own.

There is a good deal of snobbishness in English literature, but there is also much manly and forthright contempt of it. The novels of Dickens and the poetry of Burns contain the highest type of true English integrity of spirit.

Dickens found worth and beauty among people in the humblest walks of life, and always directed our admiration toward real manliness rather than toward those who were fortunate by birth or wealth.

And throughout the poetry of Burns runs the wholesome sentiment expressed in the lines:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.

GOOD-WILL



ANY people regard the "good-will" of a concern as more or less an airy nothing. They are inclined to smile at it.

Looked at one way, it seems quite tenuous. Over a century ago Lord Eldon defined good-will as the "probability that the old customers would resort to the old place."

In the practical business world, however, this mere tendency of mind is of immense and solid value.

Millions of money have been spent for Sheffield cutlery, for Delft pottery, for Venice glass, for Paris fashions, for Gobelin tapestry and for Cremona violins, money which was drawn to these goods simply because of good-will.

Good-will may be intangible and invisible, but so is electricity. And electricity is very powerful.

What is known as "watered stock" has in many instances been nothing but good-will. And this was so powerful that the profits accumulated squeezed out the water, and the public has eventually bought the stocks at a price many times the value of that originally represented by the visible assets.

All business is built on service, and good-will representing public opinion of that service comes near to being the foundation of business.

Great fortunes are built up on good-will which is fed by proper advertising.

In times past monopoly was supposed to be the basis of great merchandising success. In the modern world, however, monopoly is becoming more and more difficult, if it is not becoming impossible. In other words, good-will is eating up monopoly.

Good-will recognizes the public as the final arbiter. It makes a man's success rest not upon a patent right or a government privilege, but upon the favor of the people.

Instead of this foundation being a shifting or an uncertain one, its solidity will be made plain to you if you will step into the next shop and inquire what goods have the greatest sale. You will find that it is those goods which rest upon a strong and vigorous good-will which has been built up by persistent and judicious advertising.

For instead of being a by-product of modern business good-will is its very basis.

WORK AN OBSESSION



AMUEL L. ROTHAFEL
is a moving picture man.

At present he is in charge of one of the largest moving picture theatres in the country.

He has had some ideas about planning programmes which he has worked very successfully. In an interview the other day he uttered one sentence that explains his success and makes a good text for us all to think on. He said:

"My work is almost an obsession with me. I cannot eat or sleep or shave or walk without thinking of it."

If you will count over those among your acquaintances who are successful, you will find that almost any one of them might say the same thing.

In fact, successful workers may be rather generally distinguished from the unsuccessful by the fact that the former are obsessed with their work and the latter just do their work.

Human beings are strange spirits. They never amount to much until some gripping idea gets hold of them. Those who have never known a great enthusiasm, those who have never been haggard by some absorbing purpose, those to whom their work has been just merely work, but not also a dream, a goal and a vision—in short, those in whose cold minds no conflagration has ever raged—have not done much in this world and they are not likely to do much.

Scientists tell us there is no such thing as cold. It is merely the absence of heat.

And what ails the world of hearts and brains is this same absence.

We talk about the crimes of passion. There have been ten crimes committed for lack of passion to every one committed because of an oversupply.

We speak of certain people as being too enthusiastic. Nobody was ever too enthusiastic.

The trouble has not been with the amount of their enthusiasm, but in the lack of their ability to control it and direct it.

When we say that love is the greatest thing in the world, we mean that warmth and color and desire are the greatest things in the world.

Moralists have always been fond of clubbing desires. They have berated the lusts of the flesh and the eager curiosity of the mind and the passionate movements of the spirit, and called these things sin.

They are no more sin than fire is harmful. Fire unregulated and in the wrong place certainly does damage, but our entire civilization and all its industries are based upon fire.

So the whole progress of the race, and indeed the whole happiness of every individual soul, have for their first requirement love, or the heat of body and soul which creates, produces, accomplishes.

And the most considerable enemies of the human race are those who find stores of morality only in icebergs.

In Dante's vision of hell he found right in the bottom of the pit the devil himself half frozen in the ice.

A GREAT MAN AND A GREAT IDEA



HERE is not much use in disputing about the relative greatness of men. Perhaps the real truth is that no man is very much greater than any other man.

That is to say, as an original source of power each one of us is about on a level with the others. But a man becomes great when he has the channel of power.

When one hitches his wagon to a star, when one gets hold of a great idea and lets it absorb him, when one is carried away with a great emotion or conviction, then he stands out from his fellows.

This sheds a good deal of light on the old problem that has been much discussed as to whether men like Grant and Gladstone and Lincoln were really supermen or whether their success depended upon opportunity.

There recently died in Cleveland, Ohio, a man by the name of Frederick H. Goff, who was president of the Cleveland Trust Company, and he might have died and left no greater dent in the world than the ordinary bank president.

But Mr. Goff had a great idea.

That idea was that people of superfluous wealth were not using that wealth for the general welfare of the community when they left it to their families or to this or that charity.

Conditions in America are such that successful men often become masters of great wealth units and it is very important that when they die they should dispose of that wealth in such a way that shall do the maximum of good and a minimum of harm.

Mr. Goff had the belief, based on long experience, wide observation and the

clear perception of a disposing mind, that what young people need is that sort of development they can get in no other way than by struggle and effort. One of the most certain ways, therefore, of condemning one's children to uselessness or worse, is to leave them too much money.

He devoted his efforts, therefore, to inducing men of wealth, after properly providing for their dependents to leave a share of their fortune to the community wherein it was accumulated.

Besides this he believed that, as an English authority puts it, "much of our philanthropy simply creates a population born in charity, nursed in charity, fed in charity its life long, doctored in charity, and, after a wretched life, buried in charity."

He thought that as much judgment ought to be exercised in bequeathing one's money at one's death as in making money during one's lifetime. He therefore organized the Community Trust.

The idea of this trust is to create a fund toward which men of wealth can leave their money with the assurance that it will be used for the best interests of mankind and particularly of that community in which they lived. In this way the fund will constantly be managed in accordance with the varying needs and changing demands of the community and will not be tied up with some institution that in course of time will lose its usefulness.

There is some talk of a monument to Mr. Goff, but his best monument will be the perpetuation of the Community Trust.

AMBITION IS NOT RESTLESSNESS



RESTLESSNESS is often confused with ambition.

The aimless, profitless desire to be somewhere else than where you are and doing something else than you are doing often masquerades as aspiration.

George Arliss, the distinguished English actor, says that ambition, as it is generally understood, is a real hindrance to a career on the stage.

He says: "I think it is a good thing to make up your mind that the position on the ladder in which you find yourself is where you belong at that particular moment and that it is advisable to establish yourself firmly there in order to prevent the possibility of being forced to step down."

Solon advised, "Mark well the end." To this good advice should be coupled the other, "Do well the thing at hand."

Solid, lasting progress in this world is almost always made in the way a mountain climber scales the side of an icy cliff.

You dig in until you have a sure, solid hold; then reach ahead and dig in again. As long as each step is firmly fixed before another is attempted you are in little danger of slipping back.

It is when you try to advance suddenly up the slippery surface without solidly grounding each step that you are in danger of being dashed down and losing all you have gained.

Some may have a longer reach ahead than others; but getting each step on a solid basis is the secret of sure and steady advance.

College men do not show the advantage of their education when they first begin work in business. Those who ran ahead and began work while they were

spending years in school seem to go ahead faster—at first.

But the college man who has dug in all the way is on a solid basis and is less liable to slip later on.

Says Emerson: "A political victory, a rise in rents, the recovery of your sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some



THE Irish rule in a fight is to hit first. It is full of sound sense.

Whatever you do may be spoiled by hesitation. The player who fingers his card before playing betrays his hand. Whatever is done at once, even if it be wrong, has some merit. Hesitation easily becomes a bad habit. Dawdling with a decision grows on you. By and by you get into a state where any responsibility for immediate action brings on chills and fever. Life becomes inefficient and the will entirely limp. After all, no one knows precisely what is best to do. Prompt and positive people know no more than you what is best, but they save themselves and everybody else a lot of trouble by doing something, at once.

other favorable event, raises your spirits and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

We imagine that if we were somewhere else or had another position or were placed in another opportunity we would work our heads off. It is rarely true.

Real ambition shows itself at the present time. It is made evident by doing well the job at hand; by digging into a solid foundation where you are before going on to something bigger.

ROOM FOR HIM IN THE INN

IT is stated in the Bible story that when Jesus was born "there was no room for Him in the inn." That is why He was born in the stable.

Horace Bushnell, the great New England preacher of a former day, once made a sermon on this text in which he pointed out that even to this time there has been in the affairs of men "no room for Him."

Mr. Bowman, the hotel man who manages a number of hostleries throughout the country, recently announced that he was going to provide in each of his establishments a chapel for worship and meditation.

He explains that since the modern hotel provides bedrooms, dining rooms, banquet rooms and all other sorts of accommodations for the public, it should not neglect a room for quiet rest and worship.

This is in line with the best religious thought of all denominations; that is, that religion is rather something to be used than something to be championed.

There is no reason why the very highest element in human nature should be neglected or denied simply because people dispute about it.

It is a strange thing that the most important issue in the life of every human being is one that is banned in polite conversation. Gentlemen and ladies are not supposed to talk about religion.

This is the result of ages of conflict and intolerance.

The world is very slow in seeing that because you do not believe another

man's opinion is no reason for not allowing him to believe it if he wants to. And is further no reason why you should not find some common ground with him so that both may be helped by the different points of view.

Emerson said that "all good men are of one religion."

The proper understanding of this sentence is not that every creed is true and is not that there is no right and wrong, no truth and no falsehood, and not that the whole matter is one of indifference.


What it really means is that the best part of man finds expression in the best thing he knows. The difference is not in the act of worship; it is the intelligence that provides its expression.

Why a Catholic, a Protestant, a Jew and a Buddhist cannot kneel together in the same quiet room and find that strength and refreshment that come from communion with God I have never been able to understand. And no more have I ever been able to understand why, because they do not believe alike, they should hate each other.

Mr. Bowman said, according to the press report: "I make the prediction that as a result of our action the leading hotels of the world will make provision for a 'meditation' chapel for their guests. The custom may ultimately become universal. The modern hotel, with its sumptuous appointments, should find it no sacrifice to designate a little space for communion with and worship of the Lord."

This is not a descent into indifference. It is an ascent into tolerance.

EASTER

HE general idea which underlies Easter is the idea expressed by Longfellow, that we can all rise by stepping upon our dead selves to higher things.

The most wonderful thing in this world is not death, but the rising from the dead. Spring is a continual miracle and symbolizes for us that success which can mount up from failure.

There are many failures amongst us; in fact, more failures than successes. Thousands of people who read this are failures. That is what makes them interested in it.

Most of us are heirs to failure. What little success we have had has been wrung from failure.

Failure properly conceived is but the manure of success. With it grows success. It befell us in order that we might succeed.

As winter contains the seeds of the future summer wrapped away in its bosom, so our failures contain within themselves the seeds of greater success.

Those who are blind or crippled or otherwise unfortunate have realized this. They have demonstrated that there is no failure except in the human spirit. As long as we have courage left and a gun to be fired we should not speak of giving up.

Viewed in this light sickness is more of an opportunity than it is a disaster.

Someone has said that an optimist is one who sees opportunity in every disaster and a pessimist is one who sees disaster in every opportunity.

A young actress named Betty Benfield came to New York seeking a job, but she never learned how to lose. She attempted to take her own life after she had been walking the streets for two years. She had mistaken temporary for permanent failure. One ought to have resources enough so that if he fails in one direction he can succeed in another.

Easter means that eternal hope that springs from the human breast. It means that no matter how bloody our head may be and how often we may be knocked down, we are still undaunted and unafraid.

In the history of most successful men, if it were truthfully told, there are many failures. Mr. J. P. Morgan when he died left a number of worthless stocks in which he had invested. At one time or another we all make mistakes. The question is, what are we to do with them? Are we to allow them to become incubi upon the spirit, or are we to learn from them those lessons which guide us into future success?

No man should give up. The realization of his dreams lies just around the corner. It is only those who go on who eventually succeed.

The essential characteristic of the human being is that he always finds opportunity in defeat. Or he may find it if he has the proper spirit. The most remarkable thing about the past is not its crumbling monuments of stone, for these decay in time. The most remarkable thing is the continuation of life.

TOLERANCE



ELIX SPER of Brooklyn sends me a letter and says that he wants for one time to write my article for me.

I shall let him.

The following is his article, substantially as he contributes it, although I have changed the wording and arrangement a little, so as to make it easier to read. He writes on tolerance and does not seem to think much of it.

"It is a cozy, academic tradition with modern intellectuals," he says, "to sit in the dead center of an argument, perfectly disinterested, while opposing sides come to grapple."

He protests against this habit of tolerance.

"All thinking and reading tend toward conviction," he avers, "and even what the prejudiced call prejudice."

He thinks that in certain questions it is necessary to take sides even at the risk of incurring the charge of being one-sided. "This dreadful word 'one-sided' makes intellectuals shudder," he continues. But his belief is that one who attempts to state honestly what he knows and will not pander to popular illusions will often shock the perfectly balanced mind, the mind that hates extremes.

"The shout of 'Extremist, extremist!' which the moderates have always been too ready to fling at the innovator should not disturb the intelligence. It has become a dishonest slogan; it bears slight earmarks of superficial smartness. Any vigorous argument by one who keenly feels an injustice is ridiculed as far-fetched.

"If experimenting artists practised the

tolerance of scholars, never a new idea would be born. Art would be de-vitalized we should see a slow-going treading along the ruts of ages.

"The tolerant attitude is guilty of many sins. It allows dishonest thinking, pink liberalism, undue repression, and the continuance of all sorts of evils. In the face of the starkest facts that cry for redress, a saintly rolling of the eyes to the murmur of tolerance is the worst form of hypocrisy. Compromise is often inadmissible. A clear-eyed perception of realities leads the cultured mind straight to a pragmatic solution."

Mr. Sper, however, confuses tolerance with timidity and indifference.

Tolerance is a good thing when it means hospitality of mind, a willingness to listen to others and a readiness to hear all sides of a question. This does not interfere with one's coming to a positive conclusion of his own later.

Tolerance is also an excellent thing when it means that we realize that another may have an opinion quite different from our own and still be just as sincere as we. This is difficult for some people to understand, and it is a thing that we usually learn late in life only.

The conclusion of the matter is that when tolerance means pussy-footing, side-stepping, unwillingness to accept the responsibilities of our views, and a lack of courage in our convictions, it is not desirable. But when tolerance means fairness, willingness to listen to other people, to hear all sides of a question, and to allow other people the privilege of thinking differently from ourselves, then tolerance is desirable.

THE PACIFIST AND THE ARMY

IT is very hard to get people away from catch-words and prejudices and to get them to see ideas as they are.

The pacifist in the minds of a great many is taken to be one who is opposed to the army, to be one who is indifferent to the claims of the nation and bent only upon his individual welfare.

I can speak for myself only. I claim to be an out-and-out pacifist. Yet I not only am not opposed to the size of the army, but I think it ought to be increased a hundred times or more. I believe in national conscription. I believe that every boy and girl for at least one or two years of their lives should be compelled to be members of the national army, keep step, obey orders, and work for the common good.

This implies, of course, that an army should be formed, not primarily for the purpose of killing somebody, but for the purpose of working.

The army should be employed in building bridges, making roads, redeeming waste lands, and doing all sorts of things that tend to increase public welfare.

I am a thorough believer in all that William James said in his "Moral Equivalent of War."

If you are going to abolish war you must provide a substitute.

Bad as war is, it has some things that are better than peace. It

has courage, contempt for softness, surrender of private interest, and the recognition that one's first duty is to his nation and humanity and not to himself.

"So far," said William James, "war has been the only force that can discipline a whole community, and until an equivalent discipline is organized I believe that war must have its way. The martial type of character can be bred without war. We should be owned, as soldiers are, by the army, and our pride would rise accordingly. We could be poor then without humiliation, as army officers now are."

H. G. Wells says: "In many ways military organization is the most peaceful of activities. When the contemporary man steps from the street of clamorous, insincere advertisement, push, underselling, and intermittent employment into the barrack-yard he steps on to a higher social plane, into an atmosphere of service and co-operation and of infinitely more honorable emulations. Here, at least, men are not flung out of employment to degenerate because there is no immediate work for them to do. They are fed and drilled and trained for better services."

Universal military service, provided that service were not used simply for the art of killing, but were used for constructive purposes primarily, would be the greatest blessing that could happen to this civilization.

KORZENIOWSKI



HIS is the remarkable story of Mr. Korzeniowski.

It is the story of a boy born in Poland in 1857, who could not speak a word of English in 1878, when he first set foot on English soil, and who became one of the masters of English literature.

There are other dramatic features in Korzeniowski's career. One is that, although he was born in Ukraine, one of the southern provinces of old Poland, and during his childhood lived far inland, yet from his earliest boyhood he was smitten with a love of the sea. He wanted to be a sailor and he became one.

When he was a boy he read many books in Polish and found in literature a refuge from the depressing conditions that surrounded his life. At ten, he had read widely in Victor Hugo, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, history, novels, and voyages, in Polish translations. Both literature and the sea were his dreams of escape and they both came true.

At the age of nine, looking at a map of Africa, he put his finger on the blank space, which, at that time, represented the mysterious unexplored heart of the continent and said, "When I grow up I shall go there." Over twenty years later he did. When he got there he contracted a fever, which sent him back to live a sedentary life, and he became a great novelist.

As a boy he loved to tell stories. He dreamed them and told them to his friends. Most of his stories were of ships and far away countries which he had never seen.

"If a seaman, then an English seaman," he resolved, although he did not know a word of English at the time.

In 1874 he first laid his hand against the side of an English ship, a big high-class cargo steamer by the name of "James Westoll." Then he first heard the English language. It was snapped out at him by an immense, bearded, double-chinned "porpoise" on the deck above. "Look out there!" Three years later he first landed in England and began to study the language.

He became an English seaman and sailed to many parts of the earth. He encircled the globe and explored strange places. He had all sorts of dangers, adventures, and plenty of hard work.

His first book was published in England in 1895 and created little sensation. In 1896, Korzeniowski was married and went to live in Kent, England, where he has resided in comparative seclusion ever since. Here he worked hard and produced many volumes.

From 1895 to 1903 his books and stories were presented to a rather indifferent public. It was not until 1914 that at last the world broke into applause. He had mastered literature as he had mastered the sea. He is now considered one of the greatest of modern writers. If you have never read any of his books you have missed a great deal.

I have called him Korzeniowski, for he was christened Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski.

He is better known as Joseph Conrad.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF DOUBT



ENNYSON somewhere used the phrase "the sunny side of doubt."

Without doubt you have the right to doubt anything you want to. This is a free country and no man can compel your opinion.

But while you are doubting, why not doubt that which is bad and unpleasant, and do not take it for granted that everything good is to be doubted.

It is just as easy to doubt the devil and evil as it is to doubt God and the good.

It is just as easy to doubt catastrophe as it is to doubt good fortune.

It is just as easy to suspect that evil cannot last all the time as it is to be suspicious of the enduring powers of goodness and good luck.

There is such a thing as a dark side of doubt. To live there is to render one's self miserable and to sap one's vitality.

And then there is the sunny side of doubt. We can doubt death and disease and calamity and all such things, and pitch our tent altogether on the sunny side of the hill.

It is just as easy to live in sunshine as in the shadows.

It is all a matter of a point of view anyway.

There are some who are born optimists and some who are pessimists. Neither of them knows absolutely how things are going to turn out, but there can be no doubt that the optimists have a better time and get more out of life by believing the good and assuming it to be true than the pessimists who believe that everything that is bad is true:

It is hard to see where the professional

pessimists who are always seeing evil in everything and always doubting goodness get their satisfaction out of life. There must be the same kind of satisfaction in being a pessimist as there is in having a sore tooth and working at it all the time.

As far as concerns the general health of



YOU often hear it said, "He knows too much!" But nobody knows too much. Nobody ever yet knew enough. You cannot have too much knowledge, any more than you can have too much health. What we really mean when we say a person knows too much is that he knows too little, and is too positive about it.

An ignorant man's mind is just as full of ideas as a wise man's mind. But his ideas are wrong. There are just as many plants growing in his garden as in the wise man's garden, but they are weeds.

Enemies to knowledge are egotism, sensitiveness and pride. These things keep us from being teachable. They build a wall around us, so that knowledge cannot get in. The surest way to get knowledge is not to advertise that we have it.

About the wisest man that ever lived was Socrates, and he was fond of saying of himself that he knew nothing at all.

the mind optimism is better than pessimism. We are justified in turning away from unpleasant and bitter thoughts as much as possible. It is right for us to face the light and to live in the sunlight all that we possibly can. There is enough darkness and misery in this world that we have to undergo without seeking it.

THE FUNNY MAN



HE man with the purest and most Christian purpose, by nature, is the Funny Man. He has but one desire—to make one feel good. Surely a most laudable aim. He is the friend of man.

Every one has some sort of design upon me. The Tailor wants to put his wares on my form, the Hatter wants to get one of his lids upon my head, and the Shoemaker to get his leather on my feet, the Barber wants to lather me and scrape me, the Dentist wants to put his buzzer in my mouth, the Surgeon longs to get me unconscious and come at me with his knives, the Bootblack wants to polish two of my extremities and the Manicurist the other two.

Hotel-Keepers want to make me eat and Bar-Keepers to make me drink, the Hack Driver wants to drive me about and the Usher wants me to sit down, my Wife makes me go to bed and my Baby makes me get up, the Ball-Player wants me to yell and the Lecturer wants me to keep still.

The School-Teacher wants me to study, and the Playmate wants me to "come out among the barley," the Railway Man wants to rush me from city to city, the Steamship Man wants to take me across the water, and the Elevator Boy wants me to go up and down and not to forget him on Christmas, the Preacher wants to make me repent and take a pew, and my unregenerate Neighbor wants me to fracture the Sabbath Day with him with a golf stick, Parents want to make me good, and the Ragamuffins in the alley want to make me bad, the Doctor wants to dose me, the bond salesman wants me to take his expert advice. Flies want to

tickle my nose, Fleas want to bite me, Cats want to rub up against my leg, Bees want to sting me, Bears want to eat me, Ticks want to bore into my skin, Jailers want to lock me up, Soldiers want to kill me, and Undertakers want to bury me.

So I run the gantlet. Every one takes a whack at me. Therefore, here's my hand to the Funny Man, who has but one desire—to make me laugh.

You may throw bricks at the Funny Man if you like. You may say that he is a conceited fellow, that he likes to show off, that he lacks seriousness, that he loves to make reputable people ridiculous and important matters absurd.

Granted. He may be a vain fellow and sometimes tiresome. There are occasions when nothing will satisfy us but a good spell of weeping, and it irritates us to have some one crack a joke and spoil our dismal pleasure.

Still, for all that the Funny Man is an amiable fellow, and I find it impossible to hate any one who wants to get nothing from me but a laugh. For, after all, laughter is as cheap as tears. I have tried them both. And those who take their pay in smiles leave me not half so poor as those who find their reward in my distress.

And it is a great mistake to suppose that it takes no brains to be funny. Quite the contrary. The most commonplace writer can drool along for 500 pages of tragedy or sordid muck-raking or dreary bitterness. But it is a rare genius indeed that can be funny for a dozen pages.

Usually a joke runs anywhere from three to twenty lines, whereas a sermon or denunciation often goes on forever.

THE LONG JOURNEY

IF you like the kind of book that makes you sit up with it a good part of the night, perhaps you may be interested in a book that had this effect on me.

It is called "The Long Journey," and is a translation from the first two parts of "Den Lange Rejse," by Johannes V. Jensen. Jensen is a Dane who lives in Copenhagen, and to my mind he is the most significant of modern Scandinavian writers. I am frank to say that Hamsun, who received the Nobel prize, leaves me entirely cold, and that this book of Jensen's is far and away a better work than Hamsun ever did.

It is the story of the beginnings of mankind, of the struggle of the human being up from the beast.

It is the romance and poetry of evolution.

It is not altogether easy reading and, as in the case of most books, there is a deal of padding in it, but for all that there is imagination enough in it to intoxicate me. I do not know when I have had such a reading jag as I had with "The Long Journey."

I finished it about 2 o'clock in the morning, and went to bed, but all the rest of that night, sometimes in my dreams and sometimes when I was awake, I kept seeing Carl, the primeval man who fought the forces of cold, huddled in caves, eating the raw flesh of animals and covering himself with their skins.

And I could not get away from Fyr, the man who "came down from the

mountain with the fire, and it was rumored that accompanied by a band of women he was going about the valleys with the conflagration which was said to be tame."

Somehow the characters in this book stand out as real people. I know White Bear and his wife, May, better than I know some people that are living now. May discovered Cloth by weaving the fibres of Mammoth hair and spinning flax.

And I can still see Wolf, who tamed the first Horse.

Besides that, there is the fascinating story of how man first found the Dog, the only animal in the world that really loves a human being, it is said.

And how he made the first Boat.

And how, when he had sailed in the Boat to another shore, he turned it upside down and made a roof of it, which was the first Nave. For the Church ceiling is the Boat upside down.

And there is the account of the beginnings of Monogamy, when lust first separated from violence and became love, and idealism began.

All these beginnings are of most haunting effect, the more so as we can still detect traces of them in ourselves.

And always it was the outcast and the heretic by whom the race progressed. Always it was the man driven out of the camp that saved the people.

This is one book, and there are few, I want to own. And if those who steal books regularly from me take this one, I will not be responsible for what happens.

ORDER



THE other day Chinese bandits looted an express train on the way from Shanghai to Peking and captured and took away to their stronghold in the mountains a number of prisoners.

This incident has caused wide discussion and is quite sufficient to be the seed of international difficulties.

There is one point in the whole matter which should not be overlooked.

It showed what is the matter with China and incidentally what is the matter with the world. And the matter is lack of order.

Order is the first necessity of communal human life. It even comes before justice and mercy.

It showed what is the matter with China and incidentally our opinion about the needs of the country, but vastly more necessary than these is that we should all play the rules of the game. And if we do not have order the only alternative is chaos, which is the mother of violence and cruelty.

The very foundation of civilization is the respect for law. Those who are trying to bring the last constitutional amendment into disrepute because they disagree with the opinion of the majority of the voters are doing a good deal more damage than they imagine. If the State of New York starts out to nullify the provisions of the Constitution it engages upon a course of conduct, which, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, would make the end of private property and individual rights.

For there can be no protection of the

ownership of property, there can be no security for the rights of the person unless there is proper order.

An army is efficient in proportion as it is well trained and knows how to keep step, and order is quite as essential to civilized society as it is in a military organization.

Where every one does as he pleases no one can do as he pleases.

The difficulty with China is that there seems to be no central government that is capable of imposing order upon the general masses.

Those who have travelled about much over the globe have a profound respect for Great Britain. That country does not always act with justice, it has been charged, and it does some things that many object to, but the one thing that it unquestionably maintains is order. Where you find the British flag you find order. There may be wrongs in India at present, but it is nothing like the wrong there would be if the Pax Britannica did not rest upon the land.

We too often forget that order comes before justice because there can be no justice without order. And too often we seek to overturn the tyranny of the rich and powerful by violence, forgetting that no matter how evil tyranny may be in a well ordered country, it cannot be so evil as chaos.

And it is order that is the friend of the weak and the poor, for in a condition of disorder it is the strong and violent who rule. The rights of the common people and of the masses can never be attained any other way than by order.

HOUDINI



ARRY HOUDINI was one of the most remarkable men of this time.

He was not only a performing trickster and a magician, who made a business of entertaining the public by puzzling them, but he had a most extraordinary equipment of mind and body.

He was born with inordinate physical strength, which was not at all apparent when one looked at him casually. He had one of the most perfect and efficient bodies in the world.

Added to this, he had a very shrewd and resourceful mind.

"When I was a young man on my first visit to New York," he said on one occasion, "broke and hungry, I offered to exhibit my tricks and explain them to four of the biggest newspapers in town for the sum of \$20. Every one turned me down. Now the secret will go with me to my grave. If it were anything in the nature of a contribution to science, anything that might help humanity, I would assuredly disclose it; but it is not. The secret is peculiar to myself, and it is improbable that there is any other individual so oddly constituted."

Of course, Houdini made a good living out of his peculiar ability, but why shouldn't he? It was quite as proper for him to make money by the use of his peculiar talents as it is for a writer to make money by his power to use language, or a banker to make money because of his excellent financial judgment. Each of us has something that this world wants, and it is perfectly proper that the world pay us for what we have for the reason, if for no other reason, that that is the only way we can find out that the world wants what we have to give it.

Men like Houdini help along a good deal the sanity of the world by showing the public that most of the hocus-pocus put forward by people who claim to be assisted by the spirits and by magic are nothing but clever tricks.

I remember once asking Houdini if he ever attended spiritualistic seances.

"Hundreds of them," he replied. "And I never saw any medium do a trick by the aid of spirits or in any other way that I cannot do. And what I do I know to be a trick, and I never claim that it is anything else."

VISION



JOHN R. MOTT of Y.M.C.A. fame said the other day: "Vision is a rare gift, it is hard to define. But a good working definition of vision is the capacity to see what others do not see, to see further than they see, and to see before they see. A man may be greatly impaired by education or opportunity instead of aided."

Most of us have fairly good eyesight and one man looks at as many things as another. Only he does not see them.

And the trouble is that every visible thing is the symbol of the invisible. The truth is never on the surface, it is always hidden.

The earth is apparently flat. To prove this all you have to do is to look at it, common sense tells you it is flat, the reasoning is excellent. There is only one thing the matter with it. It is not true.

Common sense is almost always wrong. Education is merely the correcting of the errors of common sense.

Common sense tells us that the sun revolves around the earth, you have observed this yourself, but education tells us the earth revolves around the sun, which relatively speaking stands still.

Therefore the truth is not discerned with the eye of the flesh but with the eye of the mind.

This is equally applicable to more important things. For instance, anybody can see that if any one smites you on one cheek the best course to pursue is to smash him in the face. It is only when your mind's eye is cleared up that you understand that you can come much nearer to getting even with him by turning the other cheek.

Common sense and plain observation tell us that the only way to protect a country is by having plenty of battle-ships and a big army and navy. It is only when you get the scales removed from your inner eye that you can see that this is the very worst form of protecting any country. And you may be comforted in this conclusion by reading your history, which will show you that every country that has tried it has come to ruin.

Common sense tells us that "every woman is a rake at heart," and that all men are dishonest and selfish. There is plenty of proof of this. And the only trouble with it, just as in the case of the earth being flat, is that it is not true. But no amount of argument will convince you, for it is impossible to convince a blind man.

The only way you can be convinced is by improving the quality of your mind's eye or at least by getting the proper glasses.

The whole trouble with this world is blindness. We go about bumping one another, hurting one another, offending one another, simply because we grope in the dark—we cannot see.

This is not a new-fangled notion, it is perhaps one of the oldest of the world's teachings, you will find it among the Hindoos, they call it Maya, which means that all visible things are Illusions.

You can never see a man with your eyes of the flesh, because every man is a ghost, a spirit; that is easily proved by the fact that when the change called death occurs we put away the body in the ground and we do not conceive of the man as being in the ground, but as being in heaven—maybe.

IS THE WORLD GROWING WORSE?



HERE is a considerable number of apostles of unrest and protest who bark all night under the world's window their dismal cries that the world is growing worse.

Their particular complaint is against the successful everywhere. They love failures, adore tramps, prostitutes and slobs. They continually present these types to us in novels and upon the stage, and demand our sympathy with them.

One would gather from a deal of current literature that any business man who saves his money and sticks to his job and gains a competence is a miserable bourgeois wretch, and a hypocritical enemy to his race.

As a matter of fact, the rich men of today are a better class of people than were the rich men of any preceding age.

Ed Howe calls our attention to the largest of the pyramids in Egypt, built by an old king as a tomb, that his greatness might be advertised after his death.

This pyramid contains, he says, no less than 2,300,000 blocks of stone of an average weight of 2 1-2 tons. The blocks must have been pulled and pushed up an inclined plane of earth, and it is calculated that it would take 100,000 men twenty years to build the pyramid, which was merely a tombstone to mark the grave of an ancient rich man.

Thousands of other tombs were built by the magnificent ones of the past. And millions of poor nameless wretches sweat out their unhappy lives to construct them.

In the present age rich men are doing more to improve the condition of the common mass of people than the favored ones at any other time have done.

In England the rich men are being so heavily taxed that they are no longer able to maintain their great estates, and are selling out.

In the United States, wealthy men

are taxed 60 per cent. or 70 per cent. of their income.

John D. Rockefeller, who has been called the richest man in the world, is probably doing more good to the human race through his educational foundations and his institutions for removing the causes of disease than any man that ever lived, that is, any man that used money.

The poor and not the rich dominate the Congress and the Senate of the United States and the Parliament of England.

The poor and not the rich have brought Russia to rack and ruin.

We are living in the days when the advantages of literature are disseminated among the millions, when the education of the people is not only provided for but insisted upon, when the vast spaces of Australia and America welcome and reward any man, however poor, so long as he will work.

This is a poor man's age, and the day of the poor man's opportunity.

The trouble with it is that never before in the history of mankind were the shiftless, thriftless, lazy and dissipated more despised and less wanted.

If some of these decriers of modern life and protagonists of pessimism had lived in the days of Alfred the Great of England, Louis the Fourteenth of France, or Philip the Second of Spain, to say nothing of the days of Cheops of Egypt or of Augustus of Rome, instead of being educated at public expense and given every opportunity to make a decent living and protected by courts and parliaments in their liberties, they would have been lashed to their tasks by slave drivers, had their noses slit by hereditary masters, and their ears nailed to the doorpost for the glory and amusement of some king or noble whose career we now regard as so picturesque and interesting.

CHILDREN AND THE BIBLE



It is every child's right to be familiar with the Bible.

Some day when we shall have outgrown our religious contentions and have ceased to identify religion with combative sects and creeds, we shall get around to the very important business of giving every child the advantage of developing his religious sentiment.

The great religious book of Western civilization is the Bible. It is a curious compound of history, story, ethical teaching and poetry. It has woven itself into the very fabric of our culture.

It is safe to say that no man can be called properly educated unless he has studied the Bible, because the main idea in education is for the child to be given the advantage of beginning where his parents left off. And the Bible is so much a part of the world's thought for past centuries that it cannot be neglected.

All this is quite apart from the question of whether we be Christians, Jews or what not, quite apart from our theories and war cries. Whatever our attitude toward the Bible and its teachings may be, we cannot afford to be ignorant of them.

Honoré Willsie, the distinguished author, who has devoted much thought to the training of children, declares:

"There are many children who know more of Greek mythology than of the God of their fathers, since it is becoming more and more a commonplace nowadays not to give children formal religious

training. Often they go neither to Sunday school nor to church, and in many instances are not taught even to say their prayers. The Bible, if they see one at all, is only a beautifully bound book, much covered with dust; and Mother Goose is their only god. For all of its rebelling, the last thing that adolescence desires is mental or spiritual independence. It has a very urgent need to believe that the universe moves on a well-ordered and inevitable plan, and that all its rebellion will break eventually on the trial of the undeviating march of things."

There are some parents so eager to give their children liberty, so anxious to let them choose their own faith, that they forget the fact that a child needs moral training and inspirational development even more than it needs to have its head stored with facts.

Up to the present time no other book in the world is so important a compendium of moral truth and so considerable a center of ethical force as the Bible. And it is doing a great wrong to a child if he is not made familiar with this book of the ages, this book that has entered so thoroughly into the life and thought of civilization.

At least we had better hang onto the Bible until Mr. Wells and others have fixed up a better one for us. And the trouble with that enterprise is that it usually takes centuries to make a thing that is going to last for centuries.

One thing the Bible gives that so many of the smart authors of this day lack—background.

THE SUPREME LAW



THE Constitution of the United States is the supreme human law of conduct and of government for every American citizen from birth till death.

The foundation of our American Government is the will of the people expressed by their votes.

Once in twenty years the census of the United States and a presidential election come in the same year, as in 1920, when it was revealed that fifty-four millions of men and women were qualified to vote. Twenty-six millions voted and twenty-seven millions were disloyal to the plan of the Constitution to the extent that they did not vote.

Far more than half of the foundation was out from under the superstructure.

The case is far worse than that statement makes it appear.

What is the matter? How can this wholesale disloyalty to the plan and the spirit of the Constitution be accounted for?

The school people have not yet discovered that the Constitution is the supreme law of conduct and of government for every citizen, and that any form of government is rank disloyalty to the Constitution.

School government, which forms the habits and character of our whole people in relation to government, is monarchy.

The people are trained from their babyhood, and as long as they are in school, to be the irresponsible subjects of monarchy, instead of responsible citizens of a democratic republic.

Thus they are unfitted by the schools to realize their responsibilities as voters and as American citizens.

They are taught to salute the flag

and to recite patriotic utterances, but that is all academic and has no direct relation to the daily conduct of the pupils.

It is the practical government of conduct that counts.

The spirit and principal features of the plan of the Constitution can be put into



HERE are no degrees in honesty. Honesty is a state of mind. The old saying is not true that "It is a sin to steal a pin, it is a greater to steal a 'tater." The man who dodges paying his nickel on the street car and the man who conducts a hundred-thousand-dollar stock swindle are both plain thieves.

We ought to be honest for the sake of our own peace of mind. Whether we gain much or little by our dishonesty makes no difference.

Let us be honest in work, honest in play, honest in trade and honest in love. At least then we will have our own self-respect and be happy. What more can anyone want?

operation in a kindergarten and every school grade, to the delight and great benefit of every child, and the comfort and relief of the teachers.

By this process all coming generations can be made loyal and efficient citizens.

For twenty-eight years schools have been conducted, with great advantage to the pupils and teachers, as school republics, under the Constitution of the United States.

Loyalty to the Constitution requires that every school in our country should be conducted in this way.

CRIMINAL FOREST WASTE



HE waste of forest lands by Americans is astounding to foreigners.

Particularly, Sweden, Germany and France are amazed at our prodigality.

Nowhere is the recklessness of Americans more conspicuous than in their treatment of trees.

Trees mean life, health and prosperity to a country. It is worse to waste trees than it is to waste money.

In waste land area where trees once grew but on which nothing grows now, the United States leads the world by a disgracefully large margin.

This waste area, according to the New York State College of Forestry, presents a territory larger than New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland combined.

It means a larger area than the combined forest lands of Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, France, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal.

Besides this we have another vast acreage of semi-devastated waste land, says the College of Forestry. This means land that has been cut over and is now producing only one-fourth of the forests it should grow. This region is almost as large as all the states of the Atlantic seaboard.

Still worse. These vast tracts are being increased annually by three or four million acres. At this rate many of our virgin forests will last no more than twenty-five years.

Still again. The United States leads all the nations of the world in forest fires, which total thirty thousand annu-

ally. During the five years ending 1920, approximately 9,000,000 acres were burned with an estimated loss of \$85,000,000.

It surely is time that the public mind should awaken to the significance of these alarming figures.

And it is time that intelligent government should take a hand in preventing this criminal waste.

Why speak of thrift only in terms of putting money in the bank? Far more important is the thrift that consists in conserving our great supplies of natural wealth.

Few things that nature gives us are more important to the life, the health and the industries of man than the tree.

Forests not only produce lumber for building, but they determine rainfall and floods and they are useful in a hundred other ways.

France, it is said, utilizes her forest trees so closely that she obtains one-seventh of her lumber from trees that grow along canals and rivers and between lots.

There are mountain slopes in Corsica where land is worth two or three hundred dollars an acre because of the nut trees growing on them. Similar slopes on just as good land in American mountain ranges are worth practically nothing because there has been no intelligent tree planting.

One trouble is that Americans are accustomed to think only in terms of quick profits, while properly to take care of trees means that people should think in terms of longer than a span of human life.

NOTHING BUT PERSONALITY



AMONG the works of man it is said personality counts. We might go further and say that there is nothing but personality.

Sallie James Farnham, the sculptress, was reported the other day as saying: "In my judgment the personality of an artist should determine the particular aspect of the subject chosen to depict. I believe that the artist works from within to express individual ideas, and both subject and treatment are matters of individual inspiration. Artistic inanities are my pet aversion."

All this means that there is nothing so significant in the world as the spirit in man. It means nothing is so interesting as the mysterious force of personality.

It is but another way of looking at the same truth which was grasped by religion that only the soul is worth while.

Not only your features and form and words and deeds express yourself, but everything you produce does the same. If you build a house it will be a picture of your taste, your choice, your good or bad workmanship.

All that makes the music of

Richard Wagner differ from the latest jazz music is the difference between the soul of Wagner and the soul of the jazzite.

You cannot speak the old familiar words of your language, words that have been used by millions of others millions of times, without flooding them with your personality.

Shakespeare is said to have stolen most of his stories from which he made his plays. Investigators have found in the various Talmudic documents the source of most of the sayings of Jesus. But Shakespeare and Jesus were none the less original. Their personality is what counts.

You cannot sit or stand or walk without your biography.

The kind of clothes you wear, your tastes and selection and your way of carrying them, is an index of your mind and heart.

So also the great earth and everything upon its surface and all the starry globes above it are but indications, words, marks, clothes of the great creative Mind that made it all.

Nothing is reality but spirit. All material things are signs and symbols of spirit.

MAKING MARRIAGE DIFFICULT



B. CLARK, secretary of the Social Welfare Committee, said in an address delivered at Winni-

peg:

"I want to make it hard to get married. We always shall have the poor with us so long as it is easy to get married—so long as the people can go into the great adventure of life as they would into a picture show."

What Ruskin said is perfectly true, that every real reform should begin with reform in marriage.

It is also true, however, that every real reform must hark back to nature and nature's laws.

We should keep in mind that people do not get married because of any law on the statute book, and that legislatures have nothing to do with bringing young people together. That is a matter that nature attends to herself, using such devices as moonlight, handholding, glances and the like.

It is also true that at a certain period of life nature generates in the human being the desire for mating, and any man-made law is good in proportion as it harmonizes with nature's law.

There is something wrong in statute laws that declare that young people should not get married until they are 35 when nature gets them ready at 18.

The evils of marriage are not going to be remedied by making marriage diffi-

cult. That sort of thing has been tried in many a country. The result has been to encourage irregular unions. When the laws are made too hard young people will manage to get along without marriage. This is not at all to the advantage of the state or society.

The only real remedy for the ills of marriage is the remedy for the ills of life itself. And that remedy is proper training.

First of all, intelligence. The more the young person knows about himself, or herself, the less likely that person is to play smash with his or her life.

Ignorance is no guarantee of innocence.

Social regulations that depend for their efficiency upon the suppression of facts are not well founded.

The second cure for the evils both of marriage and of life is spirituality. By this is not meant religion nor mysticism, but making the human being realize that he is primarily a spirit and not an animal.

The more the tastes, delights and pleasures of life are gotten over from the flesh to the spirit, the less danger there is of those brutalities which wreck lives.

The one outstanding cure for the perversions of the sex instinct is idealism.

In fine, if we should study nature and her laws and study mankind and its make-up, and make our state laws conform with the great facts of life, the better it will be for us all.

SELLING THE CONSTITUTION

IT is the business of the United States Government to sell the Constitution to its citizens. It is the duty of every school teacher to sell the Constitution of the United States to the pupils. It is the business of all citizens to sell the Constitution to incoming foreigners.

The word *sell* is used in this connection in that sense which it has recently taken in the business world. We are said to "sell" an idea to a man when we persuade him of its value.

The Institute of Public Service, in a recent pamphlet, has given interesting points on this matter, from which I condense the following:

Seventeen States at present have passed laws which compel private and public schools to teach our Constitution in planned lessons like reading, writing, geography and current topics.

The seventeen laws do not merely advise, they require and command. Teaching the Constitution is not optional but mandatory. Seventeen other legislatures are now considering it.

The pamphlet of the Institute points out that the Constitution is Democracy's Book of Rules. You cannot play any game unless all the players keep the rules or agree to change them. You can no more play Democracy without obeying the rules than you can play marbles or baseball without rules.

The Constitution can be changed. All you have to do is to persuade the majority of the voters and make the change according to the method provided. It has already been amended nineteen

times, four times within ten years.

The Constitution is your best insurance policy. It pledges more than 100,000,000 people to protect your rights and maintain that order without which neither business nor society can exist.

The Constitution not only means what it said originally, but it means what its words may mean today. To determine this it provides an umpire, the United States Supreme Court. Whoever, for any reason, throws bricks at the umpire stops the game.

The Constitution is not appreciated nor understood by many highly educated Americans.

The Constitution is being constantly violated. Legislatures keep on passing laws which, although well meant, are not in accordance with the Constitution. Reformers, labor unions, trusts and all other kinds of groups frequently engage in movements intended to benefit their fellowmen, but which are impossible because they conflict with the Constitution. It is as necessary to do a good thing in the right way as it is to have the disposition to do it at all.

The Constitution can only be changed by voting. Whoever proposes to change it by violence is an enemy to his country and should properly be punished.

The thirty-one words with which our Constitution begins should be learned by heart by every boy and girl in America.

"To form a more perfect union, establish justice, enforce domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

THE GREATEST OF TROUBLE MAKERS



ROBABLY the greatest of all trouble makers is our unwillingness to accept folks as they are.

More than any one thing perhaps this causes trouble between man and wife. The woman constantly tries to make the man over according to her notions. Or the man never ceases to find fault with his wife because she is not different. At last they settle down into permanent indifference or disagreement or they come to an open rupture.

This same thing causes alienation between parents and children. The parent starts out with a certain ideal of his own to which he thinks his children ought to conform. He fails to take into consideration the demands of the child's own personality. Of course he fails. And abiding estrangement follows.

Or the child becomes possessed of a certain ideal to which he thinks his parents ought to measure up. He cannot realize that they can be no different from what they are. So alienation grows.

It is the same way with nations and races. The most constant grudge we have against another nation is that it is not like what we think it ought to be. We have not sense enough to take it just as it is.

We often say that we constantly criticise such a one only because we love him so much and only for his own good. But it is usually not him that we love but ourselves and our own notions.

This is proved by the very nature of

love. Love blooms at its best and strongest in the mating season when the young man and young woman are under the thrall of their first passion. At that time the boy loves the girl so much that he cannot possibly see her faults and to her he is also perfect. And while this love lasts these convictions remain. It is only when it begins to die down that we discover blemishes.

This does not mean, of course, that we should be blind to the limitations of each other nor to defects and errors. But it is one thing to know these and another thing to dwell upon and magnify them.

To love a person does not mean that you are pleased when he gets drunk or takes dope or commits a crime. But it does mean that in spite of all these things your affection for him remains, your loyalty is constant and your desire to do him good abides.

This world is going to be cured not by criticism, faultfinding, anger and indifference; it is not going to be cured by punishment and violence and hate; it is not going to be cured by that thing which we call justice but which is in reality vengeance. It will be cured by one thing and one thing only—and that is love.

Love not only is the sole creator of life, but it is the sole cure of life and all its ills. There is just one thing the matter with the world; there is not love enough.

And this does not mean that others do not love us enough, but that we do not have enough love in ourselves constantly going out toward others.

AN INEVITABLE LAW

PERHAPS many of us have wondered why the great fortunes of the past have not continued indefinitely to accumulate. How is it that the fortunes of the Medici, of Fugers, and the Rothschilds have not swollen to unmanageable proportions. According to the laws of interest that we often see exploited, they should gain in momentum by the very fact of their largeness until they have become colossal.

As a matter of fact they go to a certain point and then begin to shrink.

There seems to be a law in great fortunes that after a time limits them. The heirs of Hugo Stinnes are now busy scattering his wealth. Something may happen in time that will dissipate the wealth of our Rockefellers and Morgans.

It seems to be a law of Nature that there shall be nothing too large. The ears are to hear sounds and to discriminate between them, but too much sound deafens one. In the same way excessive

light may blind us and the enjoyment of feeling may be increased until it reaches the point of pain. The sense of smell also cannot operate except within certain limits. A too great odor destroys the sense which distinguishes odors.

So it is with all things human. They can go to a certain point and no farther. There comes in the law of diminishing returns to limit them.

The careers of Napoleon, of Caesar, and of Alexander show that these men all finally came a cropper. No man's fame can go beyond a certain limit.

Just as no man can increase in stature indefinitely, and we have



HE progressive person is the most efficient. He is always seeking to qualify himself for something better. He is always mastering something, taking on some new accomplishment, whether he needs it now or not. And that is the best investment in the world—investment in one's self.

Most of the failures are those that are just satisfied to go along and hold down their jobs. Every day you ought to be investing in yourself.

1. By at least one hour's serious mental work.

2. By improving your talk and your manners.

3. By learning to do something well, some craft or accomplishment, with hands or brain.

Invest in Yourself!

few, if any, giants nowadays, so no man's fame can increase nor can his fortune be enlarged beyond a certain point. There comes into play finally in all things this law that determines their size.

All one can do in this world is to achieve a moderate success. The effort to be a superman in any direction results in disaster. We seem to accumulate against those forces which destroy us.

MONEY RUINED HIM



EVERYBODY is seeking for money, but it is the seeking which counts, as money is not always a blessing when it comes.

The man who won \$20,000 for suggesting the name "Liberty" to a popular magazine is now charged by his wife with the abandonment of her and his four children.

The first thing he did with his prize money, his wife said, was to buy a six-cylinder touring car and a quart of liquor. She also said that he kept paying \$5, \$10 and \$15 tips to taxicab chauffeurs and bootleggers.

"Before he won that prize we were in pretty poor circumstances," said his wife. "We were in debt, but at least we were happy."

The question in life is not only who is going to receive the prizes, but what people are going to do with them.

Winning a beauty prize may mean moral and spiritual ruin to the successful contestant. Beauty is of no advantage unless used beautifully.

Many a man has found it harder work to take care of his money when he got it than to get it in the first place. If he makes a large amount of money he finds all society arrayed against him. Beggars assail him, tradesmen overcharge him, and the government taxes him. He finds that the possession of money renders him a marked man.

A man with a large fortune is in one respect like Cain, for every man's hand is against him.

So there are two sides to success.

It is a question whether success is more valuable as a goal to be attained than it is as a goal which has been attained. Those on the way up to it get plenty of advice and sympathy from others. Those who have arrived do not receive much sympathy.

It takes considerable training to be able to take care of money. And often people who are suddenly raised to affluence do not know what to do with their possessions.

Certainly if receiving a large sum of money induces a man to take up extravagant and bad habits and to desert his wife and children it is a bad thing for him.

The same thing is true with the possession of any talent. A man may be a great violinist, a great pianist, or a great speaker, and his success may ruin him as a man. It is very difficult for anyone who is extraordinarily endowed in any way, either in money or talent, to keep his faculties in balance.

The best condition for a man is one of struggle and uncertainty. While he is struggling he is automatically kept normal and in check. That the majority of the human race are not on Easy Street is a good thing for the race.

If every man were a millionaire the world would speedily go to the devil. It is the fact that most people need to worry and struggle along with obstacles that keeps the world sound and sane.

SENSITIVENESS



SENSITIVE persons should avoid intimacies and all intimate callings. One can love his fellow man, and yet not be able to live with him, on account of his thin hide.

I find, myself, that real flesh and blood people are too strong for me. I get along much better with the Ideas of them. To live in perpetual rub and contact with even the best of people becomes an exquisite torment. They hurt me in a thousand ways, of which they are unconscious. Hence I could never be any sort of a politician.

For years I was pastor of churches, and under the urging of friends, counsellors and relatives, who I supposed ought to know more than I, I tried to be a "good mixer." I was a miserable failure at it. The people absolutely crucified me. I withdrew from the pastorate as a naked man withdraws from a sleet storm.

And I love people. I am intensely sociable. I crave my fellows. I hate solitudes and adore cities and large families.

Only, I have learned that I must take all this in careful doses, else I am intoxicated and upset. For I have never seen many human beings that could stand very much of me. I am always a little sad to see the flower of appreciation bloom in any one's eye toward me; for I fear, from experience, that so sure as such a one comes to know more of me, he will find something he doesn't like.

Out of all the thousands of people I

have known there are perhaps four or five with whom I can be perfectly natural, with whom I dare be at ease without fear of being misunderstood. God bless 'em.

And here let me tell you of that particular friend with whom I am most intimate of all. To him I tell the secrets of my heart, my most Freudian cravings. With him I am absolutely at home.

I can even joke with him and that is dangerous business with anybody.

And he does not even mind if I change my opinions and hotly champion opinions A and B on Tuesday and switch to C and D on Friday. He does not care, for he knows he does the same thing himself.

His name is The Public.

There is a pretty strong notion abroad that we can know very little about a writer, about his real life, and that the only people who know him intimately are his family and daily associates. This is entirely mistaken. You can live right along in a prison cell with a fellow convict for two years and never know him.

A female woman I had never heard of once telephoned me and said:

"I love your writings and I love you and I want to come and see you."

I answered her, "Now see here, Angel Face, I don't know who you are, but if you want our love to flow on in the future as it has in the past, you had better not come. Something always seems to happen to people when they get acquainted with me."

HE DIDN'T JUST SAY



ONE of the best stories Senator Billy Mason ever told, and he told some good ones, was of his going to a town in Southern Illinois to speak at a political rally. Arriving about noon, he went to a barber shop, to be shaved. As the negro barber was lathering him he described enthusiastically to the Senator the address he had heard that morning, delivered by a well-known politician of the bloody-shirt type. The barber declared it to be the most eloquent discourse he had ever heard. The orator talked two hours, but the audience would willingly have listened another hour. It was wonderful, a masterly effort.

"What did he talk about?" asked the Senator. "What was the subject of his address?"

"The subject?" replied the negro. "Well, now, er—he didn't just say."

Since I heard the story, a good many years ago, it has come to my mind many times, as the most fitting commentary on many things. How many novels I have read, how many poems and learned treatises, how many speeches, political, religious and banquetting I have listened to, how many conversations I have heard, in a word, how many a long and tedious fabric of words I have noted, excellent perhaps in style, but as to the gist and point of the matter, as to what it was all about, the word-smith "didn't just say."

I remember reading an ac-

count by someone who had heard John Bright making a speech on China. It was at a meeting in some public hall in London, where there was an immense crowd. The speaker began by telling where China is. He bounded it, described its people and their occupations, the resources of the country, and so on. The narrator said that he was much disappointed because for fifteen minutes the speaker seemed to be doing little more than giving a lesson in geography, and some such account of China as one could easily find in the school books. But, he said that after all this foundation had been laid, Bright proceeded to make the most remarkable and inspiring address he ever heard. He had his audience with him and carried conviction because first of all he laid in their minds the foundation of his subject.

What a relief it would be if newspaper and magazine writers and authors of books first of all told us what the whole thing is about, and then proceeded with their explanations and propaganda.

A young man who looked like an agent who was selling something came to my office the other day, and asked me if he could have five minutes of my time. The answer I made him I can commend to others:

"Yes," I said, "provided you will spend the first two minutes in telling me what you want me to do and the next three in telling me why you want me to do it."

POSITIVE DOCTRINE AND UNREST



ILLLAIRE BELLOC, the historian, in a recent lecture on what ails the modern world expressed his opinion that our great trouble is uncertainty in belief. He declared that where there is unrest it is caused by "absence of positive doctrine."

This statement coming from an intellectual man is so near piffle that all that prevents it from being alarming is that it is amusing.

We had thought that the idea that the ills of the world could be cured by reaction and by giving up the business of thinking was confined to pensioners of moss-grown institutions, to timid old ladies, and to gentlemen whose ideal of security was the graveyard.

The fact is that nothing in the world would be so dangerous as a general acceptance unquestioningly of positive doctrine.

It is positive doctrine that has been the first cause of the downfall of states and the decay of institutions.

It is well enough to be positive if one is positive about the truth, but the security of living in what Zangwill called "a cosmos without facts" is entirely fictitious.

The fallacy that underlies Mr. Belloc's position is that truth is something fixed, something that someone can discover and will remain the same for all time.

In John Dewey's "Reconstruction in Philosophy," the error in this idea is admirably exposed.

Truth is something which is alive. It is a matter of adjustment. It is the compass of the free spirit. It is not a rock that never changes.

The world never breathed the spirit of progress and human welfare and democracy until the age of science had led men's minds to the value of truth rather than to the importance of authority.

Just as absolute monarchy is fatal to nations, too much reliance on authority is fatal to men's minds.

The only safety lies in progress, in thought, in investigation and free experiment, just as the safety and health of a human life depends upon its exercise and liberty and cannot be secured by locking a human being up in a cell.

Faith is good. But it is only good when it is faith in something that is true. Faith in something that is poppycock is not good.

Faith in the medicine the doctor gives you has great medicinal value, but you might have all the faith in the world and if you swallowed a drink of carbolic acid you'd be killed just the same.

The first duty of man is not to have faith but to find out what is true.

The faith that cannibals had in their totems and head-hunters had in their tribal gods and the officers in the torture chambers had in their creeds and that the Chinese have in their paper screens to keep off witches, is far less valuable than a sound and healthy disbelief in these things.

Faith can move mountains but only when it is the kind of faith that uses dynamite. Faith can heal disease but only when it is the kind of faith that isolates the germ, studies the laws of health and kills off the mosquitos with kerosene.

Positive doctrine is good but only in so far as one knows that his doctrine conforms to the actual truth.

PERSPECTIVE



MERSON said that anything is beautiful if viewed in the right perspective.

Much difference of opinion is due to the fact that people view a certain thing from different moral distances.

The difference, for instance, between a young man's opinion of his marriage and his grandfather's opinion of it is that the young man is very close to it, and the grandfather forty years off.

You will find that two people rarely agree upon the apparent size of the moon. One will compare it to a saucer, another to a dinner plate, and another to a barrel head. These diversions of judgment lie not so much in the eye as in the mind. They cannot unmix their fancies, notions and preconceptions of how the moon ought to look from the picture of how the moon actually does look.

We make the same sort of error in judging ourselves. Dr. Holmes, for instance, said that there are many Johns; There are the John that John thinks he is, the John that John thinks others think he is, the John others think he is, and so on. And who shall say what John really is?

When you are close to me you are five feet high; when you are some hundred feet away, you are but one foot high; and at a very great distance you are but a speck; which is your real size? Why should you claim that your

size close up is more actual than your size a mile away?

As a matter of fact, we are often more deceived in the relative importance of things by being too close than by being too far. When you look through a microscope at beauty's cheek it is far from handsome. Even a lovely girl, which is undoubtedly the loveliest object in creation, must be considered from just the right distance and angle.

The so-called "evidence of our senses" must be criticised. It is not the final evidence. For our brain concept is made up not only of the actual image brought to the brain by the eye, but our imagination mixes into it and also our preconceived notions of how the thing ought to look. And beside this, much depends upon the distance from it.

A very practical use of the law of mental perspective may be made in the instance of tragic occurrences. We think that such and such a thing that has befallen us is of tremendous import. It seems to crush all our hopes. Perhaps it may appear to render life not worth living.

But if we are able to retire to our chamber and close the door and think it over, and get ourselves into a state of mind where we will see the event as it is going to appear to us ten years from now, it may not loom so threateningly.

There is a homely saying that has much philosophy concealed in it: "It will make no difference a hundred years from now."

LIGHT



HAT which makes Nature so incomparably beautiful, that which no artist can cozen into his canvas, is Light.

The painter can give us color and the photographer can give us form, but that marvellous sun force striking all things seen in earth and sky and sea is an elusive spirit that cannot be caught.

This is because Light is constantly changing, flowing, never exactly the same for two consecutive seconds. It is alive, fluid.

It is this infinite evanescence that is the charm of every landscape.

Every living face is a river of light, brightening and darkening as we gaze upon it, but when we see its painted or photographed likeness, there is always a feeling as if we look upon death. The incessant, microscopic movement of light is gone from it.

Upon the wall and in a frame, a sunset is a flag of color; in the heavens it is a cataract of color, falling in a roar of passing hues. And no one can adequately represent the night sky in art because no one can light those tiny globes of brilliance that punctuate it.

The most dramatic, the most majestic sentence ever spoken was God's word, "Let there be light!"

"Light is God's eldest daughter," says Fuller.

And Emerson: "Light is the first of painters. There is no object so vile

that intense light will not make beautiful."

In some way Light and Life seem to be twin sisters. It is hard to think of anything as dead that is luminous. Light is the flag of love. It is the light in a woman's eye, the light that plays upon her smile, the light that radiates from her form that appeals to us.

Our fancy pictures Heaven as the abode of light, and Hell as the region of darkness.

There is a light of the mind. The clear apprehension of truth, the perception of some law which we have uncovered, the grasp of some reasonable conclusion. These affect our consciousness much as coming out of the darkened cell into the light of day.

There is a light of the heart. Cheer is the spirit's sunshine. Courage, loyalty and love inspire us as the dawn.

To meet some friendly helpful soul amid the mass of indifferent strangers is like spying a lighted window in a darkened landscape.

To hear some word of undaunted courage or to glimpse faith shining bravely amidst a crowd of doubts is as if we saw bonfires upon the hills, signalling the approach of reinforcements.

There are some people that affect us like rays of light. Their personality is radiant. They guide us and warm us.

If I had nothing but the heathen religions to choose from I should be a Sun-worshipper.

WASTE EMOTION IS SEPTIC



HERE is a deal of waste emotion, just as there is a deal of waste food.

All food one takes, that does not go to make force and healthy tissue, clogs the system and breeds disease. And all emotion in which one indulges, that does not get itself somehow transmuted into action, ferments and develops moral perversion.

A man who has no religious feeling at all cannot be as wicked as the man who regularly experiences religious sentiment, but does not put it into practice.

The one field where you cannot afford to be a dilettante is morals.

An ideal that never is put into your life steadily corrupts your character.

A conviction that never works out into concrete deeds makes you worse and worse.

Excessive indulgence in music, art, the theatre or romance, if it does not in some way get expressed in your words and fingers and actual human relations, tends to make you morally flabby.

William James says: "Never

suffer yourself to have an emotion at a concert, without expressing it afterward in some active way. Let the expression be the least thing in the world—speaking genially to one's aunt, or giving up one's seat in a horsecar, if nothing more heroic offers—but let it not fail to take place."

Feeling of any kind is given to us for but one purpose: that it may eventuate in action. Those whose lives are spent solely in the enjoyment of impressions and who do no useful work are like men would be if they spent their whole time in consuming food and drink and never exercising.

Such men grow dull, gross and impotent.

And the souls that continually stuff themselves with ideas and ideals, with emotions, appreciations and thrills, and never get out and turn these things into helpful action would seem, if we could view them under the spiritual microscope, to be fat, paralyzed lumps.

To have no emotion at all is bad. To cultivate emotions that we never use is worse.

INTOLERANCE

AN American debating against evolution in London was shouted down without his being given a chance to present his side of the question.

This is a good example of intolerance.

If a thing is wrong the best way to refute it is to get it clearly expressed and present the arguments against it.

Suppression proves nothing, and it creates a suspicion against those who use force.

The only way to get at the truth of a disputed matter is to hear both sides. If the words are purely absurd they can be easily refuted.

When Sir Harry Vane was executed by Charles II on Tower Hill drums and trumpets were ordered blown when this staunch republican attempted to speak to the people.

He said quietly as he turned to the block:

"It is a bad cause which cannot hear the words of a dying man."

A refusal to let a sincere man present his side of the question is always a bad sign.

It indicates either a fear of the truth or a swaggering intellectual self-satisfaction, which are equally to be condemned.

Henry Thomas Buckle said: "It

should be clearly understood that every man has an absolute right to treat any doctrine as he thinks proper; either to argue against it or ridicule it. If his arguments are wrong he can be refuted; if his ridicule is foolish he can be out-

EVERY business concern is a creative organization. Every individual in it ought to be creative. It is creative power that succeeds.

Mr. Joseph H. Appel, in his book, "Living the Creative Life," gives nine elements of creative living. They are worth thinking on.

They are as follows: (1) Health; (2) Energy of body, mind and soul; (3) Understanding, including knowledge, judgment, skill and good sense; (4) Action, including willingness and diligence; (5) Endurance, including lasting quality, perseverance; (6) Hospitality, including courtesy and tact; (7) Carefulness, including accuracy and punctuality; (8) Thoroughness, including system and planning, and (9) Concentration, or the ability to focus one's mind and effort on the thing to be done.

ridiculed. To this there can be no exception."

A democracy is a government by public opinion and there can be no intelligent public opinion without free discussion on all sides.

It has been well said that in a democracy the majority rules, but the minority must be heard.

DISHONEST CUSTOMERS



GOOD deal has been said by moralizers one way or another, by preachers and makers of moral books, and others whose joy it is to list "virtues and their opposite vices," about the dishonest merchant.

But what about the dishonest customer?

And, if the truth were known, is it not the cheating customers that make the cheating merchants?

The grocer who puts the big strawberries on the top of the box, the milkman who waters milk, the haberdasher who lies about its being all wool, have become classic.

In the first place I do not believe such sinners are as common as we imagine. And in the second place, where they do exist, they are but the result of the disposition to cheat on the part of those who buy their goods.

The desire to get something for nothing, to procure goods less than the regular price, in other words to find a "bargain," what is it when you analyze it, but a lurking wish to cheat? Why should you not pay for a thing you want what it is

worth? Why begrudge the middleman his profit?

"There are very honest people," says Anatole France, "who do not think they have had a bargain unless they have cheated the merchant."

One of the most salutary principles the young can lay to heart is that no transaction between two people is honest unless both have been benefited. All the corollaries to this theorem are true. The desire to get something for nothing is usually ruinous to the pocket-book and always to the character.

The wish to transact your business in such a way that the goods you sell shall give permanent satisfaction to the people who buy them is the very best foundation for a solid business career.

Honesty is sometimes the best policy and sometimes, in terms of immediate financial returns, is not. But it always is the best principle. And the difference between a principle and a policy is that a policy is conceived in the individual mind and is as shortlived as the occasion, while a principle comes to us from the great mind of the race and goes on working our life long.

THE WORK CURE



THE growth of an idea, the spreading of it through your mind, as the veins and patches of frost cover a window pane, is interesting.

So spreads the idea of the value of Work.

You begin with the discovery that Work is not a curse, that it is not something to be dodged and evaded like pain or disease or death, but it is something friendly and healing and helpful, to be sought as a golden quest.

Next you discover that all happiness is a by-product of Work, and that most miseries belong to the litter of that uncleanest of domesticated animals, Idleness.

A further spread of this idea is that Work is a great Cure.

First and most obvious among cures is Medicine. But pretty soon we discover that this is far from sufficient.

Then come along those who tell us that the cure lies in the Will.

This failing in a good many cases, others tell us that it is the Imagination that will lead us to health, that we can be kept sound and normal by Beliefs.

And now comes the Work Cure. Fortunately it has been taken up enthusiastically by the hard-headed medical profession and has not been left to the advocacy of uplift writers and faddists.

The long name for the Work Cure is Occupation Therapy, which is the kind of lingo that doctors like and is properly irritating to the layman.

The definition as given by the National Society is: "Occupation Therapy is a method of treating the sick or injured by means of instruction and employment in productive occupation."

This is but another form of the old

common-sense idea that both body and soul will be healthier if you quit tinkering with them.

This is the negative way of stating the case; the positive is to say that interest in life is half the cure. If we can get our minds sufficiently occupied in something outside of us, everything inside of us takes care of itself.

Of course this is no cure-all, but something to be used at the right place and time under the supervision of the intelligent physician.

Everyone, doctor or not, knows that diversion is of great aid in convalescence and that depression is the worst enemy to recovery. And nothing but our old friend Work, if it is work of the right kind, better provides diversion and prevents depression.

On the door that leads out of the chamber of morbidity are printed the words, "A New Interest."

Of course work to be curative must be what one wants to do and not what one is compelled to do.

In many government hospitals Occupational Therapy has been used successfully to re-train the muscles and nerves of wounded soldiers. In insane asylums it has been found valuable in cases marked by violence and by vicious habits.

Statistics show the positive economic value of the Work Treatment. Injured men are returned to productive work on an average in four weeks instead of five, in ten months instead of a year. Two casualty insurance companies employed Occupation Therapists as an experiment. At the end of a year they reported that the average period of convalescence of policyholders had been shortened by four and a half days.

There be many roads to salvation, and not the least of these is Work.

THE BURIAL AT SEA



THESE lines are written somewhere on the Pacific ocean about a thousand miles from Japan.

I have just witnessed a burial at sea. The Captain came to me last night and asked me if I had ever seen a burial service on shipboard. I replied that I had not.

"Then," he said, "if you will be on the rear deck tomorrow morning at eight o'clock you may witness the ceremony, and may find it interesting."

So at eight o'clock this morning I went to the rear deck. I found there two lines of sailors and officers drawn up with a space between them. At the side of the vessel was a long board extending horizontally over the rail, and upon it was the body covered with the Japanese flag, for it was a Japanese third class passenger who had died.

Nearby all the Japanese on the ship, some fifteen or twenty of them, were gathered, and many of the British and American passengers were present.

The sky was brightly blue and the smooth ocean gleamed in the sunshine like an infinite mirror. We were a little floating house of human beings swinging between the twin majesties of the sea below and the heavens above. No land or vessel was in sight. The unflecked horizon encircled us.

Down the lane between the two lines of seamen walked the Staff Captain holding his little book in his hand. As he took his place near the body all heads were bared. Amid the deep silence, for the engines had stopped and it was as if all life held its breath, he began to read the burial service.

"I am the resurrection and the life, and he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again."

I had heard these usual words many and many a time, but they leaped out now with a new and shattering impressiveness. One was thankful for ritual, that there were stately and sonorous words prescribed in a book to be said upon such an occasion, and that so great an event was not left to be marred by any impromptu imperfection.

At the close of the brief reading as the words were uttered, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," two sailors tipped up the board, and the body, which was wrapped in canvas and weighted with iron, slid into the waters.

I felt, as I had never felt before, the beauty of death. And I think that upon the souls of all those who were present it was as if there had come the touch of a ghostly wing. Something had happened to make every one of us feel the inherent majesty of the human soul.

I had witnessed a spectacle, had seen a picture, which framed in my memory will never lose its brightness.

When the Lord's Prayer, as a part of the service, was repeated by the whole company, I heard a woman's voice behind me following the words in perfect English, in a voice that was very close to sobbing. As we departed I turned and looked at her. It was a Japanese woman in her national costume with her long black hair hanging in a braid down her back. In her inscrutable, Oriental face I saw something which gave me a new conception of what that Galilean Peasant of two thousand years ago has meant to the human race.

PROFESSIONALISMS

I DON'T like a typical Englishman, or a typical Scotchman, or a typical German, or a typical Church Member, or a typical Literary Man, or a typical Musician, or a typical Anythingarian. I like a Man.

I don't like a typical Lady, or Servant, or Club Woman, or Blue Stocking, or Working Woman, or Society Favorite. I like a Woman.

I loathe, abhor and abominate all stamps, dies, patterns, and artificial shapes impressed upon a human being.

All professionalism, ecclesiasticism, all mannerisms and affectations, all uniforms, cocked hats and badges, all classes, cliques, select circles and respectabilities that aim to substitute some artificiality for the Individual, are not for me. I will take just plain Folks.

There was never anything made or discovered in the way of excellencies, magnificences, dukes, lords and ladies, that is so good as a plain untrimmed, and unplumed Man—except of course, a Woman.

Of course certain exclusions and professionalisms are practically necessary. I should think, for instance, that for a King these are life-savers. If he were not hedged about by a sort of divinity and plenty of horse-guards the crowd would probably trample him to death.

I understand that Billionaire must have his secretaries, and first, second and third assistant secretaries weed out the applicants

that come to his door, else he would not have a moment of time to eat his lunch or smoke his pipe. And if he listened to every petition that was made to him, his money would doubtless be all gone within a week.

Exclusions, therefore, as labor-saving devices doubtless have their place; but one who has to have them is to be pitied and not envied. Nothing can make me believe that it is not more fun to go into a restaurant, eat your meal and receive no attention except that which you pay for to the waiter, than it is to have somebody blow a horn and the crowd stand back and everybody rise and look solemn while you sit down and consume your food; or still worse, have your bacon and eggs brought to you by three uniformed jailers as you sit in your private cubby-hole somewhere in a marble palace.

I think if a King, or even a College President or a Millionaire, and I were to get off by ourselves incognito somewhere where I did not know he was Somebody and he did not know I was Nobody, and could go in swimming together, and lie on the beach and dig our toes in the sand, and swap yarns, and be Human, in the center of sky and ocean and earth and the high clouds we should like each other quite well. As it is, there are thick walls between us, frowning with guns of hereditary fear, and manned with determined Ghosts.

GOD'S PHONOGRAPH



ONE time, in my dream, a man showed me God's phonograph. It was a little box made of time and light and feeling, all wrought of gold and lily work.

He told me that this phonograph contained a record of every word I had ever uttered, of every thought that had ever found place in my consciousness, of every love and hate that had vibrated from my heart.

"Whenever you talk," he said, "you are not speaking into empty space, but there is a spirit by your side which holds before your lips this machine. The recording apparatus in it turns unceasingly, and every emotion of your being is caught and held.

"Here is a row of keys. Press the appropriate key and you can hear again what took place at any period of your life."

This was curious. I pressed one key and heard myself crying and babbling at the age of six. I pressed another key and heard my recitation in school at the age of ten. By pressing other keys I heard my former episodes of anger, of love, of aspiration and of folly.

After I had listened a while I had a strong feeling of depression.

"Take it away," I said. "It makes me sick."

And the man asked, "Why do you say that?"

I answered, "My chief sentiment is pity. I am sorry for the soul to whom I have listened. He

was so ignorant, so mistaken, so lacking in foresight, and there are few feelings worse than self-pity."

"Do you think, then," he said, "that God's feeling towards all men is one of pity—perhaps contempt?"

"I do, now," I replied.

"But," he answered, as he put the instrument away, "that is where you are mistaken. You have partial wisdom; God has perfect wisdom. Your difficulty is that you judge what took place at a former time as if you had done it at your present age. But the quality of any act depends upon the period of growth at which the person is who does the act. To you life is a series of errors; to God it is a continuance of growth. The gardener is not disgusted with a tree because it was once a sapling, nor with a flower because it was once a bud. Neither is the Creator angry with men because they were once more imperfect than they now are. Growth is the law of life, and growth implies imperfection. The Creator does not make any life perfect; he makes it to become perfect. Whatever is alive grows. Cling to that word 'growth'—it is the key that unlocks the Universe. The Creator is not displeased with the human creatures He has made. He makes no mistakes. Our apparent mistakes are a part of his plan."

For all that, I should not want to listen often to God's phonograph.

KNOTTING THE THREAD

UNLESS the thread is knotted the stitch is lost.

You may painstakingly sew a whole seam, but if there is no knot in the end of the thread the whole laborious process is nugatory.

In life you often see two men work along for years side by side at the same salary.

At the end of the time one has achieved a comfortable financial independence, while the other has nothing.

Figuratively speaking, both have been sewing, but one has produced something of solid, lasting benefit, while the other has been laboring with an unknotted thread.

The knot in the thread is thrift.

Without it the strongest thread of income in the end slips out and leaves nothing tangible.

You may sew a long seam with a thread that has no knot. The work appears substantial and satisfactory. But as soon as the thread is pulled tight it slips out.

With a good salary a man may go along for years, spending all he gets, giving the appearance of solid financial security. But the strain of sickness or reverse fortune reveals the fact that his thread was never knotted.

The coarser the material and the finer the thread the larger the knot that is needed.

If the thread of income is small or the material of expenses is of large weave, greater thrift is needed to retain the lasting evidence of the labor.

Thrift holds the results of labor which would otherwise slip away.

With a given thread the larger the knot the greater the amount of strain

it will stand. A small knot will pull out under a strain that does not affect a larger one.

The larger the knot of thrift the greater the security in time of need.

The man who is satisfied if his income meets his expenses without saving for the future is like a man who in case of

I*N the United States of America there is no laboring class. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that we are all in the laboring class. There are but few people in this country that do not labor in one way or another and those few do not amount to much.*

There are different kinds of labor, and some kinds pay better than others. But the doors between the so-called classes in America are all open.

A recent investigation showed that out of 1,000 millionaires in the United States all but about 20 had started as poor boys.

Every part of the world's work is honorable. The section hand on the railroad is just as necessary and as much entitled to self-respect as the President of the Company.

Every person that works should respect himself and other people will respect him. The class idea is not American.

fire crawls out of the window to climb down a rope after carefully testing its strength, but paying no attention to the fact that the rope is not tied to anything in the room.

The self-denial necessary to save money is one of the evidences of strong character.

Your ability is demonstrated by what you earn; your character by what you save and how you save it.

TUNING IN

IT has often been wondered what is the exact size of an object. You can hold it so close to you that it blots out the rest of the world, or it can be remote enough from you to be a mere speck in the distance.

What is its true size?

The obvious answer is that its true size depends upon its right position. All size is relative and depends upon other objects around.

The proper position for a bookcase is across the room against the wall. It is not intended to be in the remote distance nor too close to the eye.

There are some people who look at everything through inverted opera glasses. These people have a contemptuous view of the world and everything seems to them out of proportion. They are constantly caviling and finding fault.

It should be remembered that fault can be found with anything that is not in its right place.

Truth is relative.

The thing to do is to look with one's normal vision and to look at things in their right place.

There are some people who see pleasant things all around them. The people they have to do with are agreeable and their reaction upon life is agreeable.

These people look at things in their right proportion. Their vision is normal.

Often things take for us a size that they do not deserve to have because they are out of relation to other things. There are things that worry us and cause us much concern. The trouble is that we see them either magnified or minified. In their right place they would not alarm us. All life is a matter of adjustment.

The air all around us is full of melody. Ordinarily we do not hear it, but if we were to bring a radio into the room and tune in properly, the sensitive wires of the machine would pick up the unheard harmony. We cannot hear it unless we tune in.

So there is much melody and beauty for those souls that are in tune with the universe. They hear and see things that are inaudible or invisible to other people.

Very often a moral or spiritual thought, idea or emotion is not perceived by a critic simply because he is not attuned to it. If his nature were such that he could pick up the vibrations of it he would speedily get it. The trouble with most of us is that we are not in tune with our environment.

BAD CHECKS



HERE are two kinds of bad checks. One is given by man, the other by nature.

One kind is written on paper, the other on character.

One is worth nothing, the other may be worth everything.

The first is a worthless check passed by a forger. The second is when a bolt of misfortune—a bad check in the advancement toward your goal—comes out of a blue sky.

Then you have to one of two things: quit, or work harder than ever.

A horse's mettle is tested by pulling on the reins; a man's by receiving a bad check from nature.

Out in Kansas there is a blind student who is known as one of the best collegiate debaters in the Southwest. He has won every speaking contest in the college he is attending. Last year he was elected the most popular man in school. He is earning his own way and is doing four years' work in three years.

Up until the time he was 13, when he lost his sight, he had never read a book through in his life.

One day he said to me: "If I hadn't lost my sight, I would never have amounted to a thing. Now I HAVE to work, I HAVE to take things seriously."

Most of us can do so much more than we are doing that an obstacle we have to climb often makes us accomplish more with a handicap than we would have done without it.

In the Bank of Life, a bad check may, in the end, be cashed at a premium.

Huber is the case of another blind man who made a bad check redound to his success. Although he was blind, he became the greatest authority during his lifetime on the subject of bees.

It will be found, in the history of most men who have achieved success, that this has been due to their overcoming of obstacles, and not to their having had no obstacles to overcome. In fact, obstacles are put before us as a challenge to our ability. Overcoming what is unpleasant or puts a difficulty in our way has a tendency to develop our faculties.

We should not complain, therefore, when Nature or events put difficulties before us. We should hitch up our belt a notch tighter, and tackle them, for in so doing we develop our strength, and make ourselves much fitter to meet future dangers.

Life is just one obstacle after another, and "to him that overcometh shall be given the crown of life."

This passage of Scripture is one that we should always keep in mind, for it is our overcoming ability that demonstrates the amount and quality of life in us. We are constantly running away from difficulties, but, after all, it is these that bring out the best there is in us.

The best player in life is not the one who has the cards dealt favorably to him, but the one who can best play a bad hand.

THINGS YOU CAN LIVE WITHOUT



USKIN once said people could live without pictures, but they could not live so well.

There are many things in life without which people can live, but not so well.

Man is a creature of infinite want, but of remarkably few needs.

The machinery of his life is immensely complicated, but surprisingly little keeps it running.

The animal needs that keep life in his body are soon met.

But it is in the margin beyond these that all that makes man a higher being takes place.

The beauty of music is one of the things you can live without. Life goes on even if the soul is never touched by the tenderness of song. Life goes on, but it does not go on the same. Something irreplaceable is lost.

Travel broadens and enlarges a man's life, but it is not necessary to it. The writer once talked to an old woman in the Kentucky mountains. She had lived in the same spot for over sixty years and had been only twice to a town five miles away across a river.

Education is one of the things you can live without. A man may

never have read a sentence in his life and yet may live longer than one who is widely read. He may live longer, but not so well!

Fine, worth-while literature, the real food of the soul, can be entirely neglected. You can live all your life and never hear the name of Shakespeare. All the richness of the great minds of the past, the real legacy of older days, may never be heard of, but life goes on.

Man can exist without religion. His body goes on living even though his soul is never awakened.

The love and appreciation of flowers, of birds, of the wide, clean beauty of nature, can be entirely left out of his life, and still it continues.

One of the chief evils of poverty is that it means that "the things you can live without" often have to be discarded for the bare necessities.

Like those born blind who cannot conceive of color or those born deaf who cannot imagine sound, those who never experience "the things you can live without" rarely miss them.

They live on without them. But they do not live so well.

TURN OFF THE FAUCET



ONE of the tests used in a certain insane asylum to ascertain a patient's recovery of sanity was as follows:

The patient was put in a room in which were a mop and a faucet. From the faucet water was left running on the floor.

If he seized the mop and tried to wipe up the water he was still insane. If he turned off the faucet he was judged sane.

If he dealt only with effects and did not go back to causes he was considered to be still mentally defective.

Dealing with causes was the sign of intellectual balance.

Judging on this basis, this old world has a very small percentage of sanity in its dealing with the problems that confront it.

Take the problem of the criminal and the insane. We, as a nation, spend hundreds of millions on institutions supported for their care. But in the majority of states any dangerous criminal or moron can lawfully be married and propagate descendants who from birth are freighted with menace to society.

In the matter of divorces legis-

lators seek stricter laws, but pay little attention comparatively to one of the sources of trouble, the lax marriage laws.

Strikes are treated very much in the manner of the old negro's leaky roof. He said when it rained he couldn't fix it and when it wasn't raining it didn't need fixing.

When confronted with a big strike we wake up and do anything to tide over the crisis. Then during the intermittent periods of calm between strikes little is done to find a saner basis of relationship between employer and employe.

The regulation of immigration into this country concerns itself primarily with the problems at the port of entry and very little with the investigation of the character of the immigrant in his own country.

On the whole our medical system is based on the treatment of effects, dealing with people who are already sick, instead of improving the health of the people who are not sick.

In many other everyday dealings both socially and individually, we grab the mop, but let the faucet run.

SENTENTIAL WISDOM



THE following is a collection of sentential sayings (sayings in a single sentence) which may give you food for thought:

Every kind of effort is useful except worry.

Ignorance is the hardest thing in the world to discover, especially your own; only the very wise can see it.

As most insane people think they are sane, so the fool is surest of his knowledge.

The best mirror in which to see yourself is your Work.

The seed of all Tragedy is a failure in Courage.

"To the hero there is no tragedy" (Maeterlinck).

"Butterflies are the souls of torn-up love letters" (Victor Hugo).

Only the great realize their littleness.

The only way to get anywhere is to start from where you stand.

"It is never too late for the soul of man" (Olive Schreiner).

Appreciation is to the human soul what the rain from heaven is to the plant.

The only practical use of Death is to show us what is worth while in Life.

"It takes two to tell the truth" (Thoreau).

There is but one sensible prayer: it is to know the Will of God.

All there is to Efficiency is to know what are Essentials and do them, and to know what things are Non-essential, and let them alone.

You cannot prevent Evil Thought from knocking at your

door, but you need not let him in.

Being Good is as much a matter of practice as playing the violin.

There is but one quality we are to hate. It is Egotism. And it has a thousand disguises.

Only the useful is beautiful. Only the beautiful is useful.

Love is not blind. Love is the only thing that can see.

Man is like a bicycle; he is safe from falling off only as he keeps going on.

The best antiseptic is health.

The best way to kill a lie is to keep on telling it.

Sincerity is more convincing than eloquence.

The bitterest pessimists are the young. For one soured old man I can show you ten soured young men.

The first and easiest noise is crying; and people can criticize, complain and croak who cannot do anything else.

No one is so much a slave to habit as Nature; the sun never rises in the West.

Success may be an accident, but Failure is always a habit.

There is no intelligent Faith that has not grown out of honest Doubts.

A fault acknowledged is half cured.

Do unto yourself as you would that others do unto you.

Education consists in correcting the errors of Common Sense.

No good literature was ever produced by one who wrote about people or things he did not know and did not love.

YOUR ARMY



AVE you ever thought of the long army of ancestors at whose head you march?

You have two parents. Multiplying back twenty generations your ancestors number 1,048,576.

Less than a thousand years ago there were over a million of you.

The procession would be almost six hundred miles long.

When you walk to town and back a couple of miles away at a moderate rate the last ancestor gets home five days later.

Picture that long line stretching away.

Ancient bearded Saxons, fair-haired Norsemen or dark-skinned Latins, the line may run the whole gamut of races and fashions. Princes and beaux and blustering seamen, poets and plowmen, the kind and the cruel, the haughty and the humble, the upright and the devious, all are in the line.

All these many men who long ago were dust form your army.

You march at the head of the procession.

You are the commander.

Where will you lead?

Will you be master of your army or will they find you weak, and, overpowering you, make you their slave?

Napoleon, a genius in things military, said:

"I have one counsel for you . . . Be master!"

Someone has said: "Each one of us is an omnibus in which all of our ancestors ride."

An authority on heredity, Albert Wiggam, says we can not improve the actual traits of humanity.

These come down to us and cannot be changed.

But, he says, the way the human race can be improved is to increase the number of human beings who possess the good traits and decrease those who possess the bad traits.

This sane statement of the case applies to the individual as well as the race.

You can not alter the past, you can not change the constituents of your army. You can not affect what you inherit.

But you can command the hereditary army you lead and not be led by it.

You can put the good traits in positions of command and bad traits in subservient places.

You can choose from your army counsellors who are wise and brave instead of those who are mean and cowardly.

You can lead your army and you can lead it upward.

ARCHANGELS AND ANGLEWORMS



N old country philosopher once said something to me I've never forgotten.

"People," he said, "have a mistaken idea of what constitutes superiority. Excellence is not based upon intellect, but upon being in harmony with nature's laws.

"An angleworm may be equal to an archangel in worth.

"If it is doing all that nature intended an angleworm to do an archangel could do no more."

The passage in the Bible, "The meek shall inherit the earth," has been often misunderstood.

The meek are not the spiritual jelly fish. They are the humble minded.

They are those who respect the laws of nature. They realize their life depends upon obedience to forces greater than they are. They do not conceitedly set themselves up in opposition, but humbly submit.

Consequently they inherit the earth when the haughty spirited in refusing to adapt themselves have merely demonstrated the power of these laws and have passed away.

When a butterfly gets in the way of a speeding automobile it is broken against the radiator.

This illustrates in miniature what has been happening for aeons

among the inhabitants of this earth. When a type or an individual has got in the way of nature's laws it has been crushed and has disappeared.

The theory of the survival of the fittest does not subscribe to the idea that the strongest is the fittest, that the hulking bully is nature's favorite.

The massive monsters of the Mesozoic age, the Tyrannosaurus and the Brontosaurus, whose gigantic bodies dragged along like a city block on legs and whose brain cavities were little larger than one front toe, were not the ones who inherited the earth.

They were the most powerful, but not the fittest.

Small creatures, quaking in terror at their approach, who humbly adapted themselves to nature's changing demands, lived on after these seemingly invincible monsters existed only in fireside tales.

The one fatal, unforgivable sin in the history of the world has been a failure to bow to the laws of nature.

The one who best adapted himself to the changing conditions under which he was forced to live was the one who proved fittest and who endured.

The truly wise and powerful are those who humbly adapt themselves to the circumstances of their life.

LIFTING UP ON THE PLOWHANDLES



NE of the most cowardly and enervating of doctrines is the one:

"Don't expect anything and you won't be disappointed."

Born of the fear of personal suffering it is the father of shallow character.

The great souls have always expected much. They have plunged in staking their all on their faith.

Only the vacillating and feeble essay the uncertain, half-heartedly, with a weak smile and a bow ready for the jeering crowd in case of failure.

Not in failure, but in lacking courage even to try is real defeat.

"Worse than a quitter is the man who is afraid to begin."

Not laughter from the taunting crowd, but acceptance by it into its folds as a supine inconsequential is the real disgrace.

Not in being deceived, but in never having trusted lies the real tragedy.

The great souls suffer and are refined in the suffering.

The revealed deficiency of a trusted friend pierces deep when no armor of carelessness is worn.

Sincerity often brings sadness, but it is the heart's blood of character.

Taking life seriously is like lifting up on the plowhandles of an old-fashioned plow. It points the plowshare down. It makes the pulling hard, but it plows deep.

Taking a light, flippant, careless attitude toward life is like pushing down on the plowhandles. It points the plowshare up. It means the pulling will be easier at the time, for it is plowing only the surface.

But the true gold of life lies deeper

than the surface.

A cynic said: "If you want to love people don't expect too much of them."

But in real life the one who loves people best and sees the fineness in them most clearly is the one who does expect much of them.

We all tend to measure up when much



OW you play is nobody's business but your own. But for that very reason playing is about the most important thing to yourself that you do. Everybody needs regular play as well as regular work. And more people break down because they play wrong than because they work too hard.

As a general rule one's play should be the opposite of one's work, that is, if he works with his hands he should play with his mind, and if his work is mental his play should be physical.

We should play at some sort of thing we like, for play does us no good unless we enjoy it. The value of play is measured by the laughter and happiness it brings.

Everybody can find some congenial play because as a rule the simple and cheaper our play the more good it does us, and the more expensive and exclusive it is the more harmful it is.

is expected of us, and to slump in an atmosphere of depreciatory opinions. We may not completely meet expectations, but we come nearer by having someone believe that we are going to do it.

Lifting up on the plowhandles, getting under the surface of life, and taking things seriously may sometimes seem to add to the burden, but it is the source of the truly great in human character.

CHOSEN PEOPLE



HE proud and haughty Incas of South America thought themselves a sacred race, progeny of sun and moon.

A moment since, in the time of eternity, the stones of their capitol rang beneath the splendor of these "Children of the sun."

That city—ancient Cuzco—now dreams in crumbling ruins under a blue Peruvian sky.

And the Incas have flickered in and out of the record of history like the reflection of one who passes a distant mirror.

Ruined stone succumbing to a green glacier of tropical foliage under the austere aloofness of ancient mountains are all that is left.

This is but one example of the long list of "Sacred Races," of "Chosen Peoples," who have lived their hour or two and sunk into oblivion or been scattered to the four winds.

The world has seen the long succession of "God Emperors," of "Kings by Divine Right" and of infallible "Partners of God" sink from sight like a stream of water disappearing into a parched desert.

The lesson of these centuries of blundering self-vaunters seems to be that there are no chosen or sacred people, that there are no

eternal, continued, political partners of God.

These individuals and those races that are most nearly what men and races are intended to be, are the chosen men and races of that time.

And they remain so only as long as they continue to maintain that level.

Their only claim to the title is a continued demonstration of their worth.

Only being, not have been, retains their position.

When they slip back into the slough of inferiority they cease to be either a "chosen race" or an "instrument of God."

When eclipsed by the rising sun of superiority in others they have relinquished their hold upon the title.

Any man or race that carried forward the work of bettering the world becomes the chosen man or the race sacred to the plan of the Creator.

The lesson found in crumbling stones and futile inscriptions is that thinking of yourself as set apart from others—one of the elect, with your place of glory assured no matter how you act, both in individual and national life—results in self-satisfaction and eclipse.

RUTS AND SPECIALIZATION



T first sight there is not so much difference between specialization and a rut.

Both are a narrowing down of activity to a small phase of the whole.

Both mean a missing of many of the other sides of life.

Both mean a confining of interests and a sense of giving up.

The outstanding difference between the two is that specialization is a road with a third rail.

The rut is not.

The third rail is ambition.

A man voluntarily enters the confining path of specialization. He has a big end in view. He has the power of ambition to drive him on.

The other is involuntary. The man just slides into the rut. It is the line of least resistance.

The former course is dictated from within the man himself. He is master of his choice.

In the latter the impetus comes from without. The man succumbs to the pressure of material things outside of himself.

In one he sacrifices; in the other he submits.

Specialization is a road lined with gates which can be opened

from within. A rut is a road in which the gates are locked from without.

One shows self-control and strength of purpose; the other weakness and lack of spirit.

One is prepared for; the other is slipped into.

In one case the man likes and chooses the work. In the other he hates or is indifferent to it.

In the rut progress stops. Specialization leads somewhere.

A rut is a road that runs around and around a mountain at the same altitude. It never gets any higher. It does not lead up.

Specialization is a rut that leads to the mountain top.

Both a rut and specialization keep getting deeper and deeper as you go on. Gradually the desire or ability to get out becomes greater.

But in specialization as you wear deeper you are nearing the top. In the rut you are just sinking more out of sight while remaining at the same level.

Neither the typical specialist nor the man in the rut is an all-around man.

The difference is that one has voluntarily dropped out of much of life for some big end, while the other was unable to avoid it.

INFIDELITY TO EVOLUTION

INFIDELITY toward evolution is rather a serious matter.

It is not particularly serious if one does not believe the tenets of this creed or that, or the teachings of this church or not, because there are other creeds and other churches to which one may turn if he likes.

But infidelity toward evolution is another matter. For evolution is a clear, plain, and established law. Disbelief in it is like disbelief in gravitation, or electricity, or any established chemical formula which has been working for years.

We know that evolution is a fact the same way we know that any other law of nature is a fact. Because it works.

We believe in evolution for the same reason that we believe in God; that is, because the attempt to conduct our lives without this belief results in confusion and error.

Evolution is not something that has merely to do with man's descending from the monkeys. It is not a matter solely of the past. It is a law that is working right now, and a law that contains the only possible promise for the future.

It means that the present is a growth from the past, and the future will be a growth from the present.

It also means that anybody that expects to get anything permanent

in the way of results from life must attend to growing that thing.

Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, recently said:

"Evolution takes its place with the gravitation law of Newton. It should be taught in our schools simply as Nature speaks to us about it, and entirely separated from the opinions, materialistic or theistic, which have clustered about it. This simple, direct teaching of Nature is full of moral and spiritual force, if we keep the element of human opinion out of it. The moral principle inherent in evolution is that nothing can be gained in this world without an effort; the ethical principle inherent in evolution is that the best only has the right to survive; the spiritual principle in evolution is the evidence of beauty, of order, and of design in the daily myriad of miracles to which we owe our existence."

This is strong, but it is not strong enough. It is because people do not take evolution into account that they make so many fatuous plans for reforming the world, and are so bitterly disappointed when these plans do not pan out.

This earth is a garden, and everything alive upon it, including human souls, must be grown if we want any crop.

There has been too much tinkering and not enough growing done.

"YOURS RECEIVED, CONTENTS NOTED"



FFICIENCY and personal interest often appear incompatible.

Efficiency demands economy of words, minimizing unnecessary motions, stripping to the bare necessities.

Human kindness and interest in others exerts itself in roundabout, diffuse methods.

In institutions as they become larger and force greater efficiency upon the organization the time for personal attention is decreased.

Rubber stamps, blank forms, stereotyped expressions, take the place of heartfelt individual interest.

The personal note sinks away.

Yet a touch of human kindness is the most precious thing in the world.

A few years ago a play was produced in New York called "R.U.R." It was by the Hungarian dramatist Capek.

A scientist on a lonely island created the "robots," or mechanical men and women. They were without souls, mere machines to do the labor of the world.

In the end they become human and the point where they demonstrated that they were human was where one robot was willing to die for another. There they ceased to

be machines and showed human sympathy and kindness.

The friendly act, the kind word, the sympathetic understanding, hold a place in life which nothing else can fill.

Joseph P. Tumulty, Secretary to President Wilson, relates that one day he found the all-powerful war President leaning on his desk in the White House with his head upon his hands sobbing. He had received a kindly, sympathetic letter from an obscure country editor of whom he said: "He is the one man who understands."

No matter how high or great a man becomes he never outgrows the need of human sympathy.

One who held a high position in the world described the place as a mountain top, and added, "And mountain tops are lonely."

It is the human touch that makes the whole world kin. Without it a man may be admired, respected and feared, but he is never loved.

The "Yours received, contents noted" attitude toward others is efficient and time conserving; to a certain extent it is necessary in business. But if it were carried into all branches of life something of inestimable value would be lost.

THE POWER OF MOMENTUM



Y going too fast we sometimes escape.

The automobile in the movie thriller jumps the gap in the broken bridge by the momentum of its speed.

If it were traveling at a safe, reasonable rate it would crash through the gap.

In momentum there is power.

A fragile straw is shattered if you throw it against a piece of wood. In the grip of a hurricane the momentum of its speed often stiffens and drives a straw into a solid board fence.

In every shaft-driven wheel there is the "dead point." It is the place at which the shaft, the point where it is attached to the wheel, and the center of the wheel, are all in line. If the wheel comes to a stop at this point it has to be turned beyond it before the engine can begin to turn it.

At the dead point no amount of power from the shaft can turn the wheel. In its revolution only momentum can carry it past.

On thin or cracking ice it is momentum that carries the skater over in safety. The greater the momentum the less the danger of breaking through.

In all fields of human activity also is seen the power of momentum.

In business it is constantly recognized.

When a big newspaper publisher wants to start a paper in a new place he rarely begins an entirely new sheet. Rather he buys an old paper and makes it what he wants.

The name of an industrial concern is of value because the momentum gained by the past policy carries on in the minds of the people.

The beginning always requires an added effort. To start the ball rolling is the hard part.

In your work, doing the same thing over and over gives you a certain momentum that makes the task easier as you go on. One who has "grown old in the harness" is able to do the work with half the effort the beginner expends.

When you feel discouraged at failure to gain proficiency or recognition at once, remember it takes time to gain momentum.

The one whose skill or reputation you envy nine times out of ten is being helped by the power of momentum gained from years of practice.

Momentum is a sort of "second wind" which comes to give added strength only to those who keep working.

THE INCREASESERS



EVERYTHING in the world may be roughly placed in one of two classes: the Increasesers and the Decreasers.

On one hand we have the things like axes, shoes, books, automobiles and toothbrushes.

They wear out with use. They are the decreasesers. They decrease in strength and value by being used.

Then there are those things that become greater and more powerful by being used. They are the Increasesers.

Foremost among these is your mind. As Polonius said of the intellect, "It is ours when we use it, but not ours when we do not use it." Our brains expand and grow and develop and gain in power and worth the more we use them.

Memory, will power, and courage also grow stronger the more we use them.

Such qualities of character as honesty, sincerity, unselfishness and charity enlarge and gain by being put into practice.

Our muscles increase in size and gain in strength when we exercise them. Never use them, and they disappear. The more they are utilized the more their strength increases.

This also applies to skill with the body or the hands. Likewise agility of mind increases with practice.

The more you use a typewriter or a piano the greater your skill becomes. The typewriter and piano may decrease in value as they are used, but your skill and ability will increase.

The principle of Laissez Faire, of letting things alone, may apply to the Decreasers, but never to the Increasesers.

If you let your mind alone it deteriorates and you become an ignoramus. If you let your body alone your muscles weaken and your health breaks down. If you let your capacity for friendship and unselfish action alone they decrease and you become a recluse.



O matter what happens, keep your chin up. When you indulge in gloom you are hurting yourself most of all.

We know there are some feelings that poison us just as certainly as arsenic. They have a direct effect upon the body.

Anger reddens the face, fright makes the hair stand on end, grief destroys the appetite and embarrassment makes the mouth dry. One of the surest mental poisons is despair. It dulls the brain and confuses the hands. Why give up? As long as you live you will have some sort of a chance. Nine-tenths of success, after all, is pep. The man that faces misfortune with a smile and a stout heart cannot be beaten.

There is always Tomorrow, and what Tomorrow has in store for us no man knows. At least make up your mind to this one thing, no matter what fate may do to us it shall not make us afraid.

The important things of life lie in the class of the Increasesers.

They are the producers.

They are the final source of man's power over his environment.

They can replace the Decreasers when they are worn out.

They are the part of life that should be given first consideration.

A FEW REFLECTIONS ON DOORS



DOOR seems symbolical of progress. When you open a door and go through you seem to have made an advance.

Opportunity is often likened to an open door.

In attaining any sort of an ambition you have difficulties to overcome—doors to open, figuratively speaking.

The larger the door, the harder it swings on its hinges.

The larger the ambition, the harder it is to obtain.

A little door can be opened by a little child; but a massive cathedral door often requires great strength to swing open.

So with positions and achievements, an unimportant triumph or job may be attained without much effort, but a significant, towering accomplishment calls for effort and struggle from all the strong qualities in a man's nature.

Some doors are locked and some are unlocked. There are some doors you can never force; there are some attainments you can never achieve. If you have no natural voice to start with, for instance, you can never become a great opera tenor.

When you find a door is locked, the thing to do is to go on to your unlocked doors.

Some doors open by pulling in and some by pushing out.

If the door you are trying to open is one that pushes out, you can tug

inward with your utmost strength and not be able to budge it.

There are some places that require the cultivation of social abilities for success and others that just require capacity and hard work. If the door you want to open requires social polish and ability, ignoring that factor and devoting all your energy to hard labor will not open it.

Some doors are revolving doors.

You have to know when to get out of them or you keep going round and round. You either come out where you went in or you keep on following the door around without ever getting anywhere.

Some jobs are the kind that advance a man a certain distance and get him ready for bigger things, but if continued indefinitely lead nowhere. After you reach a certain point you just go round and round with no prospects of advancing farther.

Such places require a clear judgment to know when you have gone as far as the job will take you.

A man may tug at a door with all his strength without being able to budge it, when by simply turning the knob a little child could swing it open.

The little things count. Tact, a neat appearance, pleasing manners, an understanding of psychology, and elements of that sort often turn the knob that makes the door swing open with much less effort.

WELL BRED



HERE is a term against which protest should be made. It is "well bred."

Because we do not at all mean what we say. What we mean is, that a person has the nobler characteristics of our humanity. We ought to say "very human."

It is not by breeding that real nobleness comes. Nobility is not a product of natural selection. No program of eugenics could ever produce the fine spiritualities implied; we might so produce perfect human animals, and by breeding obtain a race with fine hands and Jovian brows; but the gentle, sweet-spirited, noble-minded folk would keep sprouting up as freaks in the hedge-rows.

For centuries the race has been under the working theory of aristocracy, a theory adopted and adhered to merely to save confusion and constant contention; a makeshift, temporary agreement.

As, led by the hand of exact science, we emerge into the daylight of democracy, it is time to revise our dictionary, and weed out those words founded on ignorance and superstition.

I know of nothing to call gentle folk, whom I admire profoundly, more complimentary than "human." It is to say they are

"Sound, healthy children of the God of heaven,
And cheerful as the rising sun in May."

A gentleman has no nationality. He is the same in all countries. English, German, French, Chinese, all impress you alike, if they be gentlemen.

The order of gentlemen is the one true international society. They are brothers everywhere. They have their subtle grips, signs and shibboleths that the uninitiated can never master.

Gentlemen are not bred, they are born. One is as likely to step out of the coal miner's hut as out of the duke's mansion.

Hence gentlemen are the social ligatures that keep humanity from separating in layers. It has never been possible to confine gentlemen to one stratum of society, much as we have loved to think so. They are the standing obstacle of fact against all the fiction of caste. Our garbage man is a thorough gentleman; and I know a man of most select family who was born a cad and will always remain a cad.

Every now and then Nature produces a gentleman just to show how sound humanity is at the core.

He is reflected in his habits. A man who has created good habits presents a pretty uniform surface of politeness and gentility.

Such is the jugglery of names and the added significance which titles take in time, that I would rather hear of myself being called a gentleman than a saint.

LONG-DISTANCE SINNING

IN a southern city recently garbage collectors have found a number of live kittens wrapped in the paper they were taking to the incinerating plant.

At the plant when an employee was about to throw a bundle of wrapper paper into the crematory he felt a movement and found a live kitten in one bundle.

Few people in America are so lost to human kindness as to throw a trusting, soft-furred kitten into a blazing fire. None of the women who put the kittens in the paper would have thought of throwing them into the fire themselves.

They were put in the paper, they disappeared, and that was the last seen of them. Because they went through several hands the women did not feel full responsibility for the act.

It was a case of long-distance sinning.

Most of the inhumanities and cruelties that occur in modern life may be traced to long-distance sinning.

When a board of directors of a big corporation decides upon a policy that will grind down employees to less than a living wage or puts children to work at a time when it stunts both body and mind, no one man feels wholly responsible. Also, they are so far removed from the human suffering that it does not touch them.

Yet such long-distance sinning carries on down through helpless subordinates with as real a cruelty as results from individual inhumanity.

There is an old saying that much less meat would be eaten if the individual had to kill the animal he ate.

Few people would think of killing a lamb, though they eat lamb chops, thus from a distance causing the thing they would shrink from doing themselves to be done.

In a lynching no one person is committing the act, but each individual is removed by a diffusion of responsibility. If the individual were alone he would hesitate in extremes of cruelty, but the feeling that he is not alone in doing the deed spurs him on to the inhuman.

Tender-hearted women who cry over a poodle dog that trips over a carpet will wear furs that were obtained by the most ferine tortures to far-away animals, and feathers procured only by heartless cruelty to distant birds.

Those who commit the actual deeds of cruelty justify themselves as mere cogs in the machine, by saying as long as the demand lasts if they do not do them someone else will.

A person is responsible for his personal acts and also to a certain extent for his long-distance sinning.

HOW FISH GET SEASICK



HE late Joseph Pulitzer was once stalled in an automobile far out in the country in France.

Turning to his companion he remarked: "You see how quiet I am? Real troubles never bother me. It is only the small annoyances that upset me."

This paradoxical condition of mind is typical of many men.

Under the excitement of great affairs, of crises, they are calm and unworried. The seemingly simple, small things are the ones that upset them.

Eugene Ely, one of the early aviators, once made a daring flight over a city and landed upon the deck of a battleship.

When a friend invited him to go to the top of a high tower to look over the course he had flown he refused, saying looking down from a tower always made him nervous and dizzy.

The writer once knew the head of a big manufacturing concern in the Middle West who during years of handling the responsibility of directing the affairs of one of the biggest concerns of its kind remained unflurried and master of the situation.

During a period of hard times the business went bankrupt and he was forced to open a little bookstore on a side street.

The small details and worries of the bookstore fretted him continually, whereas the big decisions had left him placid.

The hours of Austerlitz and Waterloo found Napoleon calm and steady, while the little irritations at St. Helena were maddening.


Louis Mowbray, piscatorial collector in charge of transporting specimens to the New York Aquarium, says that fish often get seasick during transportation.

In the small tanks of the conveying ships the abrupt movement of the water makes them lose their equilibrium, while huge waves in the ocean leave them unaffected.

The big calibre man is often similarly affected when placed in a small calibre job.

He finds himself unable to keep his mental equilibrium and his serenity of mind under the constant abrupt and irritating demands of the small job, when he could give far-reaching decisions with equanimity.

GETTING AT THE REAL TROUBLE

T is a well-established principle that things are made better by getting at the cause than by attending merely to the symptoms.

Law and punishment is merely dickering with the symptoms of the trouble. There must be some means of getting at the cause of it.

John Dewey said: "By law and punishment society can regulate and form itself in a haphazard and chance way. Through education, society can formulate its own purposes, organize its own means and resources, and shape itself with definiteness and economy."

If we are to heal the ills of the world, therefore, it must be done through the schoolhouse and the home. It cannot be done through the courts.

There is a great deal of talk about a crime wave at present and the predominance of youthful delinquents. Some people think the police and the courts are to blame. They are not primarily to blame.

The fault lies in the school room and in the home. If children are properly trained they will not be criminals. The courts and police merely exist in order to make up the deficiencies of the home.

We must begin at the source. Almost any reform or change can be carried out noiselessly and easily through teaching. It can

only be done clumsily and in a haphazard way by punishment.

The prime business of every country, therefore, should be the proper education of its children. Our first duty is to pass on what knowledge we have gained to those who come after us and to train them in the exercise of that knowledge. Every moral delinquent can trace his bad condition back to the home from which he sprang. In the same way almost every man that has succeeded says that his success is due to his mother or to his training.

The school stands for the influence of this generation upon the next. If that influence is properly exercised the next generation ought to profit by our experience and the world ought to progress.

It should not be forgotten that the root cause of the crime and criminals now extant is to be found in the improper training of children.

The country has never spent enough upon schools. It has never insisted enough upon the status of the school teacher. He is the most important factor in the community. He has our most important interests under his control.

He should be a man thoroughly qualified for his position and should have the respect of the whole community.

The teacher is more important than the judge.

TWO SIDES TO A LAW OF NATURE



ONE of the laws of nature seems to be that the mediocre always tends to pull down the superlative.

Farmers know that if melons with a fine, highly developed flavor are planted near pumpkins which have a coarser, less highly developed flavor, the melons are always lowered in quality.

They have a pumpkin taste, while the pumpkins remain unaffected.

The same is true of sweet corn. If planted near a field of cruder flavored field corn the flavor is ruined, while the field corn remains the same.

In the breeding of animals the same law applies. Wiggam in his volume on heredity, "The Fruit of the Family Tree," gives a striking illustration.

A dog that represented the culmination in development for hunting purposes was bred with another dog later found to be gunshy, and every single puppy was found to have inherited the undesirable qualities to the detriment of the superlative qualities of the highly trained parent.

Tennyson in his poem, "Locksley Hall," says of a superior type of woman married to a lower type of man:

"As the husband is the wife is; thou art
mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down."

Such a law running through nature seems unfair. It seems antagonistic to nature's own efforts at progress.

However, when we scrutinize its working more closely we see that it is really for the protection of nature's plan.

When we see only the way in which the mediocre pulls down the super we are seeing only half of the law.

For the mediocre tends equally to draw up the inferior.

Society is antagonistic to the prophetic and the atavistic, to those who are in advance of the mass and those behind the mass.

To accomplish lasting advancement a whole type must be moved forward from one stage to another.

Both what retards and what hurries, if given unlimited sway, wouldt end to obstruct lasting progress.

It is the great middle mass, which has neither the characteristics of the superlative nor the decadence of the inferior, which has the weight to retain the advancement as it is slowly made.

When you get discouraged by the seemingly senseless attacks upon those who appear to have superior ideas remember that it is balanced, in a long-time period, by equally aggressive onslaughts upon the decadent ideas of the evident inferiors.

PURSUING THE DAWN

A MAN could start and follow the dawn westward. After it had gone he could run fast hoping to catch it again. But he will save time and trouble if he will just stand still. Within twenty-four hours the dawn would come back to him.

Much pleasure that we chase we could get much more quickly by standing still and waiting till it comes back.

There are misguided youths who leave school in order to make money. It is commendable to want to earn your own living and get off other people's backs. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished by everyone. But it can be done too quickly. It is better to get all possible preparation before we do it.

Those who quit school in their 'teens because somebody makes them or circumstances compel them are indeed unfortunate. Those who quit because they want to are just plain fools.

There is such a thing as chasing fame unduly. Fame should be the shadow of what we are. The darkness of the shadow depends upon the solidity of the person. If we seek fame directly and follow after it, it is like a man chasing his shadow. But if we stand still and attend to our own business fame comes at the proper time.

There are those who seek popularity when it would be better to devote all one's energies to being worth something, and popularity would come of itself.

A saying of Emerson's—or was it Elbert Hubbard?—is that if a man makes a better rat trap than anybody else, the world will find the path to his door.

Lincoln's advice to one seeking the Presidency was that he should devote all his energies to making himself worthy to be President. Whether he would be chosen President or not was largely a matter of luck and circumstance.

In religion there are many people who seek its advantages by seeking direct experience. They go to the mourners' bench or to mass searching for that joy that is only the reflection of deeds well done. The effects of religion are not to be had directly, but indirectly. We are to devote our energies to thinking, speaking and doing what is right. When we have done this there comes a glow of self-satisfaction that can only come from deeds well done. This is the best kind of religious experience.

Those who are chasing health directly are sitting on the front porch of sanitariums. The real healthy people are those out in the playground and in the street who never give a thought to their physical condition. The dawn comes to them.

In the same way there is a good deal of bunk about the various systems of mental training. Those who go in for training their minds after some cut-and-dried formula usually become one-sided. Those who are busy working their minds at some valuable task get their training indirectly.

KNOW YOUR WEAK PLACES



JOHNNY QUINLAN, in "The Fall Guy," says, "Now that I know I'm a sap maybe I won't be as big a one."

There is a lot of truth in this.

Few people make dunces out of themselves trying to sing if they know that they can't sing. It is the people who can't sing but think they can who burden the world.

If a boy can't fight and knows it he generally manages to keep out of trouble. It is the one who can't fight but thinks he can lick the Champion who comes home with the black eye and the loose teeth.

No doctor can do much for a desperately sick man who insists he is well.

Humility, which is the basis of many virtues, may be translated into everyday terms as "facing the facts."

When you face the facts you may find you are walking on a plateau when you imagined it was a mountain top, but at least you will be on solid ground to begin climbing.

Look around and you can see on all sides people who are holding down big jobs and doing important work who are not world beaters and who know it.

It is the man who knows he is not quite big enough to fill his job but works his head off to make as few slips as possible, who continues to hold down the place. And eventually his capacity grows.

It is the girl who is afraid she can't cook and take care of the house and make a good wife, but who works hard to keep on learning and does the best she can, who makes the most successful wife.

It is the President who does not



BEING on time is an essential to success. It is also one sure way of getting yourself liked. Nobody wants to wait. If you make others wait on you, you are making a nuisance of yourself. Only one thing is better than being on time, and that is being about five minutes ahead of time. This is a matter of habit. You can get into the way of always being punctual. All you need to do is to think more about other people and less of yourself.

Being late is a form of egotism. For your own laziness or convenience you are willing to put other people out. No matter how many apologies you make, this is what is the matter with you, and they resent it.

think himself omniscient or his judgment infallible but who keeps in touch with the consensus of public opinion who accomplishes the most in his administration.

When we realize our own insecurity we are more open to suggestions and ideas than when we imagine ourselves safe and indispensable.

A knowledge of your weaknesses helps you best to utilize your powers.

ANALYZING THE EMOTIONS



ELINOR GLYN recently said that when we analyze hate we find that most of it is composed of fear.

We fear those persons we hate. If we do not fear them the feeling is rather of contempt.

Looking into all of our emotions it might be as well to analyze them and see the stuff of which they are composed.

Jealousy, for instance, under careful scrutiny is seen to be nothing but egotism.

It is commonly supposed that jealousy comes from great love, but there have been many instances of jealousy toward persons concerning whom we are entirely indifferent.

Jealousy really is a form of vanity.

It would do us all good to analyze the feeling which we call love. How much of it is selfish desire merely, and how much of it is self-sacrificing devotion? Can we be willing for a person to be happy and not have anything to do with ourselves? Can we let other people make them happy, or can we let them be happy in their own way?

A good deal of love, if analyzed, will be found to be mere selfishness.

In fact selfishness is the base ingredient that enters into and corrupts most of our passions. Very few of our emotions and purposes are purely unselfish.

Elinor Glyn's statement that

hate is mostly composed of fear is correct. If the nations did not fear one another they would scarcely bother to hate one another. In the crisis of war it is essential that hate should be worked up, and this hate is usually based upon the damage other nations may do to us.

Much envy and jealousy and anger are also mingled with the inferiority complex. Some men hate people who can tell a good story or be at ease in society because they cannot themselves. For others to display qualities which they do not have makes them angry. The inferiority complex is very hard at work in the human race.

It is the explanation to a very great extent of why people do not like millionaires or successful men. We resent anything that seems to make a person superior to ourselves. We enjoy giving charity to other people, but we do not like to receive charity from people. It implies that they are better, or at least more successful, than we.

In a recent book called "Inspiration and Ideals" by Grenville Kleiser, exhorting us to see things as they are, he says:

"Sin is ignorance; noise is inefficiency; anger is weakness; self-pity is selfishness; pride is littleness; sloth is weakness; prejudice is narrowness; envy is meanness; simplicity is greatness; righteousness is wisdom; truth is reality; holiness is wholeness; love is unselfishness."

TWO PATHS OF AMBITION



RE you ambitious to amount to something in life?

If you are, an excellent motto to remember is this:

“Never mind what others do. Do better yourself and break your own record from day to day, and you are a success.”

It is right that you should want to be as “big” as possible.

The desire to make a splash when you jump in the puddle is a legitimate one.

Don’t be ashamed of your ambition.

Lincoln many times admitted that he was ambitious. Longfellow wrote home from school that he earnestly craved distinction as a poet.

The way to get anywhere is to get out and scramble for it.

Everyone should be ambitious.

But a temptation which the ambitious person must resist is suggested in the motto above.

The gratification of the desire to appear big is sought in two different ways.

One is to make yourself so big that you stand out from those around you.

The other is to attempt to make those around you look small, so you will appear big by comparison.

One method is good; the other bad. One method takes the form of self-government, work and study, of actual growth and increased capacity.

The other becomes active envy. It depreciates the achievements of others. It makes light of their abilities and refuses to recognize their worth.

In almost every office or organization where men are employed and are struggling to get ahead representatives of these two methods of procedure are to be found.

At a board meeting of a big steel concern years ago one of the influential members spoke up and declared:

“The only way to deal with labor is whenever it shows its head, hit it!”

Some people, ambitious to get ahead, work on the principal that the only way to deal with ability in those around them is to hit it whenever it shows its head.

But such a program is as archaic and unintelligent as a similar dealing with labor.

The ambitious men who really attain their ambitions are almost always men like Charles M. Schwab, J. C. Penny and Henry Ford, who encourage the capacity of those around them and rise with them.

If you are ambitious, it will be worth your while to memorize the motto given at the head of this article.

It is breaking your own record from day to day that brings success, not attempts to minimize the achievements of others.

BOOKS



HERE are not many good books in the world.

As a man gets older his books slough off and his library grows smaller. At last he has very little left but his books of reference.

Nowadays the making of books is easy and almost every person who has achieved success in any line, or thinks he has, will have no difficulty in compiling his memoirs or his theories into a volume.

Books emerge from the press of the civilized world, hundreds of them daily. It is useless to attempt to keep up with the latest reading.

As one travels through the sea of literature he finds it very much like traveling through a foreign country. I once went down the Rhine and saw from the town of Bingen the statue of Germania in the distance. We looked at it, but did not think it worth while to visit it. I remember a seasoned traveler told me that I had missed the greatest view in Europe by not going up to see the statue of Germania.

In this way you will always find someone who has seen something he thinks remarkable abroad, and if you have not seen the same does not think you have seen the country at all.

When people ask you if you have read this, that or the other volume, you can rarely say yes. In fact with a few exceptions the different books seem to be read by different sets of people.

The exceptions to this are the old classics, which are universal in their appeal. Time is the best critic, and a book that has lived twenty or a hundred years and is still popular is a book you ought to know and to read for it evidently contains something of permanent human appeal.

How many there are who are anxious to know about the latest books, but whose Goethe and Dante and Homer and Schiller and Shakespeare are still undiscovered!

It will do every young person good to go back to Hawthorne and Washington Irving and Dickens, to say nothing of foreign authors, and become acquainted with the characters. These books have lived for a long while and contain an element of education that is not in the modern volumes.

There is so much attention given to style and to fine writing in these days that it is rare to find an author who has something to say and who says it clearly and succinctly.

It is a good thing to grow up with books, to have them marked with a pencil and noted with your own hand, to have them full of ideas whose meanings have been explained to you with the progress of the years.

Whoever has a dozen or so of these books and refers to them again and again is indeed fortunate. For education consists not in knowing a great many books, but in knowing a few of them very well.

WHAT IS IT TO BE HUMAN?

WE often say we like such and such a man because "he is so human."

Such a woman attracts us because she is "human."

What we mean by this remark is that they are subject to the human frailties.

An old Boston preacher once called on me, and as he lit his cigar and drank some cognac brandy in his coffee after dinner, he said, "I am glad to see a man who has a few redeeming vices."

Most of us regard vices as evidences of brotherhood. They show that a man is down on our plane and is not removed from us.

We should remember, however, that while it is human to err, as Pope said, it is also human to be conscious of error, to reject it and struggle against it.

The human thing is to have a temptation, to be subject to it. That is one part of our humanity.

Another element of our humanity, however, is to struggle against evil.

We go for comfort and help to the men who have overcome weakness, not to the men who have yielded.

It gives us a fellow feeling for a man to know that he is subject to

the same temptations as ourselves. But his advice and example do us no good unless he has successfully combatted these temptations and overcome them.

It is said of the Master that He was tempted in all points like as we, yet was without sin. It is the very fact of His being without sin, of His having had the temptations and of having overcome them that renders Him a source of strength to humanity.

On the one hand we do not get any benefit from one who has never felt the urge that we have felt, the propensity to evil; on the other hand we do not get any help if he has yielded to it.

The fact that another man has felt the same temptations that we have makes him an inheritor of our common lot, gives us for him a fellow feeling; but we must remember that he is of no assistance to us unless he has successfully combatted these temptations.

There are many examples of those who have gone wrong, who have yielded to the same attacks that are made upon us, but there are a few examples of those who have successfully resisted them.

We all know how to yield. We all do not know how to resist. And the power to resist is what we most desire.

RATTLING THE PAN



VERY often it seems as if a man had no more original ideas and when he talks he is simply rehearsing what he has said before, or he is making an empty sound.

It is like rattling the pan when all the contents have been spent.

The reason why so many people give out and their source of supply ceases is because they cease to take in.

We must receive as well as give.

The novelist must have material constantly if he is to keep on writing novels.

Many a mother has found her task irksome and tiresome because she is constantly giving out and never taking in. She ought to have some means of recreation or study, or something by which she can lay in the supplies which she is supposed to give out.

Teachers also run dry. They become bores and repeaters of platitudes simply because all their energy is spent upon teaching. They are constantly giving out and never taking in.

The preacher ceases to be a source of inspiration to his congregation when he gets no inspiration himself. He cannot pass on what he has not.

This reasoning applies to us all. Those who are able to help others are the strong, not the weak.

There was a play not long ago that stirred New York called "The Fool," in which a man quit a good job where he was getting a good salary and went to helping people by giving away overcoats. In this he was supposed to be like Christ. What the play did not show, however, was that when his overcoats gave out he would have to beg for overcoats himself. His actions were all right as long as the supply lasted. When his abundance ceased his charity would have to cease and he would have to be a burden to others.

It behooves every human being to remain strong and capable in order that he may be of assistance to others about him. The weak man is of no aid to himself or anybody else.

The Golden Rule which says that we should do to others as we should be done by implies the fact that we insist upon our own rights. Self-sacrifice is based upon self-preservation. If there is no strengthening of one's self by a constant intake there is no help of others by a constant outgo.

THE HAPPY WOMAN

I WILL tell you, madam, who the rival is that you need fear. It is not the beautiful woman, or the intellectual woman, or the witty woman, or the well-dressed woman, or the vamp. None of these will probably carry Georgie away from you. That is, none of them will be as likely to do so as another kind of woman.

The woman you need fear is the Happy Woman.

The one thing that men most seek in women is cheer.

Perhaps the reason is that most men are bankrupt in cheer and they need constantly new capital.

You have wondered, perhaps, why Georgie is slipping away, and what it is he finds in that minx. If you would examine the case a bit, and open your eyes, you might discover. Did you ever notice that as soon as you get alone with your husband you slump? The lines of your mouth go down, you begin to talk about your complaints and to air your worries.

It is only when some one else comes into the horizon, a neighbor, a friend, or the children, that you perk up.

Now, the object of a man is to make a woman happy. That is his pride. If he thinks he is successful in this, it stimulates him, it permeates him with satisfaction.

Did you ever think that you are constantly reminding him that he is not able to make you happy, and in so doing you are unconsciously exerting yourself to depress him?

Consequently he seeks the society of women who cheer up when he approaches. This may be that brainless Mrs. Doolittle, or that simpering miss

whom he meets at the country club, or it may be his stenographer, or possibly even one of Mrs. Warren's profession.

In any event, it is the woman who smiles when he comes near, whose face lights up with pleasure at his proximity.

He gets that dangerous idea that he is making her happy.

THE way to get a better position is to fill the position you have better than anyone else can fill it.

The oldest rule in the world for getting ahead is "Honesty is the best policy." Nobody has ever discovered a better rule.

Be honest yourself, and if you are working in a dishonest business, or for a dishonest employer, quit your job. There is a good excuse for everything else in the world, except for not being straight. Don't argue with your conscience. Obey it.

If your reason, or if appearances tell you something different from what your conscience tells you, just remember that conscience is the accumulated wisdom of mankind, and you can trust it better than your own reasoning powers.

There is your rival.

And the way to beat her is to be happy yourself. Particularly it is to have your face light up and your spirits become gay, and your atmosphere indicate contentment when George is with you. More especially when he is alone with you.

If you don't propose to change, and you can't be happy with him possibly, then the only thing to do is to see that he only associates with other women who are grouch faces. Then, maybe, you will be the least bad in the lot.

TWO BARBERS

IN a little town the writer once saw a barber shampooing a man without a hair on his head.

During the process the man kept laughing and saying: "You are the biggest liar I ever heard of!"

Afterwards the barber explained thus:

"When I finished shaving him I asked, 'Shampoo, Sir?' He said, 'Yes, if you think I need it.' I said, 'I think you do,' and shampooed him. I would have been a fool to have said 'no,' wouldn't I?"

A friend recently told me his experience with another barber in a larger city.

He asked him if he could give him a close shave that would last from that morning until the next evening.

"I would like to say 'yes,'" said the barber, "but you can't go against Nature, so I will have to tell you the truth. It can't be done."

"There," said my friend, "is an honest man. He lost money by telling me the truth, but I have never forgotten it. I go a mile out of my way since I've moved just to give him my trade. The other day he showed me an offer he had. It was to take charge of a big shop near New York City."

Last summer I visited the little town again, and the barber who had shampooed the man who was as bald as an egg was still in the same dingy little shop, still think-

ing that he would be a fool to lose a few dimes by telling the truth.

Which was the fool?

The answer is easy and it is always the same: The man who thinks he is winning by fooling someone else.

The man who thinks he is "slick" in "making a fool" of someone else, is only thereby decreasing his own power.

The man who lies to someone thinks he is making a fool of the other person. He is not. He is only demonstrating that his real value is not so great as the other person took it for granted it was.

The hard-faced women who push their way into the last seat, who always insist upon having their own way, and who impose upon others think they are making fools of those they impose upon.

In reality they are only making fools of themselves.

The sweet, kindly women whom everyone loves and for whom respect grows with the years are never of this type. They are the ones who frequently have been "made fools of."

A child can easily be deceived, but to deceive him shows only despicable traits.

"Making a fool" of others never shows either character or intelligence.

The wise man realizes that sincerity is one of the strongest forces in the world and aligns himself with it.

FISH NET MINDS



OST men who accomplish big things have fish net minds.

James Harvey Robinson, in his book "The Mind in the Making," says, "Only by forgetting almost everything can we remember anything."

If we tried to remember everything we see and hear and feel, our minds would be in such a seething jumble that nothing would be coherent or accessible.

Only by choosing something here and there as time with its myriad little events rushes past and concentrating upon it can we remember anything.

In this way our minds are like fish nets.

Time with its experiences and thoughts rushes through. As the net lets the nugatory water run through, but holds the valuable fish, so the mind must let the mass of occurrences sift through and hold only those it thinks of value.

Different minds like different nets are arranged to catch different kinds of things. Some nets have openings so small that little fish are caught while others have openings so big only large ones are taken. The thoughts and ideas which one mind is set to catch are different from the ones another mind is prepared to retain.

The farmer, for instance, has his mind set for ideas about his work. He catches new ideas about farm-

ing that a mechanic who has his mind set to catch mechanical ideas will miss.

The writer once had dinner with a man who was writing plays. Several times at apparently unimportant occurrences he would say, "There is something I have never seen on the stage that would go well," or, "That is a good line." After he explained what he saw in it we were all able to appreciate it although we had not seen its worth before.

He had set his nets for ideas and lines that would fit into plays and as soon as one came he caught it. The rest of us, who had set our mind nets for other things, missed them.

The main difference between those who have "original ideas" and those who do not is that the former have set their nets for them, they have centered their minds upon getting them and have trained their ears to catch them when they come.

Experts who do big things in any line are specialists who have fish net minds arranged to catch one type of ideas and experiences, those relative to their business.

The mind of each man unconsciously acts as sentry to each idea and experience which streams past him in life. He challenges each one. If it is the kind he is interested in and wants, he holds it; if not, he lets it pass on.

NOW CATCH ANOTHER FLY

IKNEW a fellow once who spent so much of his time being proud of himself because he didn't smoke cigarettes that he never amounted to a hill of beans.

Back in college I knew another young man who put himself through school. His parents could not afford to send him, so he earned his own way. This was fine. It showed real character. But he was so proud of the fact that he was earning all his way while some of the other students were being put through by their fathers that he did not take advantage of his opportunities. He considered earning his way the important thing and what he was there for—an education—as secondary.

I have known other people who were so proud of not swearing or of never being late or of dressing neatly that they failed to improve themselves in other and highly important qualities.

If you are going to choose something to be proud of, choose something that keeps growing, that is only partially fulfilled and in which the "completed proudness" will come only after years of work.

A woman at her first ball game saw a fielder run half way across the diamond to catch a fly.

When the pandemonium in the grandstands had quieted down she turned to her male companion

and asked what all the excitement was about. "Why, he caught the fly!" he told her. To which she replied: "Yes, but I thought that was what he was out there for."

Think over your job. Are you expecting to get a big cheer from the grandstands every time you do just what you are supposed to do?

Does half of you sit in the grandstand and cheer the other half when you do something that is good, but the same old good thing that you have been doing for years?

The fact that you don't smoke or have earned your way to a college diploma or are always on time or do any number of other things is highly commendable. Such things deserve an occasional cheer.

You are like a fielder who has caught a difficult fly. You have conquered a weakness or developed a strong quality—but after all, that is what you are there for.

Pretty soon the cheers stop and the game goes on, and there are a lot of flies in other parts of the diamond to be caught.

Hold on to the good and strike out for the better.

It is all right to give yourself a cheer once in a while, but not for flies you have caught long ago.

When the ball is in your glove take your cheer, but afterwards set your jaw and get up on your toes and go after the next one.

THE HABIT OF ASKING QUESTIONS



NEWSPAPER reporters who interviewed Lloyd George during the World War were always warned to be careful or they would come away having answered a great many more questions than they had asked.

Theodore Roosevelt was another man who was noted for "interviewing interviewers."

Both men were constantly on the alert for valuable information, seeking it by asking questions of those they met.

Men of versatility of interests and breadth of information have invariably been great question askers.

The habit of asking questions is the sign of a wide-awake mind.

And it is a habit which can be cultivated:

The time a person is learning most rapidly is when he is a child. And that is the time he is asking the most questions. Everything is new and big and strange, and the number of things he wants to know is unlimited.

As one grows older and learns at least what ordinary objects "are called," asking questions becomes more difficult. It requires greater knowledge. It demands an effort.

If you do not know anything about chemistry you will not have many questions to ask a famous chemist.

The more you know about a subject the more you can learn by asking a specialist questions.

A man who made a name for himself because of his wide knowledge once said: "Almost all I know I learned by asking questions."

Our reasons for failing to take advantage of this great source of information may lie in our timidity, our pride, our feeling of ignorance or our lack of interest.

All of these are weak qualities and can be corrected.

As to the dread of showing your ignorance by asking foolish questions, it is well to remember the statement of Steinmetz, the electrical experimenter, who said:

"There is no such thing as a foolish question."

Of course this implies a real desire for information and not just idle curiosity.

No one is offended by sincere interest in his work or in himself. Personal magnetism has been defined as consisting of sincerity and interest in other people and their work.

The habit of asking questions is an invaluable one to cultivate.

WHEN PADEREWSKI PLAYS



HE man who loses himself in his work, whatever that work may be, has found a key to power.

The man who thinks of himself invariably finds himself getting in the road of what he accomplishes.

It is said that the inventor of Chinese glazed porcelain threw himself into the fire of his furnace in order to accomplish the purpose he had in view.

In one sense every creature has to throw himself head foremost into his work.

This is illustrated in the playing of Paderewski, who forgets himself and his audience and throws his whole heart and mind and strength into his art. Herein is found the secret of his superlative greatness.

When you hear Paderewski play you forget that he is only a man fingering the keys of an instrument of wood and wire.

Listening to him you know that he, too, has forgotten. You know he is living in the far-away world of the melody he interprets.

His great leonine head, his massive brow, his sensitive mobile face, are but a thin transparent mask revealing the inward fire of his soul.

When he is at the piano he lives and dreams, and you dream with him.

You hear the rippling of the water among the water lilies, and the soft cadences of the wind among the rushes of the shore.

Then there is an airy rush of fairy feet, a flood of moonlight, and a sudden upward reach like clashing steel on steel. Occasionally there is a burst of rocket glare, a crash of distant rolling drums, and silence.

All through his work you hear the wild, fanciful, lyric mood singing through the wood, and you seem to see the little folk come forth and peep slyly into the faces of busy men.

At last amid the garish lights of the street outside you wake up and realize that you have after all spent but an hour with dreams.

Still, another man through the power of his intensity and the power of his feelings has wrought an unforgettable hour in the fabric of your life.

If you have enjoyed Paderewski's playing, or for that matter the playing of any other great artist, you have seen the power that comes from forgetting one's self.

ARE WE LIVING TOO FAST?



ABUNCH of German experts came over the other day on a steamer from Hamburg, and Professor Emil Kraepelin in an interview expressed himself as believing that people are living too fast in this country.

He said that young men are going ahead one hundred years here in the same time that they are advancing a quarter of a century in Europe.

He held that this would work havoc with the nervous system, and yet, after all, it might be a good thing.

It may be found out that speed in living, as we have it here, is advantageous for race development instead of destructive. Those who have traveled in Europe have remarked upon the apparent slowness of life. People appear to have plenty of time—time to work, time to play, time to rest, and time to enjoy themselves. Here we are going fast all the time.

The trouble is that the American ideal is different from the European.

According to the American notion, a man is born to achieve something, while according to the European notion he is born to enjoy something.

In America enjoyment only

comes through achievement. It is the reward of the doer.

Secretary Mellon, seventy years of age, is still a busy man. He has taken a job as Secretary of the Treasury, the salary for which he does not need, for he is a very rich man, and has apparently taken it in order to be busy about something worth while. Every day is full of activity.

He is the type of the American man who is not happy unless he is doing something. With us a man who stops work stops life. More people are killed from resting than from any other cause, with us.

In Europe it is different. There orders of nobility, for instance, are all founded upon a leisure class. A man is noble in proportion as he can go far enough back to find an ancestor who worked for his salt.

There it is considered a disgrace to be in trade. With us if a man is doing nothing he is disgraced.

It is all in the way you look at it, and who knows whether our point of view is not sounder than the European?

At least our idea makes for progress, for unceasing activity and invention. We are not satisfied with things as they are ever, but we must be going on.

This perhaps explains America's predominancy in the world.

TIME STOPS

I THINK it was a professor in Johns Hopkins University who the other day advanced the idea that moderate drinking was good for people in our hectic civilization because they need relaxation.

Of course alcohol is injurious, but its claim is that the little injury it does is offset by the benefit that accrues to the individual because his intense activities are relaxed.

In other words when a man is drunk or in any kind of ecstasy time has ceased to flow on.

In J. M. Barrie's admirable little discourse on courage he tells of a monk who went out one day in the woods and heard a lark singing. He listened for what he thought was about fifteen minutes and then went back to the monastery. There he met a stranger at the gate who asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted "in." The gatekeeper said he did not know him, but on looking up the records it was found that about one hundred and fifty years before a monk had disappeared in the woods and never been found. It was this same monk. While the lark was singing time stopped.

We have all of us had moments of ecstasy when the world seemed to cease to wag.

This moment may be a moment of supreme love. Or it may be that experience which a gambler seeks

in the turn of a card. It is the same kind of intoxication that the drunkard desires when he fills himself with whiskey.

In other words, what is most desired by the average person of the human race is to forget himself and his surroundings. When the soul can absorb itself in something else we say that it has found ecstasy.

This is the real fountain of youth.

The fountain of youth is humility.

This is also the source of power.

An orator does not move his audience profoundly until he has forgotten himself and remembers only his message.

A writer or a musician cannot be a supreme artist unless he forgets himself.

In one way or another we are all seekers after ecstasy.

The sensualist seeks it in his passions, the drunkard in his cups, the gambler in his gaining, the religionist in his devotion. The eternal cry that goes up from the human breast is "Who shall deliver me from the body of this earth?"

A play is a success when it is absorbing, when it holds other interests so that we forget the passage of time.

It is seen that the intolerable burden of humanity is time, and the only release from it is something that shall make time stop.

VACATION



VACATION days are coming.

The warmth of Summer is creeping into the air, the Spring fever is invading our bones, we find ourselves dreaming of the old swimmin' hole, and longing to be hiking over the mountain or beating down the coast of Cape Cod before a spanking breeze.

And then—we look at our job, our prospects, our interests and our ambitions, and make up our mind to stick to business this Summer.

Concerning which the best advice is—Don't.

Relax.

Let go, spit on your hands, and when you take hold again you can hit harder.

But, for that matter, it's a poor plan to wait for vacation for relaxation. We ought to do some of it every day.

That man can hold hardest who knows how to let go.

Keeping everlastingly at it brings success—maybe; also paresis.

Every life needs a little vagabondage, to offset the bondage.

Take a day off now and then. Stack up your papers, and if anything comes up let George do it.

Get away, and don't take anything or anybody with you.

Play Haroun Al Raschid.

Poke about in little shops. Chat with the pawnbroker. Get the banana peddler's ideas.

Go down to where the shipping is. At the water's edge is always the laziest life.

Or go into the country.

Sit on a log and whittle a stick.

Lean back against a tree, and listen to the universe.

Find a lake, and look long at it, and let your mind run down.

Follow a brook up the way to no-



At school, pupils every once in a while have to take an Examination. It is a good thing for each of us to examine himself once a day. For instance, just before we go to bed it would be a good thing to ask ourselves such questions as these:

Have I been cowardly and evaded things I should have met squarely?

Have I been vacillating and weak, or firm and decided?

Have I indulged in self-pity?

Have I been deceitful?

Have I been disloyal?

Have I indulged in vanity?

Have I eaten or drunk too much?

Have I done my work the best I could?

Have I been entirely honest?

Have I spent money uselessly?

You can lengthen out this list for yourself. These are just samples.

where.

You are an animal yourself.

You forget that—and come to grief.

Be! Don't forever be Doing!

Slow up! Let the thundering train of progress go by, and smile, as you hear its receding whistle in the distance.

GYROSCOPES OF LIFE



GYROSCOPE, as everybody knows, is a revolving disc or wheel which when placed upon a ship or an aeroplane maintains it in steady posture.

There are certain things within us which are like gyroscopes.

One thing is conscience, or the sense of "ought." So long as that is functioning normally and well, it helps to steady us in times of uncertainty. When we do not know what else to do we instinctively turn to the right, and nine times out of ten we come off better.

Probably the greatest gyroscope with all of us is habit. If we have done things frequently and for a long time it is very easy to continue doing them. A man often moves forward by the momentum of his habit when he lacks the proper initiative. Habit is the flywheel of society, and it is the flywheel of the individual man, that holds him on in a settled course without his resorting to reason.

There is also the gyroscope of work. If a man has something to do and does it every day, the very routine carries him forward in the right direction. Those who do not have work to do, the idle classes, as a rule are unsteady and unreliable. Work is the element that holds human society together, and it is

the foundation of most of our morality.

Another gyroscope is public opinion. We go on doing the same thing and pursuing a course simply because people expect it of us.

Another gyroscope which may be mentioned is love. Very frequently a crisis happens in the family and is only tided over because of the affection of the members. Love is one of those things that hold on when intelligence is baffled.

The family is a gyroscope, and there are many men who go on working hard simply because of those around them. Their desire to protect their family and their position as the breadwinner drive them forward upon their course.

Very often a wife is a good gyroscope. She will keep a man at work and busy when he loses interest in it otherwise. She is a constant, steady force, impelling him to industry and decency.

Very often when one's career is threatened by the waves and winds of opposition and circumstances, he needs to fall back upon a gyroscope of some kind to keep him steady in his course. Through darkness and disillusionment and failure a man pursues the even tenor of his way because some gyroscope is revolving within him.

THE CHILD



PARENTHOOD is a live topic nowadays. More people than ever before in the world's history seem to be talking about the duties of parents.

The whole question of bringing up children and the parent-child relationship are receiving new light.

A recent play, "Are Parents People?" asks a very searching question, and a distinguished Boston professor writes of "Parents Who Haven't Grown Up."

New ideas about parents and children are being given to the world. For these we are indebted to various people—to psychologists, to educators, to sociologists, and others.

Even parents have become psychologists and educators and sociologists on their own account. They have decided that since they bring up children they are the ones who ought to know most about them.

For this reason child study groups among parents are growing and should be encouraged. They are a good thing.

Two fathers on a train the other day, both holding copies of a newspaper open at the financial page, were overheard talking about bringing up children.

We are told that the child who is unhappy may be suffering from creative impulses that are thwarted. The child who embarrasses its parents by always attracting attention to itself when company is around is probably starved for legitimate opportunities to perform.

Children need more chance to build, to do things, to feel the thrill of successful achievement in one way or another.

Fears, we are informed, may be the result of specific experience in the earliest years.

These are some of the things psychologists are telling us.

Discipline is as much a topic of discussion as ever. Obedience may not be the virtue we have always thought it, we are told, for the freedom of the child is an object of intelligent parents these days.

Punishment has undergone many changes. The dark closet, the frightening of children, the beating of the helpless innocents—all these are frowned upon. In their place come reasoning with children, the light of explanation, treating children like grown-ups, and perhaps some judicious form of deprivation.

There are some people who hope that some day the last spanking will be administered to children.

TRAVEL WITH A PURPOSE



HE Music Travel Club of America has undertaken to plan for musicians their summer trip in Europe in such a way as to make their visit musically valuable.

This club says that musical students and musical enthusiasts who have gone to Europe for a summer have been at a disadvantage. Through lack of a well-defined programme they have missed much of that musical life in Europe which might have been of benefit to them.

Musicians this summer may have the opportunity of making a complete survey of European life and history, to attend to the summer festivals, and get some intelligent idea of the range of music in Europe at the present day, an idea which independently it would be difficult to obtain.

Travel in Europe is a distinct asset to culture. Those who can afford it should not omit it. And a great many can afford it who think they cannot.

Living in Europe is not so expensive as it is at home and travel is well organized. It is possible to go about economically and yet to be very comfortable.

Many a young man and young woman has managed to spend a delightful summer vacation with a bicycle, especially in England, France, Germany and Italy.

Of course America is the greatest country on earth and all that sort of thing, but the fact remains that from the standpoint of culture America is still a colony of Europe.

We may have the thirst for culture, a thirst even greater than that of Europeans, but we do not yet have the things of culture in that abundance which is found upon the other side. Such things come only with years.

It has often been said that a year of travel in Europe is educationally equal to two years in college at home. This is particularly true if one is seeking that sort of education for which the great works of art are necessary.

And in travel, as in other things, co-operation is valuable. There is a certain pleasure in independent wanderings, but there are distinct advantages in having a number of fellows along who are interested in the same things.

A programme is also important. It is well enough to go about looking curiously at whatever we may happen to see, but we do not get the best results from travel unless we have some sort of schedule and plan.

Thousands of Americans visit Europe every summer. To many of these it is merely a lark. But there are many others who are intelligent enough to wish to combine the pleasure of visiting new places with the advantages that come from a bit of study and orderly investigation.

If the many tourist companies whose appeal is to provide change and amusement for sight-seers are successful, there is no reason why clubs or societies should not be helpful whose purpose is to combine diversion with a constructive programme.

THE BACKSLAPPER



PLAY has recently been given in New York called "The Backslapper."

It depicts a man who is an all-round good fellow and very popular. The trouble with him is that he has no principles.

He is a good illustration of a man with personality, but no principles.

Personality is a good thing to push us on our way. Everybody likes it and we are fortunate in having a personality that is appealing.

But in a way it is deceptive. It is no good without principles, without some things we believe in and fall back on and stand for when the wind is in any direction.

You can always tell when you find a man of principle. He has his feet upon a rock and cannot be moved.

He is the kind of man we trust. We know that he will keep his word and we know that he will be consistent with himself.

Personality is a good thing, but personality alone is delusive.

Personality is a good deal a matter of temperament. A man is usually born with it or born without it, although with care we can cultivate it.

Many a good fellow is a drunkard, a liar and a thief. We may like him and enjoy his personality, but we never depend on him.

There is many another fellow who seems to be mean and ungracious and grumpy, but whom we all trust because we know he has principles and will not depart from them.

Unfortunately positions in politics go to men with personality almost entirely, but positions of trust in the business world, the position of president of a bank or chairman of a large corporation, are filled by men who have principles.

As I have said before, we do not want a live wire or a good mixer for bank president. Ed Howe says that for this position we want the meanest man in town.

We are not looking for popularity nor general likeableness in those people who occupy positions of trust.

We are looking for people who keep their word and whose obligations are sacred.

We are looking for people who are good in the dark as well as in the light, people with background, people with principles that are unswerving.

GOOD AND EVIL



EW people speak of humility, humbly," says Pascal in his "Thoughts," "few chastely of chastity and few doubtfully of doubt."

No truer word has been penned than this. Those who speak the most of chastity are of questionable repute in their virtue. Indeed the most chaste are those who are the most unconscious of it. As for those who doubt, there is quite as much of a dogmatical nature among them as among those who believe. Attention has often been called to the cocksureness of doubters.

It is certainly to be expected that those who give themselves up to doubt should doubt their own doubts, but, as Pascal says, we are so composed of duplicity, contrariness and untruth that, in our very attack against beliefs we use a belief that is quite as dogmatical and intolerant.

It is a question whether those who have any virtue at all are not those who are unconscious of it and that those who attack us are not themselves guilty of the very things which they attack.

Take it in the matter of egotism. Our very railing against it often displays an egotism greater than that which we oppose and those

who compose discourses against pride are as proud of their discourses and their readers are as proud of reading them as the people whom they condemn.

In fact, the criticism of any vice demands a virtue the most rigid, as the first question asked by everyone is, "What right has one to criticize and oppose unless his own hands are clean?"

We are so frail, and our virtues are so questionable, that the business of judging others should be left to those who are perfect, and of these there are at least very few.

Those who set themselves up to criticize the frailties of mankind should either be above them or below them, at least he should be removed from the argument *tu quoque*. Solomon and Job, again says Pascal, knew best the misery of man and have spoken the best of it; the one the happiest of men and the other the most unhappy; one knowing the vanity of pleasures by experience and the other the reality of evil by experiencing evil.

In both cases the judgment of these men was true because they were removed from participation in pleasure, the one by overfeeding and the other by a knowledge of evil.

THE MAN WHO HAS NEVER HEARD THEM



HE'S a godsend, the man who has never heard your old jokes.

I met him recently on a transatlantic liner.

We were sitting in the smoking room and fell into conversation. We had finished up the weather, the discussion of the merits of the boat, the probable run we would make that day, the poor service at the table, the big prices we had to pay for passage, and both of us had bragged about our business and how prosperous we were, and how smart our children were, and had mentioned all the famous people we knew and Great Names we had rubbed against, and the kind of tobacco we liked, and what we thought of Prohibition and the War, and the talk had rather petered out, when I cautiously sprang an Old One on him.

It was a very old one, dating back as far as Jack Haverly's Minstrels or "The Black Crook."

He laughed. He laughed heartily.

At first I eyed him suspiciously. Was he spoofing? No; he really seemed to be enjoying it.

A peculiar warmth pervaded my vitals. A charming vista opened before me. If this one was new to him, I saw myself telling 199 more, all the Old Ones I had never dared tell for years.

I brought out another. It was of the vintage of the late nineties. I hadn't handled it for so long I nearly snuffed it. But he was delighted. He shook with mirth.

Well, old boy, I said to myself, if you're that easy, right here is where you are going to get your Thousand and One Nights Entertainment in six days, and I am your little Scheherezade.

I found out he was from Honolulu, had lived there all his life. He was virgin soil. He was undiscovered territory and an undigged mine.

So I turned me loose. I brought out gags with gray whiskers on them a foot long, quips whose obsequies had been attended by our grandfathers, quirks



LEANING up is more vital than dressing up. The most important thing in the world is to get rid of the waste. The salvation of the office is the waste basket. The salvation of the home is the scrubbing brush. The salvation of the body is efficient elimination. The salvation of the soul is keeping dirt out of the imagination.

In the house of death there is the smell of cologne, in the hospital there is the odor of disinfectant. Because the cleansing processes of life are secret, private and not to be mentioned or witnessed they are all the more sacredly essential. The bacilli of Nature are the wrath of God that waits for the unclean.

The devil's other name is Dirt.

covered with moss, smart sayings so old that I would have been expelled from any club in New York for repeating them.

And every time I fired he went down. Every time I lit the match of my wit he exploded with appreciation.

It is difficult for me to restrain my expression, for I love that man beyond the love of woman.

Is there, upon this troubled sphere, any human being so satisfying to the soul as The Man Who Has Never Heard Any Of Your Old Ones Before?

MEMORIAL DAY



ONCE a year it is the custom to set aside one day as Memorial Day.

This was originally to keep the memory green of those who had died in War.

The day has expanded its purpose, however, and has come to include those who have died from any cause.

It is of human nature to die.

No man can escape the penalty of the common lot; as Victor Hugo says in his tremendous way, "Nous sommes tous condamnés." We are all under sentence of death and awaiting the executioner.

That nation has advanced far in civilization that respects the works and achievements of its ancestors. The progress of any people may be known by the character of its tombs. We are all living upon dead men's labors. The discovery of the sewing machine, the electric telegraph and other wonders is due to men now dead.

We are standing upon the shoulders of preceding generations.

Confucius said that the beginning of knowledge is to acquaint one's self with what has gone be-

fore. A little study of history would help many a man who thinks he has discovered some new truth. It would do him no harm and his fellows less, to know that a thousand years before he was born others had enunciated his idea and tried to carry it out.

The past is a great sea of wisdom from which we may all draw water.

Of course we do not have to go as far as the Chinese, and set up ancestor worship, but it is easy to fall into the equal error of despising our predecessors.

To those who have gone before us it is but right that we should give their due. Their wisdom and their experience may be of benefit to us. But we should live for the future.

Americans are accused of over-valuing their progeny and neglecting their ancestors. There is such a thing as living for those who are to come, at the same time not neglecting those who have preceded us.

Therefore the tulip and the rose may well blush today over the dead, while out of their mould comes the lily and the hyacinth for those who are still to come.

SOLITAIRE



LIFE, in many respects, resembles a game of solitaire.

Its success depends quite as much upon how the cards are dealt as upon the players' skill in setting them down.

There is no use, very much, of being a skillful performer if you do not have the cards.

Life, at its best, is a combination of luck and skill.

What we call luck consists in the way events come to us. These events are controlled by a power not of ourselves. It makes little difference what we call that power, whether it is Deity, in some form, or the laws of the universe. Suffice it to say it is not under our control, but we are, perhaps, under its.

All sorts of devices have been suggested by which man is to control those forces which are beyond him, such as prayer and all sorts of relations with the infinite, including fortune telling, but no law as yet has been discovered which is practical invariably.

It still remains that a good part of success is dependable not upon ourselves, but upon the order of events in the world in which we live.

Notwithstanding this fact the results of skill remain indubitable.

In the long run the player who believes in himself, and who acts intelligently and courageously, will win.

If there be such a thing as luck it is a fickle jade and comes to those who believe in themselves and has a way of disappointing those who do not.

Not only does luck eventually control us and our doings, but it has a way of coming to the man who believes that luck is in his favor. That is to say, his very attitude toward it is such as to bring it to him.

Napoleon believed in his star and all other great men who have accomplished much have believed in themselves and that fortune favored them.

It is as easy to believe one thing as another and those who adopt the attitude that is favorable to fortune usually find that fortune adopts the attitude that is favorable to them.

Those who believe, in some way, that the unseen forces are with them are usually more successful than those who believe that these forces are against them.

Perhaps all there is to it is that a belief in fortune is apt to steady one's hand and increase one's skill and that therefore the efforts one puts forth are thereby increased.

DARING TO "BEGIN"



HERE needs," says Maurice Maeterlinck, "but so little to encourage beauty in our soul; so little to awaken the slumbering angels. There is no soul but is conscious of this. And yet must one of them 'begin.' Why not dare to be the one to 'begin'?"

What Maeterlinck says is true. Behind the mask we are all hungry for soul companionship. Yet we dare not "begin." We are afraid to speak the thoughts of the inner man. We cringe at the possibility of being thought sentimental.

We are queer little people. We are like shell fish ashamed to have it known there is a living, breathing spirit within the shell. We are proud of the shell and ashamed of the life within it.

When the Twentieth Century puffs itself up to hurl its most crushing anathema it chooses the epithet "sentimental."

Yet sentiment is the oil which keeps this hard, whirring, old Earth from grinding itself to pieces.

Sentiment is one of the things that makes a man a man instead of a blind pushing worm. The higher the type of man the more real sentiment he has, despite the intelligentsia speculations to the contrary.

Our sentiments and emotions are the roots of friendship. Cold intellectual discussion never binds two hearts together. Gifts of material things "wax poor when givers prove unkind." Our friendships are rooted only as deep as our mutual emotional experiences have gone.

The grass, with its surface roots, is luxuriant after the shower. But it browns and dies in the drought which leaves the oak tree with its deep-probing roots unchanged.

Friendships that are rooted no deeper than the pleasant "small talk" of idle hours wither as the grass under the first strain.

Friendships which are based on moments when each has opened his heart to the other and showed thoughts which "pass across his soul like great white birds," are rooted deep and like the oak survive.

It takes a brave man to dare to "begin"; to dare to lift a conversation to a high plane.

It is so easy, so safe, to indulge only in "small talk."

Here you will never be misunderstood, for there is nothing to misunderstand. You will never be touched to the quick by the revealed deficiency of one you have admired. You will never see the cold steel of a smile pierce the glowing loveliness of a new-born ideal. You will never hear misunderstanding laughter tearing the soft draperies of the "inner temple."

You will be safe. But you will miss the beautiful adventures which come only to those who dare to "begin."

The next time you are sitting silent with one whom you know well, with whom you have talked but of common-places, dare to "begin," dare to speak of those thoughts we all have as we lie awake at night or walk alone, thoughts on the great worthwhile things of life.

To do this is to start pushing deep the roots of friendship.

The Golden Rule ought to be amended. In addition to saying that you should do to others as you would that they should do unto you, it ought to be added "But do it first." Somebody must take the initiative.

Dare to "begin."

THE EASIEST WAY



FORCE is the easiest way. Every once in awhile we hear a statement of parents that it is much simpler to flog children than to use moral suasion.

If one has superior force, the simplest method is to exert it in order to accomplish his object.

The same is true of nations. There are some who cannot get over what seems to them to be an indubitable fact that the nation's safety depends upon its power to use force.

History shows us, however, that this is a delusion.

In other words there are greater forces in the world than mere physical predominance. In the long run right and justice have their way in spite of the trained battalions and elaborate tyrannies formed to overcome them.

In the home it may be used to flog children. It may be easy to rule by fear. But when you have punished a child you have demonstrated one thing—that you are a stronger man than he. His spirit remains rebellious. You have made an enemy of him and you arouse all his cunning in order to overcome you or evade you.

If on the contrary you control him by moral suasion by suggest-

ing an example, you have secured his enthusiastic co-operation; you have allied yourself to what is best in him.

This is hard because the right training of children implies that we should be right ourselves.

No man who gives way constantly to a hasty temper can hope to overcome bad temper among his children. Only by self-control ourselves can we hope to inculcate self-control among children.

Their eyes are very sharp and see past our words and teachings to our deeds. It is difficult to deceive a child.

When we do so we have aroused the spirit of deception in him. We need not be surprised if our children lie to us if we lie to them. If we are honest and frank with them, they will be honest and frank in all their dealings with their fellowmen.

It is much easier to do as we please and seek to enforce righteousness by physical punishment. But if we think that we are training children in this fashion, we deceive ourselves.

To them, as well as to other people, what we are shrieks so loudly that they cannot hear what we say.

THE THREE ORANGES



WHEN a juggler keeps three oranges going he has to watch his work or he will drop one of them to the ground.

The three oranges that all must keep in the air are wife, work and religion.

When we neglect what we are doing the tendency is to drop one or more of these.

When a man becomes too occupied with his work and neglects his wife his home is in danger.

When his entire attention is given to his wife and his work, and his religion is neglected, he is apt to lose his moral background. No substitute for morals other than religion has ever been discovered.

Over attention to any one of these oranges tends to imperil the others.

Democracy is hard and monarchy is easy simply because with all liberty comes increased peril. I think it was Elihu Root who said that democracy is always in danger.

Each of the three things mentioned, wife, work and religion, is necessary to a man and it is necessary that he give to each one his personal attention.

The experiment has been extensively tried, especially in the Ori-

ent, of having a wife selected for one by parents or relatives. Much criticism against this scheme has been based upon the fact that a certain amount of romance is needed in every man's life. If he does not find it in his wife he will seek for it elsewhere. Hence the experiment of marriage arranged by someone other than the individual tends to increase the irregularity of living. When romance is shut out of the door it comes in by the window.

In the same way a man's usable religion is that which he gains from his own experience. It seems much easier to have somebody else tell you what to do and to think, but all religion that is founded upon what somebody else tells you instead of what you discover yourself has a tendency to become hard and formal.

There are some people who are fortunately endowed and who do not have to work. That is one orange they do not have to keep in the air. The absence of work however, is hardly beneficial to the favored classes.

It is good for a man to attend to these three things himself. The neglect of any one of them tends to imperil the safety of the others and of the individual himself.

STATION STOPPERS



GREAT many people mistake way stations for the final stop.

Very often we are ready to give up the battle because of some temporary setback when all that is necessary is simply to go on and win.

Nature is partial, if she is partial at all, to the persistent man.

If a man will keep on going as he started, and keep on long enough, by and by he will win. Very frequently we get the idea that it is all up with us when nature is just fronting us with another obstacle to be overcome.

Everybody needs to be reminded not to take a way station for a last stop, for only the final score is what counts.

Sometimes people commit suicide thinking that it is all over with their prospects. They should be reminded that it is never all over, that as long as there is life there is hope, and that nobody is justified in quitting the battle for existence. That is a thing that the Creator has reserved for His own wisdom. No man knows when he is through.

It is always refreshing to find the kind of courage that springs up after failure and makes another attempt. For life is a succession of failures for most of us, and the quality of our existence is deter-

mined not by our constant winning, but by our undaunted spirit.

The next time you are confronted by a distressing situation, say to yourself that it is only a way station, that in time your train will pass on and the incident will be forgotten. The final station never comes until you are called hence to another sphere. And with that calling you have nothing to do.

As far as that is concerned we do not know that death is the final station.

The world has persistently believed that life is going on after death and that the thread of our career will be taken up again in another sphere. If that is true, death itself is only a way station and the final stop lies somewhere in the beyond.

Be that as it may, it is death that is the only final stopping place in this life. Everything else is merely temporary. Most things will remedy themselves if you leave them alone. Things have a way of getting better and difficulties have a way of dissolving. Time cures most troubles.

There is no trouble about which we can say the final word until time has had its say.

When there is no more time then that is for us the full stop, but not until then.

THE BLIND MAN WITH A GUN



SINCERITY and devotion to a single aim are good. But when these are accompanied by ignorance it is like a blind man with a gun.

It is well to be earnest, and you cannot accomplish much unless you are wholly devoted to some principle, but if you are ignorant at the same time you are a blind man with a gun.

Mr. Bryan was doubtless sincere in his opposition to evolution.

It is well for a man to say as William Lloyd Garrison, "I must and will be heard." But he is of value only when he stands for the truth.

Doubtless many in Russia are in earnest. Doubtless the Bolsheviks, Communists and anarchists, many of them, are sincere. They are blind men with a gun.

The purpose of education and learning what the past has to say to us is largely to remove the blindfold from our eyes.

Anyone can be in earnest, but it takes time and patience to become informed. Earnestness is only good when it is added to knowledge.

Those who can see, that is those who are informed and in possession of the truth, should be armed to

protect themselves and the innocent bystanders against the shooting that often takes place among the uninformed.

Intelligence persists. Truth is mighty and will prevail. Wrong fails eventually.

But all this does not prevent that which is evil from doing much harm when it is in possession of the means of force.

It is not man's first duty to be honest and candid. It is his first duty to inform himself. Honesty and candor are of no value in an ignorant man.

No man has been able to calculate the damage that is done by ignorance. It has destroyed the lives of thousands, it has encouraged pests, it has been fatal to nations.

The time was when people used to gather in the churches and pray against the advance of a pestilence. Nowadays they use carbolic acid. One is earnestness without information and the other is based upon actual knowledge.

It makes no difference what a fine and noble character the captain of a ship may have unless he is master of the art of navigation. It makes no matter how grand and noble a general may be if he does not understand the art of war.

TREES ALONG THE ROAD

IF I were asked what, of all the beautiful things I saw in the beautiful country of France, was the most beautiful, I should unhesitatingly reply: "The trees along the road."

I have only to close my eyes to see them now—the long white road stretching away, and above it the arched trees.

It seems to be a general custom here to line the highway with trees. And it bespeaks at once the taste, the good sense, and the thrift of these people.

Trees are beautiful anywhere—in their native forest, clumped in meadows where the cows shelter in their shade, about the house, in the garden, and in the park—but take it all in all I think I like them best by the roadside.

There they are public—everybody's trees, as trees ought to be. They shade equally the king in his coach and the vagabond asleep at their feet.

And they are there deliberately. Men must plant them there. And so it shows men appreciate them. They stand as invited guests. They are deservedly honored.

And there is something about a row of trees that is especially appealing. It is the most magnificent of processions. It is the permanent standing army of beauty.

As you look down a long avenue of trees you find it easy to believe that architects got their first idea of a cathedral nave from the spectacle of their meeting branches.

Such a tree-guarded road is splendidly, solidly, spiritually charming.

When I think of the infinite reaches of treeless bare roads I have traversed in

America, I wonder why we could not follow the hint of the French.

For these trees are valuable, economically as well as sentimentally. They say one-tenth of France is in trees.

The government carefully looks after forestry. For wood is a considerable national asset. Some day America is going



EVERYBODY wants to be efficient, but most of us are satisfied with efficiency in anything but the one thing that matters.

The one big thing to learn is HOW TO LIVE. Herbert Spencer, in his great book on Education, outlines this problem:

"In what way to treat the body; in what way to treat the mind; in what way to manage our affairs; in what way to bring up a family; in what way to behave as a citizen; in what way to use all those sources of happiness which nature supplies; how to live completely."

How much do we know of this great art of how to live?

to wake up to the necessity of conserving its trees.

One of the most distressing pictures of the war-devastated area that remains in my mind, is that of miles of road with the trees all cut down, whether by artillery or by the malice of the German army.

I was told that two acts of the Boche made Frenchmen the most furious. One was taking away French girls by the Germans to do farm work, herded by brutal officers, and the other was the needless cutting down of trees, particularly orchards. For to these people, and to me, a tree is very near to being human.

IMPROVE YOUR WORK; DON'T CHANGE IT



SOMEBODY gave advice the other day to this effect: Improve your work; don't change it.

In other words, if you are dissatisfied with what you have to do, see that you do it better. Don't look for another job.

This rule, of course, has many exceptions. There are times when we find ourselves to be a square peg in a round hole. We don't fit. We must get a place in accordance with our taste and capacities.

But the thing to do is to see that what we have to do we are doing well. It is easier to do work better than to change it.

Many a man has dissipated all his energies and come to old age a failure simply because he has been constantly looking around for better conditions.

Ideal conditions do not exist. The only job that is perfectly satisfactory is the one that somebody else has. When we get to it and get to doing it we find that there are limitations.

If we make up our minds to overcome difficulties and remain where we are, and to make our job a better one by doing it better, we shall as a rule be more content.

The art of life after all is one of adjustment. There is no place where a man does not have to alter circumstances to suit himself. Those who are constantly looking about for some job that shall be ideal are disappointed.

The discipline called forth in

adapting ourselves to our present situation is good for us.

One reason there are so many unhappy marriages is that men, instead of trying to adapt themselves to the situation, are looking about for a new one. No matter how attractive a woman may be at first, to live with one permanently calls for all our resources of adjustment.

No man is put in the ideal family. It is as rare to find an ideal marriage where everything seems to be made in accordance with our wishes, as it is to find a rose without thorns. There are drawbacks to everything. Human life is not ideal. Indeed it is a poor stick whose ideals cannot outrun his conditions.

Therefore, if we bend our energies toward making ourselves more adaptable to conditions instead of seeking conditions more adaptable to us, we shall get along better in the long run.

Even those who have to contend with such a thing as chronic sickness or an incurable disease find that after all a man's spirit is tested by his power of adaptation.

A girl who was born blind declared that she was perfectly happy. It is easy to inveigh against the limitations of blindness, but the road to happiness consists in adapting one's self to the inevitable.

The inevitable encloses us on all sides in this life as a man is enclosed by the walls of his room. It is better to accommodate one's self to those walls than to batter one's head against them.

THE UNESCAPABLE SELF



HERE is one person we can never get away from, and that is one's self.

There is a story told of Shelley that he had a dream in which he saw a man who thwarted his every purpose. He caused his business plans to fail, he interfered whenever he was on the point of success in a literary way, he did all he could to annoy and frustrate him. Finally Shelley was about to marry a beautiful girl, and when the minister at the altar asked if anyone could show cause why they two should not be joined together the stranger stepped forward. He had always worn a veil over his face so that Shelley could not see him. Angered by his interference Shelley leaped forward and tore the veil from his face. He discovered that it was himself.

So the man that is always getting in our way and frustrating our endeavors is our self.

Men take drink or drugs in the effort to escape from themselves. For a while they are another creature. But the old self eventually comes back.

A man committed a crime some years ago in New Jersey. On account of it he left his wife and family and finally settled in Detroit. There under an assumed name he married again and achieved success. He was a highly

respected citizen until the detectives found him and taxed him with his old criminal record. He escaped self for many years, but it finally found him.

In one of Oscar Wilde's plays the man asks the woman to run away with him. They would go to some distant place. "For," he says in urging her, "the world is wide." "No," she replies, "the world is not wide for me. It has shrunk to a palm's breadth."

There is an oriental proverb to the effect that a man may sail the seven seas, but he will not escape from himself.

It is a common delusion of people to think that they can be happy somewhere else. But happiness does not depend upon the place you are, but upon what you are. Even heaven cannot assure us happiness by the simple means of transporting us to another place; our characters must also be transformed.

There is a legend of a monkey in the hand of Buddha. He tried to escape and jumped farther than any monkey had jumped before, but he still found himself in Buddha's hand.

So we may go to the end of the earth, to the bottom of the sea, or to the stars in heaven. We shall not escape our selves.

READ HEALTHY LITERATURE



HERE is plenty of good literature. All the masters are sound and healthy. It is only the second-raters after all that have the gripes. Gloom, morbid, sickly, crazy stuff is the easiest in the world to write. Just as a child finds the quickest way to attract attention is to whine, so the lesser members of the writing craft soon discover that they can get fame much more easily by dealing in abnormality than by wholesome creative work.

Read Dickens, Shakespeare, Goethe, Victor Hugo. Here is healthy humanity, full-throated laughter, and if they give tragedy it is genuine, rational shadow cast by sunny peaks, and not an enveloping atmosphere of sickly morbidity. Read Macaulay, Emerson, Maeterlinck, Howells, Dumas, O. Henry, Conan Doyle (but not his later spiritualistic vagaries), Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, anything that leaves the tang of normal life and courage and love. Every morbid book or play is poison to you. Let such things alone. That way madness lies.

Keep away from cults of bitterness. If your religion is one of gloom and dread, get rid of it. "There be gods many and lords many," says the Scripture. If

your God is a Detective, a cruel Monster, a Tyrant, let him go. Find a God who is a Father, a Friend, a Savior.

Do not give yourself over wholly to any movement of protest, where the air is one of anger, hate, denunciation, bitterness. No man can safely let such sentiments control his life. What shall it profit a man if he save the whole world and land in hell himself? Besides, hell nor hellish programs of hate, revenge, violence, and the like can ever save anything. They are destructive. If this world is saved at all it will be by love, by understanding, by sympathy and helpfulness. Keep out of any party that has no sunshine.

And cultivate a sense of humor. To see the funny side of a thing always elevates us a little above it. If you can laugh outwardly or inwardly, you are superior. Don't take yourself, nor others, nor events, too seriously. "This too shall pass." Cultivate a wise indifference, a genial remoteness, a kindly and human aloofness.

Here, then, is your problem. Don't regard yourself as "a victim" of heredity, or circumstances, or temperament. Your life is not a prison sentence. **IT IS YOUR JOB.** Go to it! And look pleasant!

THE FIRST VIRTUE



HE most fundamental of all virtues is courage.

There have been found some tribes and races who do not know so much as the name of some of our other virtues, but there has never been discovered a tribe of men who do not respect courage. It is the universal virtue.

Historically it is one of the first virtues. David and Samson and other Bible heroes had many faults but all of them were brave men.

Perseus, Theseus, Hercules and others among the Greek mythological figures had much to condemn in them, but all of them were brave. In fact no race of people has apotheosized any man who was not brave.

Paul and Socrates had a good deal to say in praise of love and justice and yet they are both remembered because at critical epochs in their lives they were unafraid.

The young Russian Jew who in his Freshman year in college read the "Defense of Socrates" in Greek, said to his instructor: "I came into this class afraid to die. Now I am not afraid."

Courage is contagious. Every one of us who is brave in his own sphere communicates bravery to others. Just as fear is contagious and a panic is caused by its spread.

We may rest assured that we are doing this hard world some good if we stand squarely on our feet and face manfully whatever events may come.

In the same way, giving way to fear by any one of us does much to deplete the stock of the life force of the world. We should face boldly, not only what evil powers may do to us but the consequences of our own actions, which are sometimes worse.

The beginning of the rejuvenation of man, of any reformation, that is worth while, is in the act of defiance.

It is when a man realizes that there is something in him that is not subject to the whim of others, or events in the universe, but can stand out against them that he has begun his proper redemption. This comes when he can say and believe:

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

HEREDITY



HERE is a good deal of bunkum about heredity.

It is an alibi for a good many failures.

Heredity of course is a thing over which we have no control. We cannot pick our fathers and mothers, nor our ancestors. But we can make the most of what we are and have.

That is the problem before us. The wise man exercises his faculties within the gamut that nature has provided for him. He knows his limitations. He knows what he can do and what he cannot do. He does not use what he cannot do as an excuse for not doing what he can do.

There is a legend of Fredin somewhere. He was a man that all his life had to bear about his father's corpse. There is no doubt that we receive our parents' weakness or our forefathers' weakness. But the main thing is that we receive their strength.

Everybody's heredity runs back to God, and most of the incidental evils that he has received from his parents can be overcome by determined effort.

There are few evils in our surroundings that will not give way before a resolute will.

Very often a mother who is about to give birth to a child, or one who has a young child, is distressed over whether or not he will inherit the weaknesses of his father. This is usually a futile

worry. As a rule we do not inherit weaknesses. The tendency is for every baby to revert to the status of the original stock. This is called the law of reversion to type.

This is what keeps the world healthy and strong. Not the vagaries of individuals, but stock remains solid.

There is a tendency of every American child of Anglo-Saxon parents to be of the Anglo-Saxon type. There is a tendency also for an American child of Latin parents to be of the Latin type.

The one will probably be sturdy, blond and of large physical frame, while the other will probably be slight, dark and wiry.

But there is as much room for the efforts of one in the world as there is for the efforts of the other.

The world will always need the stolid and vigorous north-men, and it will always need the more volatile southerner. There is plenty of room for both.

Such a thing as a child's inheriting the disease tendencies of his parents, such as drunkenness or addiction to drugs, is rare. His imprint may be that of his remote ancestor, of an uncle, or a grandfather, quite as likely as that of his parents.

Our heredity on the whole is something that we must expect unquestionably, and it is up to all of us to make the best of that equipment that has been given us by Nature.

MILAWAN AND LACKSANA



HE King of Siam is going to marry Lacksana or may have married her by the time this is published.

This is of interest to the people of Siam because of the unusual nature of the proclamation announcing it.

The King was previously engaged to his cousin, half-sister of Lacksana, but the engagement was broken off because the state of his fiancée's health was unsatisfactory.

The King, who first met the beautiful Princess Vallabha Devi on a shopping expedition, became engaged to her, but after a few months declared that his noble desires could not satisfactorily be met owing to the incompatibility of temperament between himself and the princess and because her nervous system left much to be desired.

His royal preference now has lighted upon the Princess Lack-sana, and everybody seems satisfied and it appears to be all in the family.

The announcement has interest to the denizens of the Western world because of the fact that the King when he was Crown Prince announced that he would abolish the royal harem. His grandfather had about 8,000 wives.

Speaking in behalf of occidental civilization, more or less devoted to monogamy, we welcome the King to our midst.

He is forty years old, and ought to know what he is about.

The difference between having 8,000 wives and one is not a matter of mere quantity. It is a matter of quality.

That is to say, monogamy differs from polygamy and promiscuity because it is farther along in the process of evolution. It is one of the marks of a man's advance from being a mere animal with a body to becoming a creature with a soul.

Monogamy is an effort to idealize



ERE are some easy things. It is easy (1) to give way to impulse, and make no effort to control yourself; (2) to be mentally lazy and have no habits of study; (3) to eat what you please instead of what you should; (4) to lie and to side-step; (5) to go in debt and say, "Charge it"; (6) to acquire a bad habit; (7) to pity yourself and make excuses for yourself, and blame other people; (8) to be vain and egotistical; (9) to talk too much; (10) to go with the crowd, instead of following your own conscience. It is, in a word, easy to go down hill and hard to go up. But everything worth while is up hill.

the strongest instinct of the human race.

Of course monogamy has its rebels within and its foes without. It is the favorite butt of the jesting cynics whose pride is unfaith.

But just the same, as the world grows older and as the slow process of evolution strengthens the moral fibre of the race and increases its dominance over material desires, monogamy grows firmer in its position.

It attracts to itself the poetry, the beauty and the religion of the world.

PAY AS YOU ENTER



IN some street cars there is the sign "Pay as you enter."

It would be a good thing if that sign were pasted over every career in life.

For you get only what you pay for, and pay for in advance.

Things do not come to you, allow you to enjoy them, and then have you pay for them, but you have to pay for them first whether you enjoy them or not.

Many people would like to be great pianists. They would enjoy the applause, the fame and the praise. But the only person who will be a great pianist is the one who first pays the price, the price of devotion, study and hard work. After the price is paid they may be famous or they may not be, but in any case they pay before they get on.

In any calling of life the money, or study, or pains, or whatever it is, must first be paid before the emoluments come. If a man is to be a business success it means years of hard work before that is attained.

If a doctor wishes to succeed in his profession he must labor through years of preparation.

Perhaps this is the reason why the Master said, "If any man shall come after Me let him first take up his cross."

Even in the matter of eternal life you pay as you enter.

It would seem that you should be allowed to see the prize you have, to enjoy the goods you have bought first and ascertain whether they are of value or not before you pay for them. Such is not the case. You must pay for them first whether you enjoy them or not.

You pay for everything in this world and the cheapest things are those that you pay for in advance. All arrangements for deferred payments in time simply mean payment of a larger sum.

You must buy your ticket before you get on the train. You must get a little piece of pasteboard before you can see the show. You must pay a cover charge before you can sit down in the jazz palace and eat the food.

So in regard to spiritual things. A good many people do not believe in the Golden Rule, which is "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." They claim that it does not work out. The Golden Rule only works out with those people who do their part first. If you wait till the other fellow does his you will be still waiting. Many an individual, as well as all the nations of the earth, are waiting for the other fellow to do it first.

In the matter of international peace, therefore, as well as of individual benefit, we must pay as we enter.

FAR-SIGHT



HE eye is a wonderful organ.

Not the least wonderful thing about it is its ability to accommodate itself to the vision before it.

It can glimpse upward and see the stars; it can glimpse downward and see the dust on the ground. It makes this accommodation in a short space of time.

There are some people who have far-sight, but are unable to see things close about them. They see the stars, but fall in the ditch.

Such are sailors, who are accustomed to looking in the distance scanning the horizon and viewing far off ships.

In the city men are apt to become near-sighted. They read much. They are accustomed to looking at things close about them.

They become sophisticated and quick.

The street Arab in the city is usually a lively chap. He has the power of quick accommodation. He knows what is going on around him and can quickly suit himself to circumstances. He is accustomed to dodging cars and otherwise looking out for himself.

The Kansas boy from the country is liable to get run over in the city. He had been looking at distant things along the prairie.

But the Kansas boy usually is more to be trusted than the city street Arab. He has more perspective and can see things better in their proper relation.

Many critics lack background. They have no far vision. They cannot see into the gist of things. They are merely sophisticated and quickly read what is on the surface.

The ancient distinction was between

the sophist and the wise man. Sophism consisted in a dexterous handling of apparent truths, but wisdom meant an observation of hidden truths.

The perfect man has perfect accommodation. He can see that which is distant and can see that which is close. His eye adjusts itself.

He has fixed principles, high ideals, and far off goals, but at the same time he is practical. He sees the road which he must travel as well as the end which he must attain.

He sees the difficulties that lie before him and the obstacles he must overcome as well as the goal that he must attain.

There are very few men in history that have this rare accommodation of qualities. Some were idealists, having no practical knowledge of the way to attain their ideals; others were opportunists and were deficient in idealism.

It is not only necessary to know what is good for ourselves and the race, but it is necessary to know how to attain it. Otherwise we shall be like the man who looked at the stars, but tripped up over obstacles at his feet.

People who have ideals only, but no practical wisdom, are called visionary; people that have merely practical wisdom, but no ideals, are called materialists or opportunists. The right man has the proper balance between the two. He knows the end he is to attain and the road by which he is to come to it.

You might call him an ideal opportunist, or an opportune idealist. At any rate he illustrates the fact that any best man has a balance of qualities and is not extreme in any direction.

THE FULL WORLD



HE world is full of friends to those who show themselves friendly.

There are plenty of enemies in the world for those who adopt a hostile attitude.

The world is full of gentlemen and ladies to a man who will be a gentleman and a woman who will be a lady; otherwise, there is a great dearth of well-bred people.

The world is full of beauty for those who love beauty and are looking for it.

The world is full of kind and good people toward us when our hearts are kind and good. To those who are cruel and evil all men are hypocrites and frauds.

The world is full of evidences that things are getting better all the time to those who are endeavoring to improve themselves. To those who make no endeavor, but let themselves go and call it self-expression, there is nothing true but pessimism.

The world is full of bravery, honesty and gentility to all of those who are brave and honest and gentle.

The world is full of opportunities for those who are alert and quick to seize them.

The world is full of people anxious to help us so long as we show that we help ourselves.

The world is full of people who are willing to lend us money if they think we don't need it. They cannot do such a thing, however, if we are really in need. That would be encouraging poverty.

The world is full of causes for wars and quarrels and contentions of all kinds for those who have the disposition to look for such things.

The world has plenty of air for everybody to breathe, water for everybody to drink and food for everybody to eat. The only place where there is famine is where there is imperfect distribution.

The world is full of little children looking for companionship and guidance.

The world is full of evidences of good and prospects of betterment for all those who have something to do and are doing it. It is a pretty bad place for idlers.

The world is full of love for those who are loving.

Altogether the world is so full of a number of things that we ought, I am sure, be happy as kings.

SOLITUDE



SOLITUDE seems to be the basin or reservoir that underlies all kinds of genius.

In one respect all efforts of genius are alike. A poem by Keats, a musical composition by Beethoven, or a picture by Michael Angelo really go down to the same tap root.

This is because all works of genius are conceived by the man himself, and are usually brought forth in solitude. There it is that man perceives universal beauty, and all beauty is one. Whether this beauty be expressed in poetry, or music, or religion, depends largely on the nature of the man and his inspiration.

We learn alone. No one can give us any instruction that can make of us a genius. It is something that comes to us out of the unknown and usually comes to us in our moments of solitude.

The great ideas that have transformed the world have been brought forth in solitude. They are the thoughts that appeal to the man himself individually, and do not come from the opinions of others.

That perhaps is why the best reform is always the reform of one's self and why we always look upon uplift with suspicion.

The best improvement of any man is always a growth of what is in him, a development of his own life. Even if he gets help from the outside, it is valuable only when he makes it his own.

The best education is a development of this inner force and the best educators are those who see the force and assist one to bring it forth.

This explains perhaps why so much is lost upon certain people. They get plenty of food mentally, but they are unable to assimilate it.

It explains also why such characters as Abraham Lincoln and others who have come up from obscurity become leaders of men.

Leaders usually come from the solitudes. Christ had his forty days in the wilderness and Buddha retired from the world to get his wisdom.

Men of affairs always turn for direction to the man who is steeped in solitude.

A man has missed much who has not learned to be alone. He is alone at birth and in death, and the times that he touches the infinite in life are the times that he resorts to this solitude.

In one respect solitude is the mother of wisdom and of all activity.

OUR BEST FRIENDS AND WORST ENEMIES



OUR best friends and our worst enemies are our thoughts.

A thought can do us more good than a doctor or a banker or a faithful friend. It can also do us more harm than a brick.

That many people are injured in health by their thoughts is well known. Many systems of healing are built up around the idea of the healing nature of what takes place in the mind.

Christian Science largely depends on our control of our thoughts, and the Coué system rests upon the same basis.

Many of us have known what a disturbing thought can do to us when we are trying to go to sleep. All of us have passed sleepless nights with bothersome thoughts. If we could have dismissed these kind of thoughts and had the consoling kind we would have been able to have our desired rest.

Thoughts get between us and our friends. Many a quarrel and a grudge has been kept alive by the wrong thought, and if we could have got rid of it or laughed at it the quarrel would have disappeared.

The object of all religions is to encourage us in the right kind of thinking, to fill the mind with the proper images. For when the mind is full of wholesome thoughts the body responds.

You can see what influence a thought has upon you by concentrating your attention, for in-

stance, on your hand or foot; in a short time the member which you think about will develop some kind of a disease.

Every great work of man has been the result of a thought. A tall office building was once merely a thought. The cathedral was once a vision of the mind. In fact it is thought, after all, which eventually commands material and controls brick and mortar.

Thoughts are the causes of war. There would be no conflict if one nation did not get into a state of mind in regard to another.

Thoughts bring on peace. They are the greatest of peace makers, although peace-producing thoughts are not so plentiful as those which produce trouble.

One of the hardest things for man to learn is that he can control the visions of his mind. When one has mastered this difficult art and can in a measure determine what he shall think upon he is on the road to health and sanity.

On the contrary, to think of thoughts as something inevitable, something over which we have no control, and to whose influence we are subject as to an unescapable tyranny, is the way to laxness and disease.

Doubtless every suicide is a culmination of wrong thinking. Every other kind of crime is the outbreak of wrong thinking.

If the control of one's self is the greatest of goals, the control of one's thoughts is a still greater, for what a man thinketh so he is.

THE REALITY OF FAIRY TALES



FEW people know the name of Charles Perrault. But everyone has heard of Cinderella and her pumpkin coach, Little Red Riding Hood, the Sleeping Beauty, Bluebeard, Puss In Boots and Beauty and the Beast.

Well, Perrault was the creator of them all. And the joke of it is this:

He was a Seventeenth Century French nobleman who wrote ponderous volumes upon serious subjects which he hoped would immortalize his name.

As a relief from his real work he scratched off fairy tales, considering them of little importance.

But the serious volumes are long forgotten, while the fairy tales live on in never-ending freshness.

The reason for this is that old age is different in different times, but childhood is always the same.

As the world's wisdom grows the serious books venerated by the developed minds of one period are hopelessly antiquated in the next.

But each child is born with the age-old instincts.

What has access to childhood has approach to the fountain of eternal youth.

Tut-ankh-Amen is a real historical character, a Pharaoh of ancient Egypt, a man who actually lived and breathed and ate and slept as other human beings.

Cinderella is the creature of the air, who never existed, who never

touched the palpable things of human life.

Yet of the two she seems more real, more true, more an actuality, to thousands of people.

One is authenticated by archeological exploration, the other by her kinship to the human heart.

We identify ourselves with the hero or heroine of a fairy tale. The historical or serious, with its undisputed facts, remains stubbornly dissociated. We see ourselves in the fairy tale; the historical is opaque.

While the fairy tale often leaves facts far behind it always clings close to the truth of human nature and human interests.

Because it is up in the clouds not attached to any anchoring facts, it becomes a drama that is enacted in the mind of each hearer with himself as leading actor. The same drama is enacted with a thousand casts.

Fairy tales talk in the language of the universal. It is effects and not facts that they give us. They present the essential truth of human nature and not its bewildering and contradictory manifestations in everyday actions and facts.

And as Liza Ysaye in her charming volume of whimsical essays, "The Inn of Disenchantment," says:

"Oh, not what happens matters, not what we did, but what we are, what has become of us, not facts, but effects are of importance."

“IT’S GOOD ENOUGH!”



WHEN some one doing a piece of work says, “Let it go; that’s good enough!” it is generally a pretty good sign that it is not good enough.

If it were no one would need convincing.

I think it was Ed Howe who said that most new things are largely old things done better by painstaking men.

“Painstaking men” is a classification that fits most of those who have done big things and made great discoveries.

Taking pains is a fairly good definition of that zenith of human efficiency called “genius.” Probably the most prevalent weakness of the human animal is a lack of persistence; of seeing a job through to the end; of sticking at a piece of work until it is well done.

In the struggle for advancement in the world two men oftentimes have the same natural ability and fight along neck and neck for a time. The one who pulls ahead on the final homestretch under such conditions is almost always the one who has trained himself to take pains.

A slovenly carelessness is the dragon everyone has to slay.

In the newspapers some time ago appeared this riddle:

“What am I?”

“I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

“I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations. I steal in the United States alone hundreds of millions of dollars each year.

“I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and the poor alike, the young and the old, the strong and the weak. I loom up in such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train.

“I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently.

“You are warned against me, but you heed not.

“I am everywhere—in the house, on the street, in the factory, at railroad crossings and on the sea. I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

“I give nothing, and take all. I am your worst enemy.

“I am not drink, hatred, or selfishness. What am I?”

The answer to the riddle was:

“I am carelessness.”

REDISCOVERIES



MOST of the discoveries which we make in youth are valuable only as we rediscover them in later years.

In childhood and in school we are filled with impressions. Most of them lie in a sort of jumble until life co-ordinates them, or some of them, and brings them into some sort of useful unity.

Take books. Most of us read Dickens somewhere in our teens, and then perhaps at the age of forty we read him again and are amazed at what we find.

We learn the Bible in our youth and most of its phrases remain for a long time with us as merely familiar caskets. It is only as experience opens these caskets one after another and discovers their contents that we are able to make use of them in dealing with life's realities.

Homer and Virgil and Dante and "Wilhelm Meister" and Shakespeare are tasted by most of us in youth. But it is only when we take them up in later years that there dawns upon us something of the majesty and mastery of these minds.

Love comes to us with the blossoming of adolescence and seems to us an amazing revelation, a new miracle. But it is only after we have experienced disillusion and walked through the byways of cynicism and wallowed through sloughs of doubt and come to the firm land of maturity that we really understand the far-reaching significance of love.

We make friends in youth and most of them disappear. It is only when we have rediscovered some of these friends of former time and joined again the broken edges of our acquaintance that we grasp the deep significance of friendship.

We love our children when they are little and we see them grow up and drift

away from us. But fortunate are they who in adulthood rediscover their children and make of them new friends, yet with a background of invaluable memories.

Youth is youth. We are accustomed to think of youth as a mere period of time. But, wonderful as youth is in our twenties, it is not nearly so wonder-



It is foolish to despise money. We all work for money. We all want all we honestly earn. Money means advantages for ourselves and those we love.

Of course, there are higher aims in life than money, but to attain those aims we need first to settle the money question intelligently. We ought to earn our money honestly, to save it carefully, to spend it prudently, and to invest the surplus wisely so as to insure ourselves against sickness and loss.

If we get the money question straight in our minds it will do much toward realizing our happiness and success.

ful as when we rediscover it at fifty.

For youth is a point of view. It is attitude toward life. It is a spirit. It is not a passing epoch.

In fact, life is like a garden. The seeds are sown in its springtime and those early days are full of fresh and pleasant verdure. But it is only when the summer has come and gone and the autumn days are with us that we really find the most delicious fruits.

To a normal and sound life that has maintained any career of continuous growth, its rediscoveries are even greater than its discoveries.

VIRTUE UNCONSCIOUS



THE best virtue is unconscious. When we do a good deed and expect a reward for it and call for people to come and look at it, or even regard it ourselves with complacency, its quality has been somewhat diluted.

Honesty may be the best policy, but the man who is honest because it is the best policy is not quite honest. We do not know whether he would be honest with himself when he is alone or not.

The right manner of doing good has been described by Marcus Aurelius. He says that a man who does good in the best manner, "does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has caught his game, a bee when it has made its honey, so a man, when he has done a good act, does not call for others to come and see, but goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to again produce grapes in its season."

Virtue is so sublime and wonderful that it need no advantageous aids. It is for this reason that a man cannot be paid for doing good, and while virtue has great value it has no price.

The only way to do good is because you cannot help it, because your nature is such that you produce only good. This is the goodness of the good.

The goodness of the bad is something that is put on for occasion. It is borrowed and artificial and does not have the effect of goodness that is real and genuine.

There is only one way to do good all of the time, and that is to be a good man. When one automatically rejects evil impulses and responds to those which are good, when his every act is prompted by a worthy motive, such a man has a right to estimate himself as good although he probably does not think of it.

The only way to be of benefit to your fellows is to be of such a character that you unconsciously produce that which is helpful and beneficial to them.

All goodness that is conscious is of value only as it trains us for the unconscious kind.

This is probably what is meant when it is said that for every idle word a man speaks he shall give account in the day of judgment. For what we speak of purpose no man can say, but what we speak with no purpose at all, and from pure idleness, is a revelation of what we are, ourselves.

As Marcus Aurelius says further: "Art thou not content that thou hast done something comfortable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it, just as if the eye demanded a recompense for walking?"

The only really good man therefore is one who is good for the pleasure of it. Virtue is indeed its only reward, just as the eye is happiest when seeing, or the feet when walking.

This is not to be taken as an attempt to minify the benefit of trying to do something which you are convinced is right but to which you are not disposed. For it is only by a constant attempt to do good that the desire to do good becomes automatic. A good disposition, you may say, is the silt of good deeds. It is the result of having done good over and over.

It is said in Holy Writ that "Whosoever will do these sayings of mine, he shall be likened to a man who built his house upon a rock." This does not mean that the sayings are a rock, nor that the Master Himself is a rock, but that which is the rock is the fact of one having long practiced doing good. Character rests upon practice.

But the end is attained only when practice has been continued so long that it becomes automatic, that it has, so to speak, drifted down into the desires and become unconscious. It is for this reason that the best quality of goodness is unconscious. Indeed, the aim and end of all goodness is to become unconscious, and it is found that the most worthy characters and the most dependable are the most unconscious of their virtue.

BRINGING UP FATHER



O much advice has been given to fathers about how to treat their children that perhaps a little advice would be in order to children about how to manage father.

Let us indulge in no prelude and get to business.

First of all, study your father. Look him over and think him over. Do not assume that you know all about him and do not make it a business to keep away from him.

Be patient with him. He is probably doing the best he can according to his lights. He may not understand you; but then again, on the other hand, perhaps you do not understand him. It takes two to do a job of understanding.

Remember, that not long ago you were a baby, and it is a little difficult for father to realize that you are not one yet. He had to tell you everything to do and when one gets into that habit it's very hard to quit.

Sympathize with him. He is growing old, and some day, as you will find out, growing old is no joke. You are full of illusions and hopes. He is full of disillusion and his stock of hope is not so large as it was. Also remember that he has to get out every day and find something wherewith to purchase bread and butter, which is some different from merely coming to the table when the bell rings.

Respect your father. He is entitled to that in any case. Never seem to disregard his opinion. When he speaks, listen. You may not always be able to obey, but at least you can listen.

You object to his being impatient and intolerant with you and therefore you

should not be impatient or intolerant with him.

Be polite to him. There is no place where courtesy counts for more than toward your father.

Flatter him. Say things that you think will please him. He may not let on that he cares anything about this, but he does care. Between you and me there is no one whose good opinion a father values so much as his son's.

Be affectionate with him. If he makes it difficult for you to do this, then be as affectionate as you can.

Do not argue with him. He may think that you ought to accept anything he says without question. Let him think it. It pleases him and it doesn't hurt you. We all have our little vanities and father should be allowed to have his. He may not know as much as you do, but some day you will be forty yourself and then you will not know as much as you do now.

Do not contradict him. Well-bred people do not contradict each other flatly.

Help him. You know him, perhaps as well as any one knows him and you know of many little ways in which you could make things easier for him. Remember that while you are a colt and frisking in the pasture, father is a pack horse and the load sometimes becomes burdensome.

Most of all, and most important of all, never show that he hurts your feelings. He probably will hurt them, but do not let him see it. Get a grip on yourself.

Finally, remember that you are playing for high stakes—to win a father. You will never have but one father and when you lose him you cannot find another.

THE NEW NAKEDNESS



CIVILIZATION at first is a matter of putting on clothes.

As civilization advances, however, the process is reversed and people take them off.

The new styles for women show that they are wearing less clothes than ever.

The era of the enormous hat and stays and bustles and all sorts of fads seems to have disappeared.

Nowadays women wear as few clothes as possible and no corsets.

The trend is symbolic. As civilization advances, our privacy is being decreased. Time was when our letters had to be sent by messenger. Now everyone can telephone and get us out of bed or out of the kitchen at any time.

The radio exposes still more. Our souls are becoming nude. When a device is perfected for transmitting scenes by radio the instrument will be much more deadly than it is.

The fundamental reason why people leave the country and come to the city is the urge for privacy.

In the country everybody knows your business. They mark your goings out and your comings in, and if you come back on the five-

five train instead of the four-fifty they want to know why. Your least act is subjected to the scrutiny of the community and sometimes its censorship.

In the city you know nobody and want to know nobody. You may live in an apartment house with thirty other families and not know one of them. You can go to ruin in forty ways and nobody cares.

Some people object on paper to the isolation of the crowd in the city. They say they have no neighbors. This may be very pretty talk, but most of the people do not want neighbors. They want privacy. And they come to the city to get it.

When Wordsworth went up into the country to write, the countryside people did not know what he was doing. He appeared to be doing nothing. Consequently they employed a spy to see what he was up to. They resented a man doing as he pleased.

The newspapers and the reporters are also a bar to privacy. One never knows when he is going to get on the front page.

Some people make use of this fear of publicity to extort blackmail from the victims.

THE ART OF BLAMING OTHERS

IT is often said and taught that we should not blame others.

But there are times when others are wrong, and we are right—at least, we feel so. There are times when we must stand firmly by our own convictions, no matter what the world says.

There is a time to take your own part against the whole world, just as there is a time to admit your own failure, if caused by inner collapse.

It is very necessary to maintain a proper balance between blaming ourselves and others. All life, for that matter, is a balance, and a question of judgment, and there is nothing in which the distinction should be more sharply drawn than in the matter of holding others to be at fault on the one hand and ourselves on the other.

If you will read the life of any man of achievement, you will be struck by his absolute confidence in his own great ideas.

The whole world may have laughed at him, but he knew that the world was wrong.

It is written: "To the jaundiced honey tastes bitter, and to those bitten by mad dogs water causes

fear, and to little children a ball is a fine thing." So says Marcus Aurelius.

So it is an art calling for all our faculties to know whether it is ourselves or our friends who are little children or bitten or jaundiced.

Napoleon realized this when he said: "To succeed one must be sometimes very bold and sometimes very prudent."

If we are always blaming others, we become disagreeable. It is a bad habit to which we are all liable, that of laying our blame or failure on other people.

But it is also a bad habit to be so blind and to so lack spiritual backbone as to be a continual doormat.

There are times when we must stand up for ourselves.

This perfect balance is indicated in the teaching of Scripture, which says: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." If there is no intelligent love of oneself, there can be none that is of value for one's neighbor.

It is important to know when we are wrong, and important to know when the world is wrong. It is all a part of the difficult art of life

THE PRICE OF POWER



AMERICA has a good many more questions confronting it today than it had a hundred years ago.

One reason for this is that it is a much more powerful nation than it used to be.

Privileges, duties and responsibilities increase with power.

Sometimes a rich man finds that instead of liberating him, when wealth comes to him it ties him up. He finds there are a thousand things he cannot do. His circle of friends is limited.

Along with the freedom that power brings there is a certain amount of restriction.

In Wagner's opera the god Wotan was limited always by the writing on his spear.

In some respects God, who we think can do everything, is bound down to doing certain things. His character of righteousness limits Him to doing right. He cannot do wrong.

A good man finds that he is under obligations to do a great many things, obligations that the bad man does not feel. A good man must pay his debts, must tell the truth, and on occasion must die for his country or for the protection of his loved ones. From all of these obligations the bad man flees.

The President of the United States finds his liberties much curtailed. He can hardly do as he

pleases. He is being watched by a million eyes and his every act is being noted. When he was inconspicuous he had much more liberty of action.

The artist finds that he must constantly rehearse. Very often the woman artist finds she cannot devote time to her family and her profession, too. She must sacrifice the things that all women hold dear in order to have a successful career.

In some respects it seems as though success shuts us up in a sort of prison. We can only do certain things. The public will not let us roam at large.

The freest man in many respects is the tramp. He sleeps where he can and eats what he can. His poverty gives him entire liberty of action. Nobody cares what he does.

As he ascends from this condition of the hobo he finds that more and more his freedom is curtailed.

A man cannot be a prize fighter unless he trains rigidly. He cannot attain success in any athletic direction unless he subjects himself to the severest discipline.

The student finds that he must spend long hours in study if he would get to excellence.

The man who does as he pleases is the man who has nothing, can do nothing, and knows nothing.

Those who want perfect liberty should not seek it in absolute power.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE ALIVE



THE simplest things in the world are the most marvelous.

A common leaf from an apple tree, under the microscope, becomes an amazing tissue of cell and filament.

We sometimes complain that our life is commonplace, humdrum and boring. People sometimes get so sick of it that they throw their life away.

The simplest and most primary of our possessions is life.

It is simple; it is elemental; it is common. And yet, so is the sun, so is love, so is God. These simplest things are abyssal mysteries.

So, if you have life, think what life is. Look at its history from the day we first entered upon our planet.

Consider life in its struggle upward through all the battlefields of evolution, from the lowest protozoa to the mind of Shakespeare.

At every step its existence has been threatened, yet every time it has triumphed.

The name of life is The Great Overcomer.

When it was threatened with drowning in the waters it developed gills with which to breathe water, and fins with which to walk through it. When it was in danger of being crushed it put on a shell, as the tortoise or the snail.

At each new conspiracy against it, it found a defense.

Now, long teeth, and sharp claws, and, again, a thick hide, or horns, or a sting, or poisonous fangs.

At last it reached the top of the ladder—humanity—and there its pulses beat as strong and sure as they beat ten

thousand years ago in the primitive animal.

If you are alive you have that inestimable gift. You are a fragment of that greatest and most conquering of all forces.

What a thing it is to have the inheritance of human life!



MAN'S permanent value rests upon his Dependability. The first question asked is, "Can we depend upon this person?"

A man may be clever, capable and agreeable, but if you cannot depend upon him you do not want him around.

To be dependable we must be dependable in all things, little and big, at all times, in all places, under all circumstances. We cannot be dependable if we have weak health, weak character and a weak will.

The dependable man keeps as straight in the dark as in the light. You know that wherever he is put he will not lie, he will not steal, he will not cheat, he will not do any mean or contemptible thing.

And, after all, our business is to live. Just to express ourselves, just to be, just to feel that common current of power that thrills through the universe and is its master—Life. Let nothing make you despise Life.

The greatest Teacher said: "I have come that ye might have life."

Life is the fundamental morality, for it is the protest against every perversion that would undo us.

To live, if we but realize what life is, is to triumph.

SIMPLICITY



IMPLICITY is a source of strength and beauty.

Most things offend us by their vulgarity and over-display because of a departure from the rules of simplicity.

Good manners are usually simple manners, a direct adaptation of the deed to the requirements of the thing done.

Affectation is waste motion.

Good words are simple words. Much is gained when one has learned to eliminate from his speech all the unnecessary verbiage. Words then are used for expressing thought and not to disguise it.

It is harder to talk in simple language and to use short Anglo-Saxon words than it is to be very voluble with words that mean nothing.

A man was engaged to write an article for a paper for \$100.00. He was asked to cut it down to half its length as it was too long. He said he would write a shorter article, but it would cost twice as much, as it was more difficult to write a short one than a long one.

It is a rare accomplishment to be able to express yourself directly in simple language so that everybody can understand you.

Some people who know things very well are unable to express their wisdom because they have

never learned the art of simplicity.

The secret of good dressing is simplicity. Dresses now are more sensible than ever before because they have less frills and furbelows on them. There are no bustles nor mutton-chop shoulders nor other absurdities in feminine apparel. There is simply a loose slip to cover the form. As a rule the simpler the dress the more elegant and more modest it is.

Our thoughts would be clearer if they were simpler. We should avoid much confusion if we simply avoided exaggeration and ambiguity.

What we mean when we say a man has vision is that he thinks in simple, straight lines. He does not confuse himself with words he does not understand.

The greatest difficulty with wealth is that it increases our complexity of living. We get too many artificial wants. That man is happiest whose wants are fewest and whose life is simplest. He gets more out of living than the next man.

One of the great things, therefore, is to learn how to do without things, to learn to keep our wants simple and our surroundings simple, so that life may be lived with the least obstruction.

We will find that in seeking simplicity we acquire both strength and beauty.

THE GARDEN AND THE PORCH



AMERICANS, and especially those who live on Main Street, are front porch people.

They like to sit out exposed to the view of the passersby and have no objection to the world looking in on them.

When you go into older countries, for instance into Spain and Italy, you find few front porches.

On the contrary, you find patios, or gardens, around which the house is built.

The garden is concealed from everything, but it is open to the sky. You get outdoors and also privacy—two things which usually do not go together.

There are times in a man's life when privacy seems to be a necessity. The world is too much with us. It gets on our nerves. We want to get by ourselves and think things out.

This privacy is in nowise disturbed by the view upward. The stars enter into every man's calculation and they do not disturb his meditation.

On the contrary he cannot have the privacy he seeks without being shut off from the world. Hence the essential part of a garden is a wall

or barrier of some kind between one's self and other people.

Being open to the sky is like keeping the soul open to God or to those influences which come to us from the sky. There is something peculiarly individual in the spiritual help we get from above. There is nothing that disturbs us when we can own a bit of outdoors which is enclosed from other people. What with our telephone and radio and other means of communication the world is altogether too present with us and the soul needs that isolation from time to time which it can only find in a garden.

A garden is better than a room because it has no ceiling. Nothing but infinity is above it. And that sense of infinity comes down to water the soul.

Some day I intend to build a house. And when I do it will be a series of rooms around a garden or patio. I will have my own retreat, not from the infinite, but to the infinite. There I shall gather what messages and inspirations!

I have lived in rooms all my life and I feel the effect of them. I want to live a little while without any roof over my head.

A BOOK TO LOVE



HERE are some books we read for information, some for diversion, and some to say that we have read them.

But occasionally comes along a book that gets into our hearts. Such a one is the last book W. H. Hudson wrote before he died, "A Hind in Richmond Park."

It is nothing but an account of what he thought upon seeing a deer in a park. That is all.

But that is enough. For beginning with this fountain the stream wanders on through the pages of rich experience, whimsical observation, questioning philosophy, and hearty feeling till it waters the whole landscape of the reader's nature.

I like to commend this kind of a book because it is real, it is healthy, it is as wholesome as a garden or as a pine wood.

It is not about any particular subject. I doubt if books ever ought to be written upon some given theme. How much life we sacrifice to system and how often thought has its head and feet lopped off to fit the bed of logic!

Of course Hudson, being a naturalist, has most to say of animals and plants and all naked life. In all the book there is no suggestion of clothes.

It is very difficult to quote from this book because any quotation will be taken as a sample of the whole. But the totality of Hudson cannot be sampled any more than a little piece of wood can be a sample of the majesty of the forest.

But here, for instance, is a striking thing he says about how we lose our sense of smell:

"It is a common idea, and is in the books, that man's sense of smell has decayed; some writers have gone so far as to describe it as obsolescent. It would be nearer the truth to say that the more civilized man becomes, the more he secures himself against the forces of nature by improving his conditions, the less important to his welfare does this sense become. The dangers he is warned against by smell in a state of nature have been removed artificially; in an environment in which the function of the olfactories has been superseded, the inevitable result is their decay. This is in accordance with nature's economical principles; she will not continue to do for us what we have undertaken to do for ourselves, and will cheerfully scrap the exquisite apparatus she has been building up for our safety in thousands and millions of years."

To those for whom thought is not pain, but a delightful exercise and as interesting as golf, to those for whom the mind is a beloved kingdom and not an annoyance, to those who love thoughts as they love pets and for whom reflection is a chosen delight, this volume will be a treasure.

Hudson's was an amazingly rich and fecund nature. We can never be too grateful that he turned to literature and endowed the world with some of the beauty of his mind.

PREPAREDNESS



JOHN Hays Hammond, Jr., inventor and engineer, warned the United States the other day against saving money on appropriations for scientific work at the expense of national safety.

He said that while no war is in sight for us for at least ten or twelve years, practical-minded men know that we must be prepared for any eventuality.

It is, therefore, his opinion that no effort should be spared in developing scientific efficiency in war so that we may be ready for the next conflict.

This is the usual argument. It sounds very convincing. Its premise may be correct, however, but its conclusion is faulty.

There is no doubt as to the truth of these premises: First, that a war may come; second, that it is the part of wisdom to be prepared for it.

The only place the logic breaks down is in the conclusion as to the method by which we should prepare for it.

It is assumed as a matter of course that the best way to make the nation safe is to develop our efficiency in destruction to such a point that we may be able to out-kill and out-destroy the enemy.

But that sort of programme never did defend a nation and never will.

Nations are defended by their heads, by their brains, by their intelligence, and not by force.

If we would use our brains and common sense and devote our

energies toward federating the world and devising some plan to settle disputes otherwise than by armies, we should be taking the only possible means for the prevention of war.

This does not mean that we should not have an adequate army and navy and that we should not properly be prepared by force to resist an invasion which is made by force.

But it does mean that we should spend more money and more thought and more effort in perfecting some sort of system of international agreement than we spend in perpetuating the old system of national resistance.

We insure the peace and safety of the city not by heavily arming our citizens, but by disarming them, all except the policemen, and by strengthening the police force.

World safety can come about only in the same way that city safety comes about—by abandoning the principle of private protection and delegating force to the courts and the police.

It is just as much a crime against common sense for one nation to go about heavily armed as it is for one citizen to go about heavily armed.

The way out of war is by intelligent co-operation among nations. There is no other way.

For each nation to arm itself so heavily that no other nation or combination can conquer it is absurd upon the face of it and has never worked out in history.

ACTORS AND RELIGION



HE news was flashed across the continent the other day and considered to be of sufficient importance to be front paged by the newspapers that Fred Stone, a favorite actor on Broadway, had "got religion" out in Montana, while travelling on the road.

This, of course, is largely Mr. Stone's private and personal business, and the only excuse for mentioning it here is that it has already been widely published.

It arouses, however, several reflections.

In the first place, newspapers seek principally the unusual. The usual is not news. The implication of this is that nothing you see played up as a special news feature in the paper is true as a generality. For the very fact that it is mentioned shows that it is out of the ordinary run of things.

The conclusion from this would be that the actor who is religious is a rare bird. Whether statistics bear this out or not, we are not prepared to discuss, but in the nature of the case it ought not to be an extraordinary thing that an actor should be a strictly moral man or even a devoted mystic.

As a matter of fact, there is no other worker that needs the foundation of an intelligent faith or the stimulus of a great mystical emotion so much as the actor.

His temptation is to be artificial. Posing all of the time at his work upon the stage, he is under strong pressure to keep up his posing when he is off the stage. Thus there is a steady force exerted upon him to lead an artificial and insincere life.

It goes without saying that many actors successfully resist this influence and are both unaffected in manner and entirely self-controlled in their mode of life.

Another thing that makes for looseness in morals among actors is that they are not surrounded by the conventional barriers which exist in most other professions.

But the third and most important element that tends to lower the moral standard of the actor's profession is the fact that people expect them to be immoral and that church members and social leaders look upon them askance.

The tendency of any man is to be about what you expect him to be.

That all these forces are resisted and that many members of the theatrical profession are quite as reputable and even as religious as persons in any other calling is undoubtedly true.

A real man is always superior to his environment. It is not circumstances and temptations that debase one's nature. It is the lack of moral fibre within.

Fred Stone has always had an enviable reputation as a man and a gentleman. That reputation will not suffer because he has embraced religion.

As a matter of fact, the world is beginning to look upon religion in a changed way. It is beginning to see that it does not mean hypocrisy nor even a bid for respectability, but that it does mean an opportunity to get the most and highest enjoyment out of life.

Religion is not a restriction; it is the very best element that enters into that general development of one's personality which we call culture.

ON BEING LATE



HERE are some people who are usually late and think it is a joke.

It is not.

It is an insult.

The other day William F. Hoppe and young Jake Schaefer were to play a match game of billiards for the championship of the world. The game was to be played in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York and had been scheduled to start promptly at 8 o'clock.

"But at that hour," says the press report, "there were only a couple of hundred spectators present, with the crowd filtering slowly in. It was deemed advisable not to start until most of the crowd had been seated. So for more than twenty minutes Hoppe and Schaefer, who had arrived on time, were compelled to sit twiddling their thumbs. It was a terrific strain which showed plainly on the faces of both men as they were called finally to the table. Schaefer was pale as a sheet and Hoppe's cheeks were flushed as they seldom have been before."

Whether you think a game of billiards is worth while or not, at least you must recognize that here were two men facing one of the big crises of their lives who were injured and annoyed by the negligence and indifference of a lot of lazy people who were not on time.

Being late usually goes with selfishness of the ingrained and unconscious kind.

When we make an engagement to meet a man at 3 P. M. and we do not arrive until 3.15 it is usually because we have not imagination enough to realize his irritation during those fifteen minutes.

When we come into the theatre or lecture room after all others are seated and the performance has commenced, we are thinking only of ourselves and taking no consideration of those whom we annoy.

We are deficient in capacity to put ourselves in the place of others, which is the very foundation of decency.

Many of us do not care much whether we are moral or not, but almost everybody wants to be agreeable as far as possible; that is, he wants others to think well of him. And one of the surest ways to be universally detested is to acquire the reputation of keeping everybody waiting.

If there is a human being who likes to wait I have never chanced to meet him.

But there are few of us that have not been kept waiting at one time or another; few indeed who can parallel the experience of Louis XIV., "Le Grand Monarche," who came down the steps of Versailles Palace one day to take a ride and saw the carriage drive up just as he came to the curbstone:

"Ah!" he said, drawing on his gloves, "I almost had to wait."

FOURTH OF JULY SENTIMENTS



YOU often understand things better when you get away from them. You see things more truly when you stand off a little.

On this Fourth of July, I am in Paris, looking at my native land of America from a distance of some 3,000 miles.

How does it look?

Good. If anything, the farther I get away from it the more attractive it seems.

This, of course, is for a very simple reason. For I know Americans. I am one of them, I was brought up with them, and have practised loving them, hating them, and getting along with them. I know them — and what we know we like. We dislike only the people we do not understand.

But, sizing up America from this distance, it seems to me to be much more worth while to emphasize the fact that they are about the same as other folks than to think of all the ways in which they differ.

For as a matter of fact our points of resemblance to the other nations are deep and fundamental, and our points of difference are entirely superficial.

Differences are easy to see. A child notes them at once. And because we are all a bit childish we have dwelt too much on things that separate and not enough on things that unite.

It may be that Frenchmen are voluble and Englishmen are stolid and Italians are excitable and all that, but what do such things amount to more than one man having a stub nose and another chin whiskers?

We are all human beings and fundamentally interested in just the same things.

The differences are trivial; the resemblance is cardinal.

Out of my window, facing an open square in Paris, I see a crowd of people in the street. They are walking, strolling, riding in taxis, standing talking—all doing exactly as the people in Los Angeles or Cleveland.

They all have two legs apiece, all have hats and shoes, and probably the same number have corns and ingrowing nails, here just as in Bloomington, Illinois, or Omaha, Nebraska.

Each of these people has a Home he goes back to at night, and probably a wife that wants to know where he has been and why, and a little child that runs out of the door to meet him and wants to be taken up and kissed, exactly as in Marion, Ohio, and Sheridan, Wyoming.

All are busy making a living, trying to get a better job, wondering how to save more money, sorry for what they have said or left unsaid, wondering what they are going to have for dinner, and a little worried over that pain in the knee, exactly as in Brockton, Massachusetts, or Niles, Michigan.

All the men are cursing the politicians and yet doing what the party bosses decide, complaining of taxes and avoiding their civic duties, finding fault with the newspapers and eagerly buying them every day, just as the people back home in Buffalo, New York, and Norfolk, Virginia.

The boys are making up to the girls and the girls are finessing, some men are working and some are loafing, most of the folks are minding their own business and a few are looking for trouble, here, and they are doing the same thing in Altoona, Pennsylvania, and in Kokomo, Indiana.

What some people mean when they talk of Americans as if they differed from Europeans as horses from cattle I cannot understand.

We are all cut from the same piece of cloth. Governments are artificial. Nationalities are mostly holdovers from tradition. Race prejudice is about ten-ninths ignorance.

I am an American and am proud of it. But I am a Human Being, and am prouder of that.

And my Fourth of July scream this year is that it is about time Human Beings got together.

TRIUMPHANT INSANITY



NE of the worst effects of the System under which the nations of the earth have been operating is that it encourages the development of the arts of destruction.

Suppose in the City of New York prizes were given in a school for the best poison and the deadliest dirk, and the city council paid nine-tenths of the city income to supporting a gang of murderers, what would you think of that?

Because every nation, like our own, clings to the idea that the only safety lies in being prepared for war, the ingenuity of men is turned constantly to making inventions that shall enable us to conquer.

Since men first emerged from beasthood and began fighting each other, the most acute minds have been devoted to the discovery of newer and more deadly weapons for killing.

The man who first whittled out a club whipped his opponent who had only his fists. Then the tribe that invented bows and arrows with which long-distance murder was possible, beat the tribe who had only clubs.

Then came gunpowder, and TNT, and poison gas and the like.

And now somebody described as "high in the service" announces the discovery of a poison three drops of which on a man's skin will destroy his life. Sprinkled from a nozzle of a low-flying airplane, it could utterly annihilate all living creatures in a swath a mile wide.

"If Germany," says the report of this discovery, "had had 4,000 tons of this material, and 400 'planes equipped for its distribution, the entire American

army in the Argonne could have been wiped out in twelve hours."

So there you are! What next?

Just climb a tree, and regard the human race in a bit of perspective, and will you not find it amazing, if not perplexing, that mankind is employing its most strenuous efforts and keenest intellects in



REASON is the darkest crime in any country. Treason is also a crime against any group of human beings that must needs work together.

Treason is detestable in the family. It will quickly destroy any church, lodge or society, and it is fatal to business. Let us be loyal to each other.

The employer should be loyal to his workers and the employed should be loyal to their employer. The man who cannot conscientiously be loyal any more to his fellow workmen and to the concern that employs him, should hunt another job. Not only our prosperity but our contentment and our peace of mind depend upon loyalty.

hunting up new ways to kill and destroy?

God have mercy on a mad and fatuous world!

What's the good of all this preparation for wholesale murder?

Why not get together and stop it?

Why not plan to put our best brains to producing goods and conserving life?

Can a race bent on destroying itself be called anything but insane, even as a man with the same morbid purpose?

There is a line penned by a poet several thousand years ago, and now also in point:

"How long! O Lord, how long!"

ALL REFORMERS ARE ABSURD



N Wagner's "Parsifal" reference is made to the Divine prophecy that the "pure fool" is to come and redeem the race.

Almost all the forward hunches of this balky world have been because fools pushed.

If we waited for the wisdom and common sense of mankind to advance us we should never move forward.

About all the world uses its wisdom for is to find out reasons for staying as it is or going back to what it was.

And if we reflect a little we shall see that it is entirely unreasonable for us to expect any programme for the improvement of society to be quite sane. For sanity consists in adjustment to what is, and the very purpose of reform is to alter what is. So every great forward swing of the race has begun in uproar. The rise of modern democracy took place to the accompaniment of the bloody French Revolution and the violent revolt of the American colonies.

The world is now swinging into the business era, for business and not politics is to be the occupation of mankind; that is, eventually men are going to be occupied in war against the obstacles of Nature, against disease and ignorance, and not in war with each other.

So the great men of the future are going to be the kind of generals and field marshals who house and clothe and teach and cure, and not those who kill.

"I have long since come to believe it necessary," says Mr. Wells, "that all

new social institutions should be born in confusion, and that at first they should present chiefly crude, ridiculous aspects."

History bears out this theory.

The Roman world laughed, when it was not angry, at the early Christians. They regarded the movement of Christianity as wholly ridiculous, when it was not seditious. Yet this religion has become the principal faith of modern civilization.

The Puritans were an absurd people with their bobbed hair and their cramped morality, their harsh literalism and their cruel customs. But they had the root of the matter in them, and were the ancestors of whatever conscience America possesses.

The Salvation Army at first was a picturesque joke, a noisy fanaticism; but it has become a very powerful and important arm of the church.

Prohibition just now is assailed by every wit and showered with arrows of irritable contempt; but at bottom it is a sober, rational movement which undoubtedly will be of incalculable value to the health of the race.

Russia at present is in turmoil, but out of it shall probably come the purest of future democracies.

The idea of international unity is stumbling and staggering and makes many an awkward gesture, but there can be no question that it will persist and dominate eventually in some form.

We expect a boy to be awkward, extravagant, and often absurd; why not the race? Both will come out all right when they grow up.

PLATITUDES

PLATITUDES are inevitable because generations of men go on repeating themselves.

The world, in one respect, is like a wheel that goes round and round. Some say it is progress.

In our search for new truth we must remember that old truths are new to new people.

Somebody asked an actor how he could keep springing the old gags. He replied: "The jokes are old, but the people are new."

The underlying truths in every philosophy are the same. I think it is Ed Howe who has selected the principal teachings of Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, Mahomet and others and found that they are substantially identical.

The fact is that when you think on life long enough you find that there are certain fundamental truths, and if you think right you are going to reach them, and not new ones.

The man who really benefits his fellow men is the one who clothes the old truths in new dress so that they are understood by his contemporaries.

If a man would take the truths of Schopenhauer and Mencius and Socrates and put them in the language of his day and make them so that the people around him would understand them and be interested, he would be doing a great service. He would be doing much more good than if he attempted to originate something himself.

There are only a few fundamental ideas in the world and they were discovered long ago. There are few fundamental rules of health, of conduct and of morals. All we can do is to come at them in a new way.

With all the creative imagination in the world we are unable to find satisfactory substitutes for "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Little Red Riding Hood." Those old stories and folk tales seem to stand as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. The point is that they are new to every generation. They may be old to us, but they are fresh to our children and they want to hear them.

Another thing is that people give more welcome to an idea they are slightly familiar with than to one that strikes them as entirely novel. We often complain of the sameness of the acts in the vaudeville. Yet those acts are understood by the audience simply because they are familiar with them. They do not have to think, or otherwise exert themselves in order to understand them.

The worst thing about a platitude is that it is told in a platitudinous way. It is the method we object to and not the substance.

The gibes and sneers and gripes of the Mencken-Nathan school are just as old as the uplift of the Pollyanna school. Simply because a man is finding fault does not prove that he is original. Fault finding is the oldest business in the world.

THE PARALYSIS OF FAITH



FAITH may be either a tonic or a paralysis.

The gist of faith is perhaps the conviction of success.

When a man believes in a deity, a heaven, or guardian angels, he believes that they are his deity, his heaven and his guardian angels. When he believes in hell it is always for the other fellow.

A sense of confidence that one is not going to fail is a very definite assistance to clear the brain, buck up courage, and empower the arm. Just as fear of failure loosens the sinews and dissolves the spirit.

As to faith, however, viewing it entirely from its practical side and its influence upon human conduct, it is of much more importance how one believes than what one believes.

Even faith in a rabbit's foot is cheering to the believer.

It is relatively only a small part of the world that concerns itself about the actuality of the objects of its belief. The great mass of the world is concerned mostly in faith qua faith.

You are not going to shake the average man from his belief by proving to him that the thing he believes in is not true. You will accomplish your purpose much better by showing him that his faith will not work, or that few others share it.

He probably never arrived at his conviction by a process of reasoning, and no process of reasoning is going to wrench him from it.

Faith, as a conviction of being a

favorite of the gods, is probably stronger in heathendom than in Christendom. The confidence a Hottentot has in his mud idol is more adamant than the religious conviction of any college professor.

The reason of this is that the Hottentot's faith is a pleasant paralysis. The more entirely it relieves him from all thought and worry the more he clings to it.

Some years ago, when a French scientific society was investigating the hygienic conditions of Asia Minor, the Pacha of Damascus dealt as follows with the enquiries put to him:

Q. What is the death rate per thousand in Damascus?

A. It is the will of Allah that all must die. Some die old, some die young.

Q. What is the annual number of births?

A. We do not know. Allah alone can say.

At the close of the examination, which continued in this tone, the Pacha took occasion to exhort his questioners as follows:

"And now, my Lamb of the West," he said, "cease your questioning, which can do no good either to you or to any one else. Man should not meddle with matters which concern Allah alone."

This is a good illustration of the narcotic sort of faith which keeps men children. The kind of faith that makes for progress, growth, and vigor needs constant effort and is a stimulus to struggle, and not a comfortable opiate.

REVOLT



HE spirit of man is proud and independent.

Revolt becomes us when we are confronted by tyrannies that threaten our self-respect.

Almost all the progress of the world has been due to this kind of rebellion.

But there is another sort of revolt that is the opposite of grandeur. It is pure weakness; it is a gesture of the petty.

This is the revolt against the order of the universe.

When the little girl wakes up on the morning of the picnic and sees that it is raining, she begins to cry and scream. She rebels against fate.

There is a good deal of our rebellion that is on a level with this. For, after all, our success depends upon our ability to accommodate ourselves to the inevitable.

No man can cross the ocean in a sailboat by defying the winds; he must adjust his sails to use them.

There come to every one of us disappointments, betrayals, losses, disillusion, death. These are as much a part of our environment as wind and wave.

And yet much of the bitterness, the despair and the unfaith of the world is simply a childish and silly revolt against the inevitable.

There is no poise nor peace for any human soul that does not learn the secret of adjustment.

It has always been the morbid pride of cynics to sneer at people who are silly enough to have faith; who are simple

enough to believe that some divine power mixes in their affairs and guides their destiny.

Curiously enough, this unclean attitude of cynicism has always been considered as rather superior and a simple faith in divine providence has been held to be vulgar and suburban.

Anatole France, although he has been called a genial pessimist, penetrated the folly and ignorance of this position.

In his "Reine Pedauque" the marquis scolds Katherine for dragging God into her wretched little affairs, and the Abbé says: "Monsieur, it is infinitely better to drag God into one's wretched affairs, as does this simple-minded girl, than after your fashion to turn Him out of the world He has created. . . . What this innocent being says contains more truth, notwithstanding some alloy and mixture of blasphemy, than all the vain speeches spouted by the impious from an empty heart."

After all, a simple peasant who prays—that is, who believes there is a divine being who rules all things—is a far wiser man than an over-educated fool, who, by his captious reasonings, has argued all order out of the universe. For at bottom the man who prays and believes is the one who is rationalizing the cosmos and by his instincts endeavoring to set his sails to the winds of destiny.

The pessimist, the cynic, and the scorner are like a drunken sailor who shakes his fist at the angry waves and curses the untoward winds.

THE FAILURE



MARGARET BELDEN was sixty-two years old.

She was lying in bed now wide awake at 2 o'clock in the morning. Her eyes were wide open. She was thinking thoughts that were like earthquakes.

The whole point of view of her life seemed to be threatened. Every fundamental principle she had believed in was giving way. She was not alarmed, for she was a woman that did not know fear. But she was deeply disturbed and somewhat amazed.

All her life she had been a hard and strong woman. She had been the dominating member of the family. She had ruled her husband and her three children as a benevolent autocrat. They had never questioned her dominance. She had never questioned it herself. Until now.

Her husband had been weak, incompetent, good natured, and a failure. But by her strength of mind and will she had made the family well to do in spite of him. That they had comfortable money in the bank and occupied a certain social position was due entirely to her.

The last few days, however, she had been ailing. She was not herself and had lain down a good part of each day. Somehow she felt that her time was about come.

In the dim light of the night lamp she looked over to her husband who lay beside her. He was peacefully sleeping. His face was gentle and kindly. His thin white whiskers and hair looked to be the oldest part of his face. He was remarkably well preserved. He ought to be, she thought, he had never taken any responsibility in his life.

Yet now other thoughts came to her. There obtruded a dim suspicion that perhaps he had chosen the better part and that, after all, he had got more out of life than she.

He had never quarrelled with anybody. He had never spoken to her an unkind word, even under the severest fire of provocation.

He had never had his own way with anybody, even the children. He had the reputation of being "easy."

Book agents could sell him anything and stock jobbers could induce him to buy anything. And they would have done so had it not been for her.

He had no bad habits, he had never drunk nor gambled and there had never been a question of any other woman in his life. The only quasi vice that he had was that he loved his pipe, which, however, he never smoked except on the back porch or in the kitchen. Margaret would not stand the smell of tobacco in her best room.

She had always looked on him with a sense of pity mingled with a little contempt.

She now found herself looking upon him with a sense of envy. A strange doubt of her own excellence invaded her. For the first time in her life she was breasting the strong, deep waters of humility.

She was struggling with the old problem of what is worth while. What had she gotten out of life?

Efficiency, perhaps. Success, and her own way. But what had it brought her? Mostly worry and care.

She had struggled hard and faithfully for the prize, for the reward that comes at the end.

Yet her husband, the failure, had had that all along. He had had peace and contentment and there was not a soul that knew him but loved him.

She took his hand between her own and the tears came to her eyes.

He awoke.

"What is it, Margaret?" he inquired.

"Forgive me!" she said.

But he had no idea what she meant.

THE PERIL OF SUCCESS



HE quarrel of the lost airmen who got into a knockdown argument as soon as their troubles were supposed to be over and they were properly rescued illustrates the fact that most people can endure hardship better than success.

There is something tonic in danger. And prosperity is a dangerous drink.

Doubtless these three men in their lost balloon, or wandering, in the winter winds of Canada, with death just around the corner, and every dread moment laden with disaster, stood bravely enough shoulder to shoulder.

If the worst had come, if a pack of wolves had attacked them, for instance, they would have gone heroically down fighting the common terror, brothers to the end.

But when triumph came, and fame and fortune opened to them, in came the old snakes of envy and discord that from the beginning have made this earthly paradise a hell.

It is the law.

Strikes and other labor troubles occur in prosperous times. Over profits men fight. Fronting loss, ruin and death, men come together.

We have seen the same kind of phenomenon writ large in recent world history.

When Germany broke loose all civilization was in peril. Mankind shuddered. Belgium was prostrate. France saw her ancient enemy striding her fields. Italy trembled before the old-time invader. Britain saw her ships destroyed by a secret enemy. America gasped at the news of the *Lusitania*.

So danger, mother of manhood, clasped her children. The world felt a unity it had never known. What many gos-

pels had failed to do the shadow of terror accomplished.

French, British, Italian, American kept step as blood brothers.

They fought. They won.

And with the winning came the spiritual tragedy.

Jealousy, envy, discord, the hate



FROM the chin down no man is worth much more than a dollar or two a day. Even what you do with your hands depends for its value on the amount of sense you use. You can train and improve your mind as well as your fingers. Mental laziness is the most common disease.

Put in a certain amount of time every day at making your brain more efficient. Read. Study. Think. Don't fritter away all your spare time. It's all habit. You can get used to hard study as well as to hard work. And it pays. Improve yourself from the chin up.

makers and mischief breeders, sprang to life. The ancient grudge of America against England was revived industriously by certain newspapers on both sides.

The effort of the poor world to stay together in peace, as they had flown together in war, found a thousand enemies.

Poor world indeed, and poor human nature!

Is tragedy our only hope? Can we find largeness of mind and heroism of spirit only in the embrace of misery?

Can we find nobleness of life only in the shadow of death?

Let the hero beware his hour of triumph, for in it is his greatest peril.

THE EDUCATION I WISH I MIGHT HAVE HAD



EDUCATION is probably the most interesting subject that comes before the human race.

For it is simply another name for life.

Everybody has his particular views on Education. Some of these are practical, some too practical, some unpractical, and many fantastical.

It seems to me it might be interesting for a man past 50 to tell the kind of Education he wishes he might have had. What could be more practical than this?

Freed from all theories, fads or groups, and looking at the matter purely in its relation to human life and its values in contentment and attainment, I can say that instead of the Education I did have, which is about the same that most people get in the American public high school and university, I wish I had been trained as follows:

1. I wish I had early been surrounded by gentle, cultured people, reverent, of high principles, with a quick sense of honor, and all the other essentials of true religion and good morals, and that it had been early impressed upon me that sects and religious organizations are of little or no importance. Thus I would have got moral training in the only way it is to be gotten, which is by personal influence, and would have been saved a lot of needless trouble.

2. I wish my will had been early trained by vigorous, intelligent, and loving discipline. I wish that I had early learned what I found out only late, that the best joys in life are those that come from self-mastery and not from self-indulgence.

3. I wish that my powers of observation had been carefully drilled and developed, and that I had had some one to teach me the rudiments of the

sciences in the field and not alone in books.

4. I wish that the whole problem of sex had been explained to me before I was 14 years old, so that when the fires of adolescence came, I should have dealt with them more intelligently.

5. I wish that every year during the fair weather, till I was 21, I had lived outdoors, and that I had come to manhood with a body as healthy as that of a panther.

6. I wish I had been early taught the dignity and moral self-respect of waiting on myself, and the shame of being waited on.

7. I wish that some intelligent teacher had studied me and helped me to discover that part of the world's work which I could do the best. It took me almost 50 years to find this out. With proper education I would have found it out before I was 25.

8. I wish that I had been taught the sacredness and value of money; how to make it, how to save it, and how to spend it.

9. I wish that I had been taught how to live alone; how to find resources within myself and not to depend upon other people.

This, of course, is but a partial list, and consists in just a few things that occur to me now.

As a rule, my education consisted in a silly development of memory, the learning of a lot of things for which I have never had any use, the development of reverence for a lot of things that are entirely unworthy of it, and the encouragement of enthusiasm which I had painfully to discard.

In other words, about all the education I ever got that did me any good I had to get in spite of my schools and my teachers.

MERCHANTS OF HOPE



NE of Napoleon's sayings was: "On ne conduit le peuple qu'en lui montrant un avenir: un chef est un marchand d'esperance—No man can lead the people except by showing to them a future. A chief is a Merchant of Hope."

It is a happy phrase and one worth thinking over.

Merchants of Hope!

Goodness knows there are plenty of Merchants of Despair.

The cheapest and easiest thing in the world is to prove that the world is on the toboggan slide to destruction, that men are cruel, that women are bad, that life is not worth living, and, as the Cockney expressed it: "Wot's the use of anythink? Nothink!"

Every young and unappreciated poet tells us what a dreadful world it is.

Every little two by four essayist and critic; every preacher bidding for quick popularity; every novelist that wants to make a thumping sensation, plays us the same tune as he draws his melancholy horse-hair across the lugubrious catgut.

But pessimism is merely childishness. It is amateurishness in

philosophy. It is crudity in religion.

The Merchant of Despair is as the banana peddler or the push cart hawkster. The optimist is the big business man in thought.

For pessimism is simply a habit of magnifying single instances and an inability to grasp general laws. Optimism is always to believe generalization as against the particular.

Pessimism sees only a few feet before its nose. Optimism is vision.

Pessimism is sterile and impotent. Optimism is creative.

Pessimism is a force of death. Optimism is the force of life.

Said Vauvenargues: "Pour exécuter de grandes choses, il faut vivre comme si l'on ne devait jamais mourir.—To execute great things, one must live as if he were never going to die."

And all our conviction of immortality is simply the overflow of life. It comes from an abundance of vitality. It is only where life is feeble, sterile and bitter that it refuses to believe in the life beyond.

In the great marts of the world, it is the Merchants of Hope who are successful.

Nobody wants to buy gloom.

PROGRESS IN NARROWNESS



COLERIDGE once said: "He who begins by loving Christianity better than Truth will proceed by loving his own Sect or Church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all."

This is a good epitome of what might be called the intellectual rake's progress.

It marks out what happens to a mind that is smitten with spiritual adultery.

For the true wife of the mind is the truth. The mind should be loyal to her, in sickness and in health, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, till death do them part.

The temptations to wander from the side of the truth abound. One painted woman who constantly seeks to lure away the truth's husband is called Expediency.

When a man has yielded to the impulse to believe a thing because he thinks it is safe, or because it makes for his profit or even because he considers that it is the best thing for his fellow man, he has made the first step in intellectual dishonesty.

Curiously enough this act of believing a thing, not from honest conviction, but because some one tells us to believe it, or because we imagine that it is best to believe it, has been called Faith. Men have died for it, and, what is worse, they have killed other people for it, and thought they were very grand and noble.

As a matter of fact this is not faith at all, but the most deadly form of unfaith.

It is not the blatant infidel that is most dangerous, it is the fanatical persecutor.

The man who resorts to force, force of any kind, whether physical or spiritual, to silence his opponent, is simply a man who is not certain that he himself has the truth.

If he were certain of the truth he would have no fear of opposition. When one has a desire only to know what is true and a willingness to trust in that, he does not strive nor cry.

If he believes in a deity at all, he must believe in an Almighty one. So why should he worry or draw his sword?

This is the gist of the doctrine of non-resistance. When you do not resist it shows that you have no fear of your enemy and an utter confidence in your position. Faith excludes resistance, even as perfect love casteth out fear.

Unfortunately we have identified a good deal of our love of the truth with contention and party spirit. Men have always talked about "the defenders of the faith." They have always been much more willing to fight for their notion of the truth than to rectify that notion when they found it was deficient.

But faith needs no defenders, the truth needs no champions. If we simply will believe it and trust it, it will take care of us.

It is this utter confidence in the absolute almightiness, irresistibility, toughness, and power of the truth that is the only intelligent kind of faith.

Once we start competition and conflict, once we begin by assuming that our own particular group or party is absolutely right; in short, once we close the mind's door and cease to learn and to grow, we have started on the toboggan slide which Coleridge indicated.

WHAT WE OWE TO THE PAST



HE past shackles us, impedes us, angers us with its stupid drag. Progressive minds often rail at it.

Yet that is but one-half of the truth, and there are two halves to every truth.

We are children of the past. Most of the good things of civilization have been handed to us by the past.

The main reason a child is sent to school is to find out the discoveries and achievements of the past that he may use them for going on.

Progress is a matter of growth and in growth there are two elements. One is our connection with the parent stem of the past, the other is the putting forth of our energy into new bloom and fruit of the future.

No programme of reform or advancement is of any value that does not have its roots in the past and is not in some way a continuity of forces that have been generated in the past.

Mr. Graham Wallas strikingly expresses this. "If the earth," he says, "were struck by one of Mr. Wells's comets, and if, in consequence, every human being now alive were to lose all the knowledge and habits which he had acquired from preceding generations (though retaining unchanged all his own powers of invention and memory and habituation), nine-tenths of the inhabitants of London or New York would be dead in a month, and 99 per cent. of the remaining tenth would be dead in six months. They would have no language to express their thoughts,

and no thoughts but vague reverie. They could not read notices, or drive motors or horses. They would wander about, led by the inarticulate cries of a few naturally dominant individuals, drowning themselves in hundreds at the riverside landing places, as thirst came on, looting those shops where the smell of decaying food attracted them, and perhaps at the end stumbling on the expedient of cannibalism. Even in the country districts men could not invent methods of growing food, in time to preserve their lives, or taming animals, or making fire, or so clothing themselves as to endure a northern winter."

This striking illustration enables us to realize the tremendous value of that accumulated thing called civilization. The excellence of man does not consist in the fact that we have stronger bodies or keener brains than the Athenians had two thousand years ago. In fact, it is doubtful if we are as good animals or as good spirits as they were.

All of our advantage lies in the fact that we have partially learned the secret of co-operation, by which the advantages of one generation can be handed on to and utilized by the next.

There are many defects in our present civilization, but to contemplate destroying that civilization to get rid of the defects is about as mad an idea as cutting off a man's head to cure a bad cold.

"Let us hoard every worthy drop of the past," says Owen Wister, "that it shall be a strong tonic for our future."

THE SURPLUS



UMANITY is always producing a surplus.

The ordinary healthy man can and does produce more food than he can eat, more clothes than he can wear, and more other goods than he needs; that is to say, his labor is worth more than money enough to supply all his purposes.

When you take a nation full of men all busily working the surplus becomes enormous.

It is this surplus that supplies the material evidences of the advance of civilization.

Out of the surplus fund humanity has built its cathedrals and palaces, has thrown up its great cities and laid out its parks, has supported its kings, nobles and other magnificent ones, has bought tissues and gauds to bedeck its women, has sustained the theatre, the church and all the arts; and out of this surplus from time to time it has paid for its wars, it has dipped its hand into the accumulated treasures of life, and in a mad orgy of adventure has sown death in the hollows of the sea and in the trenches of the earth.

The great problem before the race and before each nation that is a part of it is what to do with this surplus, for it continually piles up, and while part of it is invested in more or less sensible ways, the most of it is wasted either in foolish experiment and extravagance, or supporting even more foolish traditions.

As the bee stores honey, and as the ant lays up its winter food, so the human animal is constantly storing up the result of his labor.

There is no doubt that when in the

course of the ages we learn wisdom, the lot of man will be much more pleasant. Most of the labor that is now performed by human beings will be performed by the harnessed giants of steam, electricity and solar and radio energy.

With proper attention given to the surplus, man can make a living with his mind.

In ten centuries from now we shall look back with amazement upon an era when the great mass of human beings toiled like oxen or asses of burden, just as now from the deck of our transatlantic liner we reflect upon the time when boats were propelled by galley slaves, just as now riding in a luxurious transcontinental train at sixty miles an hour across the plains we think in pity of our forefathers who made the same journey in prairie schooners drawn by mules.

The curse of work originally laid upon man that he was to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is to be lifted by two things. First, by the development of his intelligence so that he can employ the tireless forces of nature as his servants. And second, by the process of social evolution whereby in course of time men learn team-play, learn how to live together in co-operation and not struggle in competition, learn how to organize humanity so that they shall be comrades in the great war against the hostile elements of disease, decay and destruction.

We are slowly moving on our way from the heritage of the beast toward the Delectable Mountains. That Promised Land the race shall reach when at last it shall understand what to do with its surplus.

THE CONTEXT OF ETERNITY



THE main reason why any man's life seems trivial, and why existence is bitter in any man's mouth, is that he has ceased to think of his earthly career in connection with its context in eternity.

Nothing is more tragic than to conceive of one's self as merely a kind of animal, yet endowed with adventurous intellect and the functions of a soul.

The very terms of the proposition imply despair.

To think that a creature, gifted with the infinite capacity for going on, shall be cut down like a beast of the field and forever cease, is necessarily to imply that the God who made him is a cruel jester.

We cannot wonder at the amount of cynicism in the world; we can only wonder that there is not more when we reflect upon the great number of people to whom in their creed death ends all.

The more brilliant the mind, the more loyal the heart, and the more sensitive the nature, the more revolting it is to suppose that at last so excellent a creature shall be dumped into the ditch of death.

All the moral enthusiasms of the race are drawn from our context in Eternity.

Every noble impulse is too long for this life.

The argument for immortality depends upon no logic of the mind and rests upon no scientific conclusions; it is based upon something far deeper, upon the profoundest instincts of our nature.

It is the Context in Eternity that makes us gentle under provocation, honest under temptation, faithful and true under all trials.

Further than that, and more important than that, the kind of joy that is worth while, all that contentment of the spirit which cannot be destroyed, all those satisfactions which glow like undimming stars in our life and do not flare up and go out like a taper, are those which have their Context in Eternity.

The pleasure of the table, the sating of fleshly desires, the achievement of fame, the possessing of great fortune—all those things have a certain quality of joy. But behind them stalks a common horror—They Pass!

Man can never be thoroughly self-respecting, he cannot even be interesting if he considers that this earthly chapter is all there is to his story.

We can no more separate this life from Eternity than we can separate a year from its century or an hour from its day.


All sorts of reasons have been given for the evil that men do, for their wantonness, their violence, their pettiness, their vileness; but the real reason, the fountain and source from which all baseness flows, the open sewer that pollutes the human race, is the delusion under which rests so great a part of the world that this human play is over when the curtain of death rings down and beyond that there is nothing.

The gist of evolution lies not so much in the long way in the past by which we have arrived at where we are, but in the long way that leads toward the future.

No man can think of this planet except in its relation to the sun and stars that fill the spaces of infinity.

And there can be no intelligent theory of human life which considers it apart from its Context in Eternity.

THE AMERICAN MIND

EORGE MEREDITH once said: "I have always admired the Americans for this—that they are adventurous, wisely experimental. They stand for their fancy, as the man of the turf says, and it makes for bold opinion."

When Meredith gave an estimate on any subject it was worth considering. And probably in the above sentence he has diagnosed the American mind correctly.

The American mind is adventurous. There is such a thing as adventurous thought, but it is not common. There is probably more inertia in ideas than in solid matter.

People as a rule go on thinking what people as a rule have been thinking, much as the planets continue their set orbits through space.

And adventurous thinking is as dangerous as adventurous acting. That, perhaps, is why it is so valuable. No great discoveries and no great advancement in life are made without risk.

A characteristic saying of the street among Americans is, "I will try anything once."

The American mind is essentially experimental, just as the Old World mind is essentially traditional.

We are a new people, a young race, and, like all young things, our thoughts fly forward.

The mind of Europe and the East dwells a good deal upon ancestors. The mind of America

dwells most on the coming generation.

For us the present is the egg of the future. For the Old World the present is the fruit of the past.

I speak of tendencies, for, of course, there are many backward-minded Americans and many forward-minded Europeans.

For all that there is an immense amount of conservatism in America, which is not always appreciated. While we are not held back by tradition so much, we are held back by practicality. We are not so much concerned as to whether a proposed plan has worked in the past, but we are quite concerned as to whether it will work now.

We love to exercise our imagination, but we are always checking it up by results.

It is not outworn conventions and sham respectability that constitute our balance wheel so much as an intense pragmatism.

It is this that keeps us from stepping off the solid rock of democracy on to the cloud and rainbow of socialism. It is this that renders Bolshevism an impossibility in America.

For those that have been tethered to traditionalism can break away, and when they do they are likely to break their necks. But those who are restrained by practicality are rarely inclined to break away. Common sense is a better safeguard than custom against the recklessness of opinion.

LAO TZU

IN the book "The Wisdom of the Chinese," wherein I have had much delight (it is collated by Brian Brown) and which I can recommend to all who want a book to love, to own, and to grow with, I find these strange and fruitful sayings of Lao Tzu.

"Conform to the Infinite Will and everything will be done for you," a rule worthy of the profoundest Christian Fathers.

"Who is there that can make muddy water clear? But if allowed to remain still it will become clear of itself. Who is there that can secure a state of absolute repose? But let time go on and the state of repose will gradually arise." Here we glimpse the beautiful poise which is the secret of China.

"That which has no substance enters where there is no crevice." A poem on Influence.

How sublime the tone of this, as of a temple bell: "Leave all things to take their natural course, and do not interfere."

Who has perceived the majesty of Humility like this? "He who is great must make Humility his base. He who is high must make lowliness his foundation."

"Gentleness brings victory to him who attacks and safety to him who defends," he says in a passage worthy of Jesus. "Those whom Heaven would save it fences around with gentleness."

Perceiving the indirection of God and His strange efficiency through tolerance, he says, "The greatest conquerors are those who overcome without strife. This is the Virtue of Not Striving; this is being the compeer of Heaven."

The wise ruler says, as he tells us, "If I can only keep from meddling the people will grow rich."

Other maxims are:

"He who has no faith in others shall find no faith in them."

"He who raises himself on tiptoe cannot stand firm; he who stretches his legs wide apart cannot walk."

"Repose is the ruler of unrest."

"Which is the greater malady, gain or loss?"

"The Sage has no hard and fast ideas,

WHEN a child is hurt he makes a loud, disagreeable noise, which is called Crying. When grown people are hurt some of them are just as disagreeable, although they do not make the same kind of a noise. They Complain.

The man or woman who complains is simply a grown-up bawl-baby. If a thing is wrong, remedy it. If you can't remedy it, adjust yourself to it.

Everybody has troubles of his own, and it is unfair to ask him to carry yours.

The one who is given to finding fault and complaining is on the road to become a nuisance.

but he shares the ideas of the people and makes them his own."

"To see small beginnings is clearness of sight. To rest in weakness is strength."

"I have heard that he who possesses the secret of life when travelling abroad will not flee from rhinoceros or tiger; when entering a hostile camp he will not equip himself with sword or buckler. The rhinoceros finds no place in him to insert his horn; the tiger has nowhere to fasten his claw; the soldier nowhere to thrust his blade. And why? Because he has no spot where death can enter."

Such words, to me, are sheer beauty and wonder.

ROADS



HE physical basis of the State is the road.

The road is the sign of order. Roman civilization, which first unified the world, marched upon roads, and road building was characteristically the pride of the Roman.

Civilization is measured by transportation.

This does not mean that a population to be civilized must be always moving. What it means is that no human group such as a State or nation can develop without free interchange of products.

It is just as bad for a community of people to be shut off from and remain ignorant of other communities as it is for the human body to become constipated or for its life blood to cease to flow through its veins. Without circulation any animal body would speedily die. And without transportation any social body degenerates.

The point is that every social organization is a living thing, just as the human body is the aggregation of different materials into one living thing. And whatever is alive must keep changing. Fixity and permanency mean death.

It is the road which means life to a community. It is the road that preserves the fluidity of the human race.

History may be divided into three epochs represented typically by the three words, the Foot, the Wheel and the Wing.

For perhaps millions of years the human race moved on Foot. Men were little better than other animals, and progress was leaden.

Then came the Wheel, which covers

the period of time from the dawn of authentic history up till the twentieth century. It includes the succeeding epochs of wheels made from tree trunk discs, spoked wheels, ox cart wheels, wheels of horse drawn vehicles, and finally the wheels driven by steam and electricity.

Next comes the epoch of the Wing, which is just beginning.

Our grandchildren will see the cities of Europe closely linked by air service. Air trips from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the United States will be common. Winged pioneers will assist the rapid development of China as of India, and of Africa.

The relationship between mechanical discovery and intellectual progress is very close. And there will doubtless be a social evolution a hundred times more rapid in the Wing epoch of the next fifty years than in any preceding epoch.

The whole problem of what we call progress is organization. That is to say, it consists in making a homogeneous organism out of heterogeneous and scattered materials.

The goal of the human race is solidarity. Religiously expressed, this is called human brotherhood. Economically expressed, it is called socialization. Politically expressed, it is called democracy.

But they all mean the same thing. They mean the substitution of world consciousness and world motives for all preliminary group consciousness and group motives.

They mean fewer and fewer fences, more and more roads.

KNOWLEDGE AND PLEASURE



KNOWLEDGE is Power. And for that reason Knowledge is Pleasure.

For Pleasure consists in the forthputting of one's faculties.

Living beings are so constituted that the normal functioning of their organism is attended by pleasurable sensation. This probably is Nature's bribe for health.

Beasts are happy because they obediently follow their instincts. It is only in man that we find that perversion which produces disorder, disease, and disgust.

"To do anything," says an English essayist, "to dig a hole in the ground, to plant a cabbage, to hit a mark, to move a shuttle, to work a pattern; in a word, to attempt to produce any effect and to succeed has something in it that gratifies the love of power and carries off the restless activity of the mind of man. Indolence is a delightful but a distressing state. We must be doing something to be happy."

All this needs no argument as far as the body is concerned. But the mass of men do not believe it as regards the mind.

It is only a comparatively few, the naturally elect, who love to learn.

Learning implies thinking, and thinking, to the average person, is rather a distress.

The vast institutions of Church, of State, and even of Education, owe their dominance and authority to the indisposition of men to think and to their willingness to allow some one to think for them.

It is this fact that is the buttress of all ancient errors.

It is this fact that keeps alive many a

venerable institution from which the soul of reason long ago has flown.

With the democratization of literature, however, through the newspaper and the magazine, which the Brahmins of culture and the snobs of letters affect to deplore, the lust for learning is becoming more and more common in the modern world.

Minds are waking up to discover that in the normal exercise of their faculties there is quite as much fun to be had as there is for the body in running and jumping.

Almost all the higher forms of pleasure, naturally, require the co-operation of the intellect. Most of them are purely intellectual, or spiritual, if you prefer the word.

And there is no abiding mind-pleasure that is not based upon knowledge. The uneducated man is little more than a thinking beast. And the vast realms of the highest pleasures are closed to him.

You cannot enjoy pictures unless you know something about art. You cannot enjoy the opera or a symphony unless you have made some preparatory studies in music. You cannot enjoy travel unless it has been preceded by considerable reading. You cannot enjoy the best literature without a certain amount of training.

You cannot even enjoy religion in any worthy and self-respecting sense without some sort of background of study of the history of human thought and institutions.

The ignorant, the untrained, and the narrow-minded are often happy, and sometimes we envy them. But their happiness is of the quality which a well-fed cow or a comfortable cat enjoys, and we would not go back to it if we could.

CENSORSHIP



HERE are two opposing points of view on the question of censorship.

One is the point of view of the artist and the other is that of the moralist.

The artist looks merely to the values of expression. His canons are those of efficiency and good taste. All he wants to know is whether a thing is well done.

The moralist looks to the effect which any work will have upon the character of the public.

It is impossible to reconcile these two views. No good artistic work was ever done for the purpose of improving the mind or soul of the public. The phrase "art for art's sake" is perfectly sound. Work of the first class is always done for the joy of self-expression.

At the same time we must recognize that the morals of the public must be protected and that the right of the artist to his freedom must be protected.

This problem civilization has worked out in the only practical way.

That way is that men must be allowed to do as they choose. That is the thing called liberty that our fathers fought, bled and died for. And it is too valuable a thing to give up.

Of course this liberty, if uncurbed, would speedily reduce the world to chaos, and we have found out that every man's liberty must be limited by the rights of other people.

For this purpose we have the institution called Law.

A great many people misunderstand the purposes of Law. It is not to prevent action, for that cannot be done

without the destruction of liberty.

Its purpose is to enforce responsibility for action. By so doing liberty is allowed and at the same time it is restrained by the general good.

Law declares that a man has a right to burn a house, to commit an assault, or to do any other criminal act he so chooses, but that he must be held responsible for his acts.

To talk about the only liberty being the liberty to do right is nonsense. The only real liberty is the liberty to do wrong.

Of course this is dangerous. It is dangerous to allow a big, two-fisted man to walk the streets where there are women and children. He might strike them. But it is far more dangerous to lock the man up just because he is able to strike them.

After infinite experiment we have found that the best way to regulate that man is to say that he may do as he pleases, but he must take the consequences of what he does.

Censorship, therefore, is essentially illegal; it is contrary to the very genius of law.

It might be very well to appoint some one who could prevent offenses, but no human being is qualified to say whether another human being is going to do right or wrong. The only thing we can do is to determine whether the thing a man has done is right or wrong—and we bungle that.

Even the Almighty does not rob us of our liberty to do evil. He does not "prevent" wicked men. He holds them responsible.

THE INFERIOR COMPLEX



INFERIORITY complex is a long, highbrow word for just common, everyday envy, which is used in every household.

It covers more ground, however, than envy. We envy a person that has something or enjoys some advantage which we want and perhaps think we should have. Our inferiority complex, however, works generally against every person besides ourselves who is in any way superior to us or has superior things.

It is a handy term and explains many things.

Any woman that is good-looking is sure to arouse more or less bitter feelings in some of her sisters. As one of the characters in Shakespeare said to another: "Be thou chaste as ice and pure as snow, yet thou shalt not escape calumny."

We have often wondered why the surest way to make an enemy is to lend him money, give him an overcoat or pardon a debt. The inferiority complex explains it. It makes him mad to think that he was not the giver instead of the givee.

This explains also the general attitude of hostility we have toward any one who is good or professes to be good or talks about being good. It is an offense to us when we meet superior virtue.

This might be called the law of the hydrostatic paradox of cussedness.

The general run of ignorant people dislike those who are educated; those who are compelled to stay at home have hard feelings toward those who travel and

talk about what they have seen abroad.

The poor dislike the rich and there are so many poor that yellow newspapers and yellow blatherskites generally love to play upon this inferiority complex. That is why the cartoon of the rich man is so popular wherein he is represented as having a large abdomen covered always with a white vest and he always appears smoking a long black cigar which protrudes from a fat, jowled face. If we cannot be as rich as the rich, at least we can make them ridiculous. It tickles our inferiority complex.

The bitterness that is often found among those who are physically defective toward their more normal fellows arises from the same cause.

Every one knows, of course, that sober, self-controlled people are superior to loafers and wastrels. That is why the loafers and wastrels heartily detest the others.

Nearly all of us are struggling to get on and to get ahead. And the price of getting ahead is to become a target for the brickbats of those we have left behind.

When a preacher goes wrong or a prominent banker fails he dispenses a great amount of glee among the victims of the inferiority complex.

Just to be elected President of the United States or Governor of the State or to any other position of prominence means an assured amount of hostility and venom.

The fact that we all are touched more or less with the inferiority complex is all the more reason why we should all be heartily ashamed of it.

HER TERRIBLE SECRET



HIS is a story which I heard from a woman acquaintance who said she had it from her mother.

It suggests a good many things and will be read by not a few women with peculiar appreciation.

It is of a man who was of that domineering, jealous and petty type that is all too common. He had that suspicion of womankind that some men think to be wisdom.

He was always setting little traps to catch her. He would listen in at the telephone and had a pleasant way of going through her letters on her desk when she happened to be out of the house.

If she would call him up at the office he would not answer right away, but wait to see if any one was with her and he could overhear her conversation.

If she put on some new and attractive article of apparel he kept his eye open to see whether she was not out to lure some other male.

He lay awake a good deal to see if she did not talk in her sleep and say something that would give him a clue.

When she returned home on any occasion she had to give a very circumstantial account of all the places she had been and all the people she had met.

In other words he was the kind of gentleman that is referred to as a foxy guy.

As a matter of fact, however, his wife was a simple and perfectly innocent soul. She was a good deal of a child and had no notion in the world of doing anything wrong or even wanting to.

Then came the tragedy.

One day the husband discovered a little drawer in her writing desk that was locked. He tried to open it and could not. He asked her where the key was. She said she had it. He told her to give it to him and she declined. He wanted to know what was in the drawer and she would not tell him.

Consequently it was Oho! and At Last! for him. Here was the guilty secret. All along he had suspected that there was something.

Straightway that little locked drawer possessed his whole imagination. He thought of it in the office, at the breakfast table and when he tried to go to sleep.

He made a strenuous attempt to be decent and mind his own business, but it was no use. He simply had to get into that drawer by hook or crook and find out what this terrible thing was that he knew was going to break up his home, wreck his happiness and reveal the terrible hidden crime of this woman whom he had taken to his bosom.

And so one day when she was visiting her Aunt Mary in the next town he got a chisel and broke the lock to the drawer.

And when he had opened it and looked in he saw in one corner of it a little box of rouge!

Any ordinary white man would probably have sat down and cried, to think of this poor, dinky little sin which the dear soul had been trying to keep for her very own. Or he would have called in the iceman and given him a dollar to kick him around the room for fifteen minutes.

But all this man said was:

"Thunder!"

DANGEROUS CURVES



HE other day I saw an interesting movie. It was called "Dangerous Curves Ahead," or something like that.

It was not a story. It was a slice of life.

We were shown the man and the maid, courting, marrying, having children, and living along. There was no particular plot. The story did not start from some one definite point and proceed toward another.

But neither does an Ibsen drama have a conventional climax, nor does a Wagner opera. Wagner hardly ever even closes his musical phrases, but leaves you with a sense of incompleteness.

Life is like that. There is no grand climax, after which we live happily ever after. There is even no villain, who appears, is foiled, and disappears. Often as not he keeps bobbing up.

The only dramatic thing about life is death. That is final, definitive. "That's all. There isn't any more."

But the point about the Dangerous Curve story is that this young couple had twenty opportunities to smash things, but somehow they did not.

Mostly we do not.

There are occasions for ultimate decisions aplenty, for settling things once for all, for packing up and leaving, for absconding or divorce or burning down the house, or having done with the whole business. Only we sidestep.

I have walked past a dozen tragedies since Sunday, and so have you.

The fact is that we all have reserves of common sense, judgment, and decency that usually keep us from making fools of ourselves. That is, most always.

Sometimes a train runs off the track, but most of the trains stay on.

Sometimes we lose control and have a fist fight, or tell a man what we think of him (afterward wishing we had not), or plunge into the divorce court, but as a rule we rub along and things come around all right, or at least come around



HE Hundredth Man earns his wages. He is doing just about what he ought to be, barring the common human frailties. He makes good.

When he has an appointment, he keeps it. When he has to deliver a message to Garcia, he delivers it. He does not explain why he couldn't. When he states a thing, it is just about as he states; no more, no less. He is not fond of the pronoun "I." He shoulders his responsibilities cheerfully.

He is not looking for favors, tips, pulls and help. He is never mean, small, vindictive or selfish. And everybody knows he is the Hundredth Man—except himself.

better than they would have come if we had spilled the beans.

We all have a deal more ballast than we think.

Violence, tragedy and desperate deeds are unusual. That is why the newspaper prints them.

In fact it is the tendency of the newspaper, the novel and the play to strain for the unusual, and hence their view of life is a bit distorted.

It is a comfort once in a while to see a play where the ordinary is made interesting.

THE DIFFICULTY OF HELP



NE of the hardest things in the world to do is to help anybody.

Most of us reflect with a tinge of bitterness over the attempts we have made to give this person and that a lift, and at the outcome of it.

Even in the case of our children we are dismayed at how little good our advice seems to do and how little happiness our more material assistance appears to produce.

And, indeed, the commonest way in which we try to help anybody is by giving advice; needless to say it is about the most futile.

And there is a universal impulse when any one speaks of an ailment to recommend a remedy. Everybody has a favorite medicine or knows a remarkable physician, or perhaps has some infallible religious cult, all of which are sure cures and few of which we can get anybody to believe.

It is a wise man who learns early in life that pills are things for him to take himself and not to offer to other people.

And then so much of the helping in this world is done so clumsily that it does more harm than good. Yet the curious thing about it is that everybody thinks he could help a lot if he had the wherewithal, and that helping people is very easy.

The business man applies a lifetime of training and energy to the business of making a million dollars, and thinks he can give away a million dollars without

any training or thought at all. The result is that his benevolence is, more often than not, distinctly harmful.

The fact is that the only perfect giver is God, and our giving is really helpful only as it is Godlike. You can make a million dollars by working like the devil, but you cannot give it away except by working like God.

One of the things that spoils giving is intolerance.

"So very few," says a recent writer, "help the less fortunate on their way without cramming their own religion, or their own politics, or their own munificence down their throats at the same time. They cannot be kind for the sake of being kind; they cannot help others up without seeking to brand them at the same time with their own pet views and beliefs. And then they wonder why the poor will not be helped; why they are suspicious and ungrateful."

There is indeed no place where we more need tolerance and self-control than in helping our fellow men. And there is no place where our selfishness, egotism, narrowness and prejudice are more out of place than when we set about being benevolent.

Hurting people is simple. We come by it naturally and anybody can do it. But to help people you have to be great, which is a whole lot harder than being good. For goodness is largely a matter of impulse. Greatness includes, not only impulse, but intelligence, and, most of all, humility, which perhaps is about the scarcest thing around the house.

SLOGANS



ORIGINALLY a slogan was a battle cry.

Now slogans are chiefly used as war cries by business competitors.

Originally the word came from the Highlands of Scotland. It was spelled "sluagh-gairm." "Sluagh" meant "army" and "gairm" meant "outcry."

When clans fought one another in those days, or when clans united to fight the Lowlanders or English, such things as uniforms were unknown, and in the heat and dust of battle it was possible to mistake friend for foe.

The war shout or slogan not only helped to hearten the attack, but identified the compatriot.

Present day slogans put out by business firms to describe their goods and arouse public interest are the modern form of attack on the public purse and serve to identify the product which is to be marketed.

The importance of a good slogan to a business is almost unbelievable.

Evidence of this importance is offered by recent prize contests. In the same week a candy company and an association of electric truck manufacturers offered thousands of dollars in prizes for the best slogans submitted.

For many lines of business the appropriate slogan is more important than the quality of the product to be marketed.

For example, cigarettes. How many blindfolded persons, do you suppose, could tell the difference between one of

fifty brands of cigarettes and another by puffing at them successively?

The only way for these fifty sales organizations to identify themselves to their partisans and converts is to shout some clever word formula.

One tobacco is much like another—except to the expert—and tobacco manufacturers are hard put to it to beat their competitors' slogans. They make little effort, apparently, to beat their competitors' product. In most instances they are content to give the public an average product.

It is the slogan which sells it.

Nowadays it may be said that any idea which is expressed in such compact, brief and trenchant form that it will cut its way into the average, inert mind, is a slogan.

A good slogan will lead the mob to ostracize people, to adore people, even to kill people.

A good slogan will carry a world war to a successful conclusion. "Make the world safe for democracy," had more to do with undermining German civilian morale and finishing off the German army's resistance, than politicians like to admit.

All of which shows that the human mind yields to the persuasive appeal of words.

Thinking is the hardest work in the world. The confused and timid mind of the many, when it finds a nice new Word, crawls into it as the hermit crab crawls into a whelk shell and is happy.

THE ONLY BUSINESS



HE only business of the adult portion of the human race is teaching.

All other forms of business are subsidiary to this.

All our knowledge, our books and libraries, and institutions of learning exist solely for the purpose of giving the babies a better chance.

A man thinks that his main occupation is keeping a hardware store, or running a farm, or managing a bank, or whatever it is that he does to make a living, and acquire a fortune. He is mistaken. His main occupation — that is, the thing that Nature has in mind for him — the reason why she made him, and his chief excuse for living, is, first, to beget children, and, secondly, to train them.

For Nature is not much concerned with the individual. After using him for a few years, she throws him away. Nature's chief interest is the race.

"So careful of the type she seems,

So careless of the single life."

Therefore, any one who is not in some way directly or indirectly engaged in the business of teaching children, is superfluous.

No nation has ever given education the attention it deserves. Every nation is entirely too much occupied with adults.

We grown-ups are under the delusion that we are the people that matter, and our concerns are the important ones, and the children are somehow or other to be coddled along till they get ready to get into the Great Game. Just the opposite is the truth. It is the children that matter, and we are here to get them ready. Life itself is a vast Getting Ready.

Nations spend colossal sums upon wars wholly unnecessary, the result of an unpoliced world. It is said that over 90 per cent. of national revenues goes to wars past, present and future.

In a properly policed world less than 10 per cent. would be needed to keep mankind in order. In an intelligent

world — and we are far from that at present — at least 80 per cent. of our revenues should be devoted to education.

The school teacher should be the leading citizen of every community. He should be the best paid. His position should be so high that the best minds would aspire to it. When the world grows wise its supreme talent and genius will turn toward teaching, instead of toward hog-sticking, steel-making, or banking.

All of the tremendous problems that stump us at present, whose solution we consider impossible, could be easily solved if we would run them through the schoolhouse — that is, if we would begin by instructing the next generation.

The reason needed reforms are impractical is because of the stupidity of unpreparedness of adult minds. We could easily bring them to pass in about thirty years if we would begin with the child mind.

For instance, the League of Nations, the only rational plan for the removal of the unspeakable pest of war, found itself opposed by the whole mass of long-whiskered prejudice the world over. The trouble was it was presented to adults, who were entirely unfit to receive it.

If the makers of the League had been wise, and had outlined a plan for beginning to teach it in the primary schools, all over the world, with a provision that it should be adopted at the end of a generation — that is, in about thirty years, when the present children have grown up — it would have gone over swimmingly.

In fact, no reform ever succeeds in the generation to which it is proposed. That crop of adults has to die off. It is only the next crop that is qualified to carry on the new idea.

This accounts for the fact that all reforms go in waves, in tidal waves about thirty years apart.

The only real occupation for adults is teaching.

LEARNING FROM CHARLES EDWARD



CHARLES EDWARD is the ruler of a small kingdom in a certain town. His subjects are his father, his mother, the hired girl, and the man who does odd jobs around the house.

I go to this house sometimes and am quite interested in watching what takes place. The grown-ups think they are teaching him. Really Charles Edward is teaching them. Some of the things that I have found out from him, for he also teaches me, are as follows:

In the first place, Charles Edward thinks that it is perfectly foolish for people to eat at certain fixed times of the day. Why not eat when you are hungry, and what is the use of sitting down to the table when you are not hungry? Also why at table any time? Why not just go to the cupboard and get what you want and carry it about the house eating it? That is the way dogs do and other animals and they are healthier than we. Herein Charles Edward agrees with Oliver Wendell Holmes, who said that one of the surest signs of old age was eating at certain stated intervals.

Charles Edward is also entirely persuaded as to the folly of washing so much. He cannot see the sense of this eternal scrubbing behind the ears and bathing and picking at his finger nails.

Charles Edward does not see any particular sense in undressing when you want to sleep. He prefers to go to sleep fully dressed listening to a story, sitting on a chair or standing in the corner. He is usually undressed after he has fallen asleep instead of before. Undressing is a nuisance, anyway, and it is much better to have it performed while you are unconscious.

Charles Edward finds it difficult to get over his surprise at the fact that grown-ups want to keep still. They make entirely too much of quiet. He prefers to make a noise, preferably a loud noise, but any kind of a noise will do. He seems to find it difficult to speak in a low tone.

He also does not understand the desire of grown-ups to be continually sitting down. As for him, he prefers to jump and run constantly.

Charles Edward does not understand why girls were created. They only annoy him. He likes dogs much better. Girls are finicky and bothersome. They don't like to fight and they are always putting on airs.

Charles Edward is very much in favor of Christmas. The idea of everybody giving everybody else presents appeals to him. The only trouble with the custom is that it is confined to one day in the year. He confided to me the other day that he did not understand why he could not have Christmas every day. There is something in that.

Charles Edward is very much puzzled to understand why anybody lives in the city. There is no grass, there are no trees, there is no sand nor water. There is nothing but streets where his mother will not let him play, and stuffy houses where there is little fun to be had.

Charles Edward's idea of life is that it is a place where one can have fun. He goes at this in the most simple and direct of ways. He does not want to do anything that does not amuse him. Grown-ups go at the matter in a much more complex manner and are not generally so successful as Charles Edward.

The accepted idea of the sweet and gentle and forgiving mother and the stern father has no place in Charles Edward's beliefs. His father is his companion in crime and is always ready to second him in any sort of an adventure, including eating what he should not and stealing things when he cannot get them honestly. His mother is the one who makes him walk the chalk. And then his mother is always hugging and kissing him. His father wrestles with him, runs with him and occasionally knocks him down, which suits Charles Edward much better than affection.

Altogether Charles Edward's philosophy of life is interesting whether we approve of it or not.

MEN AND WOMEN AND CLOTHES



HERE is a profound difference between the female clothes sense and that of the male.

To speak in psychological lingo, the clothes complex of the woman is entirely different from that of the man.

Succinctly stated the difference may be said to be this: that the desire of the man is to be unconscious of his clothes and the desire of the woman is to be conscious of her clothes.

In other words the man is best contented when he never thinks of what he is wearing, and the woman when she is actually aware of what she has on.

The man does not care, the woman does care. And that is the difference.

That is the underlying reason why styles in women's clothes change so often. They change because just as soon as women get used to one style they lose the feeling of it and want another, and a new one.

When a man says that one should dress sensibly he does not mean at all the same thing that a woman means when she uses the same terms. The man means that he does not want to wear clothes that bother him and make him think of them. The woman means that she wants to wear clothes that do make her think of them.

Hence the general style in women's clothes changes radically about once in a generation, sometimes oftener. Looking at old prints we see that at one period women wore immense hoops so that their dress was tightly contracted at the waist and expanded to an enormous circle at the foot. After that came those curious contraptions known as

tilters, which were a kind of wire basket which pushed the skirt out behind but left it close-fitting in front.

From being expanded like a balloon the skirt afterwards was contracted to fit like a sausage skin, so that walking was very difficult and sitting down was an acrobatic feat.

Then came those amazing things called bustles; and sleeves were enormously puffed up at the shoulders and were alternately in time close-fitting at the wrist and loose-flowing.

Every once in a while there is a so-called reform in woman's dress. She discards her corsets and wears loose fitting garments and everybody thinks that woman is about to emancipate herself from the tyranny of fashion.

But, alas, it is a delusion. All that it means to woman is change. And the pendulum of style has swung backward and forward since the fig leaves of Eden.

Each generation looks with amazement at the styles of the preceding.

"Do you think," says a recent writer quoting the Boulevardier, "that Josephine and her ladies in their charmingly simple frocks of the First Empire did not laugh themselves to tears over the old fashioned plates of the eighteenth century with their seemingly impossible hoops and farthingales? But none the less the very next generation produced the even more ridiculous crinoline and that strange deformity, the bustle."

The truth is that any sort of style is welcome to a woman, even the physical discomfort of tight lacing or the nuisance of a long train, provided that it is a sensation of novelty.

THINGS THAT SHOULD NOT BE POSTPONED



O not postpone love.

Love and the expressions of love, the kindly words and smiles and helpful deeds, are like the manna that fell in the wilderness. They will not keep. It is a crop that must be gathered and spent every day.

Another thing about love is that it is not subject to the law of thrift. Do not economize in love. For the more you spend of it the more you have. Throw it away, give it away, splash it over, and to-morrow you will have more. But if you hoard it very probably to-morrow your hoard will be dried leaves.

Do not postpone play. Do a little of it to-day. One of the most efficient men I know, when asked when he took his vacation, replied, "Every day." Keeping everlastingly at it may bring success. It also brings paralysis and nervous prostration.

Be efficient. But there is such a thing as being too darned efficient.

Do not postpone learning. No day should pass without mind sweat. And a month or a year without any hard study is sure to bring on one of the commonest and most fatal diseases—that is, fatal in the sense of being bore-some and reducing the power of one's personality. And that disease is mental flabbiness.

Do not postpone physical exercise. The time to take your exercises is when you do not want to.

Do not postpone beauty. If you have passed a whole day and have never seen a thing that you admire or that thrills you with its loveliness, whether a leaf, a flower, a picture, or a face, that is a day lost.

Do not postpone wonder. Do not

devote every day to things that you understand. Around you is an infinite you cannot understand. Keep your mind up against it. For thence come the greatest elements into your nature.

Do not postpone happiness.

Anybody can be happy without reference to his conditions as a rule, if he only has sense enough and is teachable enough.

The secret of happiness, or rather the secrets, are two—first, the power of adjustment to one's circumstances, and second, the possession of inner resources.

Nobody is a bigger fool than the man who is miserable every day with the idea that by means of it he is going to be happy after a while. Now is the time to be happy.

The best preparation for happiness is happiness.

We do not realize the enormous resources of pleasure that are in the possession of each one of us. The normal functioning of every bodily power is accomplished with pleasure. The normal operation of our minds, whether in memory or imagination, is pleasurable. The normal condition of the soul that has reached any sort of basic truth about the universe is one of joy.

Besides this the whole world of nature about us is an inexhaustible reservoir of joy.

Be happy. And to-day's the day. This does not mean be foolish, nor silly, nor reckless. It does not mean to intoxicate yourself, poison or pervert yourself. All these are devil's short cuts. But without these and with merely the equipment of health and intelligence you can be happy.

Do it now.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SOMETHING TO DO

A recent essayist has stated that "everything which a woman can do a rich woman pays other women to do for her." And that is probably the reason why rich women, as a class, are unhappier than the poor.

There is nothing so much thought about, studied, and desired as happiness, and there is nothing so little understood.

It is a homely truth, and one that will be despised by many and rejected by not a few, but it is a truth just the same, that the most practical and important secret of happiness is having something to do.

Of course, this should be something that is really worth doing. When people are entirely occupied in doing things that could quite as well be left undone they usually revert to the most primitive morality.

We flout the demi-monde and have a great scorn for those women of no reputation and no morals who come under the classification of gold diggers. Their business is to get money out of men and as to the means to do this they are entirely indifferent.

But it is a curious fact that the wives of very many successful and wealthy men are little better than this.

One does not have to be a Puritan nor a prig to be impressed by the fact that the life of a woman entirely occupied in seeking to amuse herself, to be waited upon and to avoid responsibility,

no matter how much her condition may be legalized by church or state, is no better than the life of a kept woman.

From a class composed of such females we can hardly expect any robust ideals or any nobleness of tone.

It is indeed the law of life, from which no soul can escape, that unless one has found some part of the world's work to do, some position in which there is service to be performed for humanity, there can be no issue but petulance and disgust.

This does not mean that there can be no satisfaction without drudgery, but it does mean that there can be no beauty nor contentment without responsibility.

It is a curious thing that we instinctively shun that which is most sure to make us happy and universally crave those things which make us miserable. Even as children we longed for a steady diet of chocolate creams which ruined our digestion, and loathed the gruel which made us healthy and vigorous.

And the ambition of very many of the favored women of the world—that is to say, these daughters of affluence who are relieved from the necessity of menial service—is generally to be relieved of all other kinds of service.

We are everlastingly preaching to the poor, while the poor have in their hands the very best assurance of salvation—something to do. The people that need evangelizing are the rich.

ONLY A WOMAN



ERE follows a letter which is an old story.

But it is the old stories that are the most real.

A story of love that two young people are whispering over the garden gate is infinitely more exciting than anything new that the cleverest mind can think of.

And here is a hot gush of burning lava, fresh from the volcanic heart of a suffering woman.

It may be tiresome to you. Doubtless the complaints of the victims are tiresome to the brutal soldier. Doubtless all heartbreak is tiresome. And death is tiresome. But there is a time for everything.

This woman writes:

"Having read your 'ten resolutions,' I ask what you'd do if you were a woman with a heart as heavy as lead and eyes that smart from crying trying to get along with a husband that drinks. Came in to-night drunk, and didn't come home last night till small hours of this morning. I walked from kitchen to front room back and forth, and till near 2 A. M. I shivered, while my little children slept.

"Oh, the heartaches a mother suffers for her children only a mother knows. I hide my head with shame when he comes along staggering; then he enters with oaths flung at me which are kept up for hours. Just think, we are raising future men and women to hold responsible positions, and we should be protected from brutes who sell drink.

"How I pray for my husband to turn from drink until I'm tired of praying. I live in dread. I could fill pages. I'm worn and exhausted. Please, Mr. Crane, write on prohibition, and will you kindly print in your column the above? It might strike home to the



*W*e cannot Grow unless we Know.

A hog grows without knowing, but not a man. Here are some

suggestions on Knowing and Growing:

- (1) *Ask questions. Don't be ashamed to say "I don't know."* (2) *Adapt yourself. Learn to fit in. Don't waste power by antagonizing and friction.* (3) *Set a goal. Have an aim in life.* (4) *Discipline yourself. No good thing comes to the undisciplined, and if it does he doesn't know what to do with it.* (5) *Co-operate. Live and let live. Play fair with everybody.* (6) *Have faith. Believe in yourself. Believe in honest men and good women.* (7) *Make your work your life. Don't postpone happiness.*

guilty. I will watch for same every night.

"MOTHER."

I have no particular argument to make about this. Only it is a human document. And I publish it exactly as I received it. It settles nothing, proves nothing, but it sheds a revealing light upon the subject nevertheless.

Still, it's only a woman, and what has a woman's heart and happiness to do with affairs of state, and our glorious Personal Liberties?

COUNT YOUR TREASURES



NE of the craziest kinks in human nature is that we appreciate only what we do not have.

Even a million dollars only looms up and fills our horizon while we are trying to get it; as soon as it is got, it shrinks.

The school-yard-full of lusty children, screaming and romping with the overflow of health, never think of health. The only people who appreciate health are those sitting out in the sun on the south porch of the sanatorium eating oatmeal.

The struggling young actor imagines that to be a famous star would be the greatest thing in the world, and yet if he could go and visit a famous star he would probably find him in his club industriously getting drunk to relieve his ennui.

The people who wear purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, who live in the large brick house out at the edge of town where a stone dog is in the yard, are not particularly happy. If they are, it is a borrowed sort of happiness, which is to say the happiness which other people think they ought to have.

No good things in life are so good as those that are just out of reach.

All you have to do to make people want a thing is to make them feel they can not get it.

When you fence off the most in-

convenient seats in the theatre, call the place a private box, and charge three times as much for it as for the good seats down in front, everybody will want it.

To anybody who is at all clever this ought to suggest the practical short cut to happiness, which is to realize the value of what you do have and not waste your time over an excessive valuation of what you do not have.

Most people who have arrived at the land of contentment have gotten there by that way. That is to say, they have learned to count their own treasures and have left off considering those of other people.

There is no life so poor that it has not infinite resources. And there is no life so rich and crowded that it has not room for spoiling envy.

What we need is intelligent selfishness. And the best recipe for a cheerful spirit is to develop one's own resources.

Stop, and realize how good air is by just imagining how it would feel to be smothered; how good your plentiful water supply is by imagining what one cup of water would be worth to you if you were dying of thirst on a desert island; and how good even life itself would seem to you if you were going to be hanged to-morrow.

All this is not deceiving yourself, bamboozling yourself, nor lifting yourself by your boot-straps. It is plain horse sense.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BOREDOM



MOST of us are bored most of the time.

And the reason that we are bored is that we are human beings, fallen creatures, theologically speaking, or imperfectly developed creatures, scientifically speaking. It all comes to the same thing.

And our greatest difficulty is in our imagination.

Only in imagination can there be an escape from boredom.

For the commonest source of boredom is repetition.

The thing that we get bored with is the thing that occurs over and over. We have to get up in the morning and dress and eat, and we have to go to work and come home and undress and go to bed. So rolls the weary wheel around.

Everybody has to do this one way or another, and if some people manage to do it with gayety and get a lot of fun out of it, it is simply because they have imagination enough to make play of it.

There is no fun except in play or religion or both.

Very many of us are unable to use religion. We have it, but we do not use it—that is to say, it does us no practical good between Sundays. If we were wise enough we might have a sort of religion that would run along seven days in the week, but we are not.

Everybody could play if they had imagination enough. And

play does not consist in some other kind of exercise, but it consists in carrying on the same exercise in a different spirit.

It consists in flooding the commonplace with imagination.

It consists in using our fancy to give us that aloofness in our daily task that shall make it amusing and not boring.

The trouble with most people is, not that they are not serious enough, but that they are too serious about unimportant things. Most things do not matter.

There are men who can carry on great and important business with all the zest of a game. They are good losers and so they are happy winners.

There are women who can accept the inevitable and the unavoidable and laugh at it. They have that eternal touch of childhood, that Peter Pan spirit, which enables them, like a sprite, to dance gleefully over waves where their less imaginative sisters are pitifully drowned.

To make a little girl happy you do not have to give her a new doll that costs a hundred dollars, for she can get more fun out of her old rag doll that costs nothing. That is because her fun comes from her imagination.

And except ye be converted and become as little children, you shall not have the slightest idea of what I am talking about.

OLOGIES AND ISTRIES

IHAD a letter some time ago from a young man in Michigan, saying that he had recently taken up the study of phrenology, and wanted my advice on somebody or other's book that he had just commenced reading.

The book, he said, seemed to cover the subject very thoroughly, both in the text and illustrations. It gave information concerning how to judge a person's character by the size and shape of his head, face, eyes, ears, hands and general appearance.

The young man said that he had met people who thought that phrenology was bosh, and he wished to know whether I believed that a study of this science would broaden his mind and help him in his daily work and social ambitions.

It might.

You never can tell.

It might, also, be valuable to take up the study of chess, to investigate the ancient history of free masonry, or to devote one's self to numismatics, pedomancy, necromancy, palmistry, astrology, or the history of the Greek enclitics.

Almost any of these are good exercises for the mind. These are very good exercises for people who have not any thing else to do.

But in a world where there is so much that is useful, beautiful, and

constructive, it is difficult to see how anyone can find the time to wander along in such fields.

If, instead of studying phrenology, my young friend will study physiology and philosophy, he will stand a much better chance to find out something about the human creature.

If he is interested in discovering the future, he will be much more likely to be successful if he will study history and find out about the past, instead of poking around with astrology and such things.

If he likes problems, he will find that the study of mathematics will furnish ample scope for his activities, particularly if he will pursue this science into the higher regions of integral calculus and astronomy.

If he is of a turn of mind that disposes him toward experimentation in dealing with exact factors, he has an immense opportunity before him in the study of the sciences, such as botany, zoology, entomology, biology, chemistry, and the like.

If he is spiritually inclined, he might take up the study of comparative religions.

If he is fond of languages, there are enough of them to keep him busy for several lifetimes.

In short, this world is so full of toothsome and appetizing food for the mind, that it seems hardly worth while for anyone to eat sawdust just for practice.

WRONG END TO

IT can hardly be wondered that so many things in this life are wrong end to since life itself is wrong end to.

We need not go so far as the Presbyterian divine who said in the course of his sermon, "Is it not, my brethren, a most remarkable proof of Divine Providence that death, instead of being placed at the beginning of life, comes at the end of life, so that we can have an opportunity to prepare for it?"

But somehow things seem curiously out of joint, as the little boy noticed when he said that if he had been making the world he would have made the sun to shine at night when we need it and not during the day when it's light anyhow.

That period of life in which we need discretion and wisdom the most is youth, and that is the period in which we have the least. Ignorance and rashness in the boy can wreck his whole life; in the old man they do not make much difference. Virtue and character are of immense importance to the girl, and it is to be feared that she does not think much of these things; the old woman thinks and talks of them a great deal, and in her case they do not make much matter.

All our lives we are accumulating wisdom by the difficult process of experience, and about the time we learn how to live we have to die.

Mark Twain noted this, and one of his favorite fancies was

that life should begin with old age, go on through strong manhood and golden youth, and end at last in a pampered and beloved babyhood.

"When I was a boy in Missouri," he said, "I was always on the lookout for invitations but they usually miscarried, went wandering through the aisles of time, and now they are arriving when I am too old and rheumatic and can't travel and must lose my chance.

"The whole scheme of things is turned wrong end to. Life should begin with age and its privileges, and end with youth and its capacity splendidly to enjoy such advantages. As things are now, when in youth a dollar would bring you a hundred pleasures, you can't have it. When you are old, you get it, but there is nothing worth buying with it then."

There is many a man who has proved the truth of this sharp criticism upon the scheme of things. With all our splendid capacities in youth for enjoyment we work like a pack horse and lay up money for old age, and then we can do nothing but sit around a sanatorium.

The only way to disprove this cynic conclusion is to learn a better creed as to what pleasure is. For it is possible, by a proper use of judgment and experience, to come to old age and find in it treasures of contentment and riches of peace which more than make up for the lost hurly-burly of early adventures.

TAKING LOVE LIGHTLY



RS. G. VERE TYLER, the novelist, said the other day: "I think that women, instead of taking love lightly, gayly, joyously, as a man does, take it too seriously and let it make them miserable. To be happy they must get over this. The time is coming when women will be free of glooms, grouches, martyrdoms, misgivings, and the like, and then they will be happy."

Love is essentially a light, joyous, and happy thing.

The period when love functions most vividly, the time of life when nature calls for mating, is the brightest epoch of our days. It is the time of romance, adventure, hope, and poetry.

It is the blossom time of the race.

But to say that love should be taken lightly would be misleading. For love, after all, is a serious business, and roundabout this bright day of sunshine can always be heard the thunders of destiny.

Love is inextricably bound up with the moralities. In fact, love and morality are not contradictory terms. On the contrary, normal love, that which is not only happy but wants to remain happy, seeks the moralities just as a man seeks for a rock and not the shifting sands upon which to build his house.

Morality, after all, is nothing but the science of human relation-

ships. It is the attempt of people to discover the permanent laws which govern the art of getting along together. Every morality implies the other fellow. There is no individual morality, strictly speaking. Every virtue and every sin has its relation to our fellow man.

If by loving lightly, therefore, we mean to love without recognizing our responsibilities and our ideas of justice, honor, and fair play, such light loving is no more than a crime.

There are minds that cannot understand how a thing can be at once serious and joyous. Indeed, it is only when we have made some progress in wisdom that we discover that there is no joy except the light and beauty that play above the serious realities.

Monogamy is the best solution for the permanent relation of the sexes, for the simple reason that it is that form of love which recognizes the rights of the child and of the woman.

Love is the gladdest thing in the world. Only as we are in love do we experience the fullest exercise of every function of the spirit. Only the mind warmed by the enthusiasm of love can have vision, can give just judgments, can think clearly and soundly.

Coldness and hate are always squint-eyed.

There is a deal of right intuition under the woman's cry, "Love me little, love me long."

THE SEA

IHAVE been much troubled always by the passage of Scripture which says, "There shall be no more sea."

It was explained to me by a Quaker on shipboard who observed that whereas in former times the sea had been the barrier it had now become the common carrier of nations.

Time was when the crossing of the sea was a perilous event, one to be undertaken only by the more adventurous portion of the population; for this reason every nation was more or less provincial and self-contained.

Man, however, by his invention of steam, has conquered the seas and made them his roadstead. At present no one thinks more of crossing the ocean than he does of crossing the ferry. This has brought foreign lands near to us.

It has been difficult for us to accommodate ourselves to this idea and we persist in conceiving of foreigners as being peoples totally different from us, whereas if we only see them often enough, we find them much the same.

The sea, therefore, has taken down barriers and has not made them.

Someone has said, "We should study maps of the seas with the lands which lie around them, and not maps of the land."

On the surface of the globe, three-fifths are water. That is, the most part of our habitable sphere is made up of the sea. There is more life in the sea than on the land, so scientists tell us. But it is a hidden life separated from us by a curtain which we are slow to penetrate.

Man is a land animal and is not

adapted for breathing sea water. Just as men drown in the sea, so fishes drown in the air.

What goes on in that immense republic of the sea we can only guess. We know it has its monsters, its animalculae, its whales and its minnows, its commonalty and its grotesque gentry.

I*T is never too late. Of all the lies that have shackled the human soul, the worst is implied in those two words, "too late." Among human beings nothing is irrevocable. Have I bad habits? I made them. I can break them. It may hurt, but I will not whimper; I will take myself in hand. All about the walls of my room I will write: "I can! I can! I can! I can!" I will not weep over lost opportunities, but find new ones. It is not true that Opportunity knocks but once at a man's door. Opportunities stand in line at my door every day, trying to get in. It is never too late for the Soul of Man.*

As far as we can see there is no creature in the water that corresponds to man. There is no thinking fish. But there must be some purpose in the great plan for the water population or there would not be so much of it.

There are few experiences more refreshing to the soul than to be in the midst of the great waters, to look out for days upon an expanse of ocean with no land on the horizon. This makes one feel his littleness, his insignificance, in the order of things. It is as if one strayed amidst the immense distances of the stars.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE



OW to make love ought to be taught in school," said an intelligent lady of my acquaintance.

Surely few subjects have more to do with the happiness of the race. And more tragedies are due to ignorance upon this topic than because of not knowing how to parse a noun or draw a map of Guatemala.

"Well," said I, "you are fifty years old and have had some experience and more observation, suppose you give me some rules, real honest to goodness rules, whereby a young man can improve his technique."

"I will," she said. And went on somewhat as follows:

"First, observe the Golden Rule. Do as you'd be done by.

"Use your imagination. Try to put yourself in her place. Then you will not say offensive things, you will not be guilty of culpable neglect, or acts of rudeness and selfishness. Nothing needs imagination like love.

"Accept her as she is. If you do not, then you do not love her, but you love some figment of your fancy. Don't try to change her. It would be better, if she does not suit you, to get another girl.

"Don't criticize. Finding fault is both the easiest and most dangerous thing in the world.

"Try to see what to commend in her, and speak of such things. Appreciate! Love grows on appreciation.

"Show her that you want her, that her presence makes you happy, that

she means more to you than do others.

"Respect her moods. If she wants to be silent, do not insist on her talking. If she has an impulse of gayety and high spirits, do not reprove her.

"Don't regulate her, nor attempt to. Respect her individuality. She is a person, as much as you are. She has a right to her peculiarities. If you don't like them, she's not the girl for you.

"Let her do things for you. Let her realize she is indispensable. A woman likes to be thought of some use.

"Be frank. Don't conceal things. Be open and above board.

"Be firm. Be courageous. Live your own life, have your own opinions. Don't let her dominate you. Every woman tries it, and, if she succeeds, despises her victim. Don't turn yourself into a valet to her.

"Be master. She wants to be mastered. She wants to look up to you. But don't be an egotistic fool.

"Be courteous, always polite, with her. Do not let the intimacies destroy the adornments. Little attentions mean a lot to a woman.

"Speak love. Don't take it for granted. Tell her. Tell her every day. Give your feeling for her constant expression.

"Be honest.

"Be just.

"Be fair.

"Be good. Not too good, of course. But good enough to make a woman not afraid to give herself, her happiness, her honor, into your hands. Good enough to be the father of her children."

THE CASE OF HAWKINS



MIDDLESWORTH, the President of the Bank, sat in his private office across the desk from Eastman, who was his right-hand man.

They were discussing the case of Hawkins.

Eastman's face was pale and his hands trembled as he fumbled his papers.

"I wouldn't have believed it," he said to his chief. "Why Hawkins has been with us over twenty years. He is a model bank clerk in every respect. His life is an open book and above reproach.

"He has no bad habits. He does not drink. He does not even smoke. He never goes to the theatre. About all the amusement he gets is to slip over to a free lecture at the school-house once in a while. He is wearing the same clothes he has had for four years.

"And there is no use looking for a woman. He is an old bachelor and never speaks to a woman if he can help it. He has no relatives that I know of except a perfectly respectable brother who is in the lumber business in Chicago.

"And yet he has been swindling us for years. By one of the cleverest systems I ever saw he has milked this bank of almost \$500,000.

"There is no doubt about it. I have gone through the books. I have been down here every night for two weeks and the proof that I have is overwhelming."

President Middlesworth opened

a drawer, took out a cigar, clipped off the end, and lit it.

"Hm!" he observed.

Just then the telephone rang. Middlesworth took up the instrument and held it to his ear. "Hullo!" he said. "Yes, this is Middlesworth — What? — Oh, all right, all right. — No, but you may bet \$5,000 on 'Checkerboard.' — You are mistaken. Checkerboard's a sure winner. — Oh, all right, let it go!"

He hung up the telephone.

Eastman said: "I suppose there's only one thing to do and that is to call in the police. It's a pity, though I feel infernally sorry for old Hawkins."

"No," said Middlesworth. "We'll not call in the police. And we'll not arrest Hawkins. We'll let him alone."

"Let him alone!" exclaimed Eastman. "Let him go on stealing?"

"Sure!" calmly replied the President. "I've known for a long while what he is doing. The trouble is, Hawkins is an old miser. He is saving every cent he steals. And my trouble is that I'm a gambler. I can't help gambling any more than he can help saving. Some day I will probably lose my pile. I know where Hawkins has his money and I've fixed it so I can lay my hand on it any time. You see, Hawkins is looking out for my old age. He doesn't know it, but he is."

And that was the case of Hawkins.

THE DANGEROUS AGE



HE dangerous age of sentiment is not youth. It is at the point just past middle life.

Landru, the Frenchman who was accused of beguiling women to his house, getting hold of their property and destroying their bodies by burning them, a case which has created the sensation of the year in France, selected his victims of an age past forty.

He was very shrewd. Women are more easily duped by sentiment after forty than before.

This is particularly the case when they have been left lonely and neglected.

Every woman by nature is hungry for affection. And those who have, because of their personal appearance, been passed by in the lists of love, who realize that they have a fund of affection but have never found anybody to appreciate it, are peculiarly susceptible.

Widows who have known privation, unmarried women who have passed forty without attracting the opposite sex, or women whose lives have been spent in hardship and drudgery quickly respond to a little kindly sympathy.

This is not weakness nor perversion. It is a pathetic fact. It is pathetic because the women who are not endowed with graces of face and form to attract love are just as eager for love as their fairer sisters.

And they are more eager to give love than to get it.

They do not ask: "Does he love me?" but "Will he let me love him?"

As Dr. Bernard Hollander says: "Women who have never loved are sometimes overcome with gnawing regret at the approach of the change of life, and it is very common for such women

to make fools of themselves. When a woman is no longer young she realizes her missed chances, and she does not want to forego what she thinks is a genuine offer, perhaps the only genuine one she has ever received or ever will receive. The alluring prospect of loving companionship and a home of her own induces her to part with what savings and property she possesses.

"Women suspect men as a rule of deceiving them. Yet they hope against that judgment that though he may have wronged others she is the particular mate he has been looking for. The older a woman the more she wants to mother a man and 'save him from himself.' Even if it should turn out only a romance, better that than deadly monotony. We all have to pay for our experiences, only in the case of women the tuition fees are higher."

Very often women are the severest critics of women, and are apt to call the old maid or the widow who succumbs to the flattery of a suitor an "old fool." Perhaps such a woman is a fool in the sense that her critical faculty is dulled by her emotions. But all of us are more or less that sort of a fool, and our judgment in such cases should be charitable.

The truth is that love and sympathy and appreciation are necessities of life, quite as much as money and physical comforts. And we ought to exercise as much thrift in the one instance as in the other.

In other words, every life should lay up love or resources of love, for when one finds in later years that she stands solitary and that she is affectionately bankrupt, she is very apt to become panicky and in an excellent situation to make a fool of herself.

ART AND DRUGS



MAN may be very eminent in his own profession and vastly ignorant outside of it.

Mr. Joseph Pennell was an eminent American etcher and illustrator. He made a speech the other day, however, in New York in which, according to the press reports, he stated that "no nation ever produced and maintained art without freedom of thought such as drink implies."

He also attacked those fanatics whom he pictured to be gradually reducing the United States to the point of becoming an artistic and intellectual desert.

"When a group of fanatics takes away such a privilege as wine," continued the distinguished artist, "not only freedom takes its wings but the Graces are not long in following. You cannot have good art or good literature without drink. It is absolutely impossible. Unless something is done toward ameliorating the prohibition laws, art will go to the devil in the United States."

Reduced to its lowest terms and put in simple understandable English, Mr. Pennell's proposition was that the best work of the human mind is produced by drugs.

Alcohol is a drug just as opium, cocaine, heroin and the like are drugs. This is nothing against it, as drugs have their human uses.

But it is a drug just the same, for the simple reason that it is not a necessary food. The normal healthy human being can get along without it. The only

person who absolutely needs it is one whose system has been perverted by its continued use. The man who simply must have alcohol is precisely the same sort of type as the man who simply must have his happy dust.

The main difference between alcoholic and other drugs is that the use of alcohol has been almost universal for countless generations. It has behind it the tremendous momentum of tradition.

It is also entrenched in that institution known as society, which gives it an enormous power over a vast portion of the human race.

But for all that, alcohol is vastly more dangerous than any other habit-forming drug, for the reason that its effects are so closely parallel to those produced by a perfect state of youth, health and fitness. These effects are temporary and are invariably followed by reaction, which is dangerous and often destructive.

But there are a large number of souls who are willing to throw away life, health and prospects for a high moment. This number includes not only geniuses but all children and fools.

Mr. Pennell was not the first who has twanged his lyre and raised his voice in praise of wine. The cult of Bacchus is as old as delusion, which in turn is as old as the human race.

Mr. Stephen Crane once said that American literature might be divided into two classes, whiskey and opium.

Mr. Pennell seemed inclined to restrict all American genius to one class, as he said nothing in praise of hasheesh, loco weed or the hypodermic syringe.

DEMOCRACY AND EQUALITY



SPEAKING of Caruso's voice and referring to the fact that it was his own peculiar gift, and not common to men, a New York newspaper recently observed:

"Nature is not democratic; she gives some women beauty and leaves others, of equal or greater merit, plain; she makes some persons intelligent and some stupid; she endows some with power to please and makes others incapable of inspiring friendship or admiration. In brief, we are not born free and equal nor do we become so; to some the gods bring gifts and others they pass by; there are aristocracies of voices, of beauty and of intelligence. The best democracy can ever do is to give every Caruso a chance to sing."

The idea here expressed is true enough. The wording is not happy. It confuses democracy with equality of personal gifts.

Democracy is equality, but it is only equality of opportunity.

All democracy does is to remove artificial and unjust privileges and restrictions.

Far from implying an equality of capacity, democracy is based upon variety and inequality.

It is artificial aristocracies that absurdly call every member of an arbitrary group noble, that call every jackdaw and mudhen a nightingale simply because he is somebody's nephew or enjoys some other unearned privilege.

Autocracy, the class system and the theory of heredity shut the doors to opportunity and give the Carusos no chance to sing.

Democracy is merely the law of

Nature as applied to society. Its effect is to give the reward to the man who earns it. And not to some ninny who enjoys the favor of the court.

Democracy has more great men and outstanding samples of genius than aristocracy; the only difference is that they are really great and are not merely called great.

Democracy produces a Lincoln, finding its national leader among the rail splitters.

Democracy discovers and exalts the most skilful statesman in England in the person of a little Welsh attorney while autocracy heaps honors upon the commonplace descendant of a very commonplace German family simply because it is royal.

Always the real leaders of men, the real kings have come up from the common people. The finest flowers in the human flora grow in the woods pasture and not in the hothouse; no privileged class, no Royal house, no carefully selected stock produced a Leonardo or a Michael Angelo in art, a Shakespeare or Burns in letters, a Galli Curci or Paderewski in music, a Socrates or Kant in philosophy, an Edison or Pasteur in science, a Wesley or a Knox in religion.

Neither autocracy nor democracy has anything to do with the personal qualification of individuals. All they have to do is with conditions.

Democracy opens all the doors, and lets in the sunshine and free air.

Autocracy is an attempt to improve human society by enclosing it in an artificial edifice of which some chambers may be gilded salons but most are stinking prison cells.

THE BUSINESS OF BEING BEAUTIFUL



LILLIAN RUSSELL has passed from this world.

Every one who passes leaves something, something that cannot be weighed with any scales nor measured with any foot rule, and yet something that abides in the race.

This intangible something, this spiritual heritage, is more important than any material property a man may dispose of by his will.

What did Lillian Russell leave?

Her business was being beautiful. No one seems to deny that she was a beautiful woman.

There are many beautiful women in the world and perhaps the business of being beautiful is as important as the business of consolidating steel companies or constructing the State of Czechoslovakia.

Beauty is an endowment, something for which its possessor is in nowise responsible, even as a talent for playing the violin, writing verses or fixing clocks.

And the way beautiful women handle their equipment of charm has probably as much to do with the happiness or misery of the world as any other one thing.

From all accounts, Lillian Russell used her beauty for the welfare of the world.

She had the beautiful traits of spirit that ought to go with a beautiful face, but do not always.

For she was kindly, sympathetic, cheerful and courageous.

In her footsteps there sprang up flowers of smiles and laughter, even as daisies sprang up along where the mythical goddess passed.

In deciding the great question, What Is Worth While? surely there is cogency in the argument that one has not lived in vain who has taken even a little bit from the pile of human care and brooding and added a little bit to the pile of human cheer.

Surely gentleness and agreeableness are foremost among virtues and have their place among the moralities.

'Tis a troubled world and what we all need is that liquor of the gods called Joy which strengthens the life force.

Every beautiful woman is a high priestess of humanity.

In the hands of beauty are perhaps our most fateful issues.

Men have climbed to fame because they have slaughtered thousands, or because they have taken away vast properties from their fellows and stored them in their own house, or because they have written well or spoken movingly. But perhaps an epitaph even more to be coveted is the one that Arnold Bennett uses concerning one of his characters, and one that could surely be applied to Lillian Russell:

"She cheered us all up a bit."

THE SUPERFLUOUSNESS OF EINSTEIN



O the average man the Einstein theory seems superfluous.

It is comforting to be assured, from the seats of the mathematical mighty, that to the average man it is superfluous.

One of the very greatest mathematicians of his age, himself a pioneer in mathematical discoveries and physical observations, Henri Poincaré, tells professors that they should not teach the new theories to their pupils until the latter are steeped to the very marrow of their bones in the older mechanics.

"It is," says Poincaré, "with ordinary mathematics that their life is concerned; it is that alone they will ever have to apply. Whatever speed our motor cars obtain, they will never reach a speed at which our old mechanics cease to be true. The new is a luxury, and we must think of luxuries only when it can be done without injury to necessity."

From which we gather that as far as building a house is concerned, or constructing a steel bridge, or cooking a pot roast, or knocking out a home run, the old laws of physics are good enough.

It may relieve the minds of those who yearn to be up to date also to know that no human being has ever yet explained Einstein and his new theories in language that is understandable to any one that is not a past master in mathematics.

And it may help us in clear thinking to know that the more any explanation seems to explain, the more clever its word play and the more picturesque its

similitudes, the more likely it is to be wrong. If you have not a mathematical mind and a profound mathematical training you had better pass Einstein and Company up.

A number of learned doctors once, after long and careful effort, thought that they had made the difference in colors plain to a man born blind. At the end of their explanation they asked him if he knew what red is. He answered: "Certainly. Red is like the sound of a trumpet."

Having not the faculty of seeing, the more definite his notion was of colors, the more certain it was to be wrong.

The only thing therefore for the plain man to do when he is confronted by some "explanation" which deals with "contravariant and covariant vectors, tensors, scalars, orthogonal vectors, generalized symbols of three signs," and the like, is to take to the woods.

All this is not to cast any aspersion upon the great mathematicians and their work. We speak only in the interests of the common man, and remind him that an essential to clear thinking is to see distinctly what he cannot know; which is quite as essential as to know distinctly what he does know.

All honor to those who build "towering mathematical structures in which the x's shoot out their volutes in bewildering arabesques, with swan-neck integrals describing Louis XIV. patterns." We tip our hats to them.

In the meanwhile we go on using the carpenter's foot rule when we want to build a woodshed.

BACKBONE AND WISHBONE



TOO many people, said somebody, have their wishbone where their backbone ought to be.

In other words, they go through life continually wishing for great things, but have not the backbone to secure those great things.

Nothing valuable can be secured, as a rule, in a mere flush of enthusiasm.

It takes patience, forbearance and will power, to accomplish what we want.

Many a young person, for instance, has gone to the city with the intention of studying art or music or some such thing. And things have not broken right for them and they have found impediments and obstacles and have become discouraged. They have not enough backbone to counterbalance their wishbone.

The prizes of this life go, as a rule, to those who are able to stick.

This is true in business. The shores of the business stream are littered with the wrecks of those who have come to grief. They were not able to stick or were not intelligent enough to make provision for sticking. The first great storm that arose was fatal to them.

Those who have succeeded in business, as a rule, are those who have doggedly stuck to their task until by and by fortune smiled upon them.

For Fortune is a peculiar lass. Those who are afraid of her she is cruel toward. Those who flout her and kick her and

disregard her she will finally come to fawn upon.

It is well to have great desires and great ambitions, but, unless this is balanced by great staying powers, one is apt to be like a rocket, up in a flare of glory and down like a stick.



No human being ever "found" happiness. Happiness just "happens," of course. It is a gift from destiny. You cannot dig it up, pump it up, or otherwise discover it. You cannot buy it, nor make it come like a conjurer by sleight of hand. The harder you run after it, the faster it flees before you. It is like seeking the end of the rainbow.

Happiness always comes to you over your shoulder. And it comes most permanently and regularly to those who are trying to make other people happy.

Just help some one, give a word of appreciation to a sensitive boy or girl, cheer up a discouraged worker, amuse a child, forget all your own troubles, and, the first thing you know, Happiness, the wilful jade, will steal up behind you and have her arms about your neck.

In all human relations no one finds people exactly as he wants them. We must trim our wishes to suit the actualities. We must come down from the ideals that we have pictured to ourselves to the realities as they are.

This is oftentimes a slow and difficult progress. For one of the hardest things to do is to adapt our wishes to things as we find them.

A BETTER NATIONAL MOTTO



NATIONAL toast much in favor is that which is attributed to Stephen Decatur.

"My country, right or wrong; but, right or wrong, my country."

At the present stage of world thought this motto is peculiarly vicious, as the spirit of it is such as to elevate the claim of patriotism over that of humanity and the individual conscience.

Patriotism has its place, but it also has its distinct dangers.

It is a wholesome sentiment when properly subordinated. It becomes unwholesome and criminal when it is carried to excess.

It is like fire, which is a good servant but a terrible master.

What ailed Germany during the last war was patriotism run mad.

And what ails France to-day, and is doing more than any other one element to prevent the work of reconstruction, is an abnormal patriotism. The coming problem is not how to make citizens good nationals, but how to make nations decent and reasonable members of the body of humanity.

The world to-day is slowly passing through the transition from supremacy of nationalism to the supremacy of humanity, just as in the days of Richelieu and Bismarck it passed from the supremacy of feudalism to that of the nation.

The intelligent and humane people are concerned most of all in how to escape the horrors of war. They understand perfectly well that war cannot cease until we have some sort of world government, with a responsible force behind it.

But they do not wish to be lost in impractical idealism. They wish to keep hold of the people and to attain this world unity without destroying the advantages of separate nationalities.

The intelligent man of to-day sees that international cooperation is necessary. But he does not want to engage in any movement to attain this which shall jeopardize those advantages the world has already gained through nationalism.

The best motto, therefore, for all nations is the one so finely phrased by Talleyrand:

"The true interests of my country are never in opposition to the true interests of the world."

It is this idea that needs to be inculcated into the minds of the people of earth. It should be insisted upon and taught with patience and persistence: "Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," until we can form that sound public opinion upon which an abiding world unity can be based.

JOANNA'S BOX



JOANNA SOUTHCOTT was born in 1750. She went about Scotland as a sort of evangelist. She was venerated as a prophetess.

When she died in December, 1814, she took with her into the tomb a little box containing, according to her last will and testament, a prediction.

This prediction, she declared, was of such a nature as would save, not only England, but also the whole world from a terrible disaster.

Her will provided that the box should not be opened until after a hundred years.

In December, 1914, the box ought to have been opened. But the Great War came along and people had something else to think of.

Now, however, her memory is being revived in a curious manner.

A wave of mysticism is spreading over the little Scotch fishing village of Cairnburg, which is now being called the Village of the Saints.

From this hamlet a number of people are going out through the country demanding the opening of Joanna's Box, exhorting the people to penitence and announcing the coming of the end of the world. They are making new converts with rapidity.

If there was anything in Joanna's Box that could have prevented the people of the earth from making monumental asses of themselves it ought to have been opened before the Kaiser began his fatal activities.

It is greatly to be feared, however, that all the power of the Box abides in its mystery. Once we find out what is in

it, it will probably turn out as commonplace as any prediction of Mother Shipman.

For it is the unknown which exercises the greatest power over the human mind. No great disclosure was ever as interesting as a great secret.

No veiled prophecy of the past was ever so important as the things that have taken place unpropheied. Such, for instance, as the invention of the steam engine, the telephone, and the airplane.

These discoveries, however, we trample under foot as soon as they become actual. For things lose their power of amazement when they become known.

If you tell a person that you have some bad news for him, it gives him more of a sinking feeling of dismay than if you would plump out your information.

It is the unknown at which we tremble.

The witches and wizards, the soothsayers and dealers in dark predictions, have a hold on the human mind that no scientist or inventor can ever hope to possess.

Most of our worries and troubles are entirely due to the hypnotic terrors of the unknown.

One wise old man said on his death bed, "I have seen many troubles in my lifetime, but most of them never happened."

When we are children we are afraid of the dark. And when we grow up we are not much better. For most of the fear of the world is nothing but a fear of the dark.

"Men fear death," said Francis Bacon, "as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other."

DESOLATION



HERE are words that are mere sounds, until some experience comes along and fills them with meaning.

"Desolation" was little more than a sonorous term from the dictionary, till I saw Ypres, on June 12, 1921. Now, whenever I shall hear the word again, those anguished fragments of walls, thrust gauntly up from the ruined heaps like splintered bones, will always appear before my mind's eye.

I have seen the wreck of a town after a fire, and once I saw a place where a tornado had passed and smashed houses as kindling. Here and there I have seen destruction, but never real, utter, and complete desolation till Ypres.

The big public square of Ypres was called the Grand Place. On the north side of it stood before the war the famous Cloth Hall, for the people of this part of Belgium were great weavers and cloth merchants, and back in the thirteenth century this region was one of the wealthiest spots of the world, and the cloth merchants put up a building that was the marvel of the age, to house fitly their meetings.

This Cloth Hall was the most beautiful Gothic structure in Belgium and one of the architectural gems of Europe.

Now all that is left of it is a jagged upthrust of shattered stone, like a blackened tooth protruding from the gums of an old crone.

And you remember reading the names—Lens, Warneton, and Poelkapelle—in the war news? I rode through these places yesterday, and that is all they are—places. Not one stone was left standing upon another.

It is as if some angry monster had not only murdered the towns, but tramped them under his heavy hoofs till he had ground their bones to pulp.

Shacks and temporary houses stand

about where the people live who are clearing up the debris, but they only accentuate the awful waste.

Some of the fields are smoothed out and the lush crops are growing, for this is a most fertile soil, and Nature is quick to begin her healing, but many parts of the land are still but acres of deep holes where the shells have upheaved it as the waves of the sea.

Along the edges of the fields are windrows of tangled and rusted barbed wire, and here and there browned piles of shells. The hell crop was thick about here.

I said the dead towns were perfect pictures of desolation, but a still more perfect picture is a dead forest.

Such is the Forest of Houthulst, not far from Ypres.

Imagine a thick wood composed of trees without leaves and with only stumps of branches, only trunks, and many of them splintered, lifting themselves gray and dead into the sky.

It seemed as though I were looking on some forest of hell, so lonely and spectral and ghastly it was. I half expected some fire-breathing dragon to come crawling out.

And what was it all about? What quarrel had these madmen who had slain each other and ploughed the ground with bursting shells for four years in their efforts at mutual annihilation? "Busy as the devil is, not the slightest." Their governors had quarrelled over a flag and a treaty. And instead of showing the people how to co-operate, to join together in mutual effort to conquer Nature and build up all nations in wisdom and beauty, they had here let Competition do its perfect work.

As I go along this battle front, through this Avenue of Perdition, I find it hard to believe the hideous tale of what happened here. The sky is so smiling, and the earth so green.

CHIPS



IFE is a garland of flowers, thorns, fruits and dead leaves.

* * *

The direction of one's thought is more important than the distance it travels.

* * *

Beauty abides not in things. It is the effect produced by a beautiful thing upon a beautiful soul. Without human spirits the world of beauty—including the sunsets and other majesties of Nature, as well as all the creations of music, the plastic arts and literature—would be no better than a boiler factory.

* * *

Beauty is in both line and color. But Nature conceals the lines, buries them in color. As in the human body, the lines are in the skeleton, and life is in the flesh.

* * *

To be natural it is only necessary to be sincere.

* * *

The good writer is like the good farmer. He gets his crop by subsoiling. For all words once meant something different from what they mean now. The writer by his craft digs up these old meanings, and thus makes of to-day's speech something rich, something odorous and beautiful because full of sap from the deep roots.

* * *

Language gets its individuality, its distinctive personality, its peculiar style, mostly from a clever use of prepositions. One has to be born to the correct use of prepositions. One rarely masters them in a language he learns after he has grown up.

* * *

Familiar words are always the most forceful. Deep matters are "explained" simply by substituting common everyday terms for unusual or technical expressions. For instance, when you explain the law of gravitation by saying

that a thing falls because it is heavy, you have not "explained" anything at all, but you have made a clearer impression on the hearer's mind by using words with which he is familiar. Besides, familiar words give your writing an air of sincerity and of frankness. They give your reader the idea that you have thought long over the subject, and it is no more strange to you. For the clearest words to us are those we are most used to; and when we hear them they sound like truth, whether they are true or not.

* * *

If you would make clear what is indistinct or confused, color it. Any sort of speech is effective, if it is warm enough.

* * *

It is impossible to become educated by learning only what you like.

* * *

The theatre should entertain worthily, but its only business is to entertain. To attempt to teach morals or further any sort of propaganda by the theatre, is to corrupt both art and morals. For morality is the Quality of life, it is the Way we act and speak, and to make a preachment of a play is to prostitute morality to mere verbiage which an actor can recite.

* * *

The writer is influential who expresses what everybody thinks and cannot speak, he helps the idea to unfold. So Socrates called himself a midwife of ideas. For literature is in all souls, the clever writer reveals it.

* * *

A popular author has one advantage over one who seeks popularity; he can say what he thinks.

* * *

Reason, facts and arguments are quite as usable by Error as by Truth. That which is Truth's peculiar power, that which Error cannot afford, is Toleration.

THE CRUELTY OF THE PAST



HERE is no doubt about there being a great deal of cruelty in the world.

Behind all the clamorous charges that make up the literature of protest, there is some truth. We would not deny for a moment that there are intolerant majorities, tyrannical rulers, heartless employers, and other oppressors, individual and official. Heaven knows the world is bad enough!

But we can get one little crumb of comfort from reflecting that it has been a good deal worse.

These thoughts are started up by the recent remarkable archaeological discoveries that have been made in Asia Minor and the Sudan.

These show that a high state of civilization existed several thousand years ago. The Babylonians anticipated many of our inventions.

Most of this old world life has been revealed to us during the last eighty years. Recently *The Daily Mail*, of London, called attention to the fact that it was only some seventy years ago that a great English scholar, Grote, insisted that before 700 B.C. the art of writing was unknown. Modern archaeology, however, has demonstrated that we have written inscriptions in the stones of the Cretan palaces which must have been built at least a thousand years before the date given by Grote, although as yet many of them cannot be read.

"One fact," says *The Daily*

Mail, "stands out from the monuments and records of this ancient culture. It was extraordinarily cruel, with a savagery not surpassed until the days of the Bolshevik torture chambers in Russia. It killed human beings as mercilessly as if they had been flies. The burial alive of hundreds of miserable servants to accompany Egyptian dignitaries into the next world is now proved to have been a custom at one period. Yet the Egyptians were among the most humane of the ancients."

This is but in line with what any schoolboy knows about that section of ancient history which lies more open to the light of literature.

We know that the republic of the ancient Greeks was composed of freemen only to a limited degree, as probably the majority of the human beings there were helots or slaves.

We know of the cruelty of Rome in the days of its highest culture; we know of its gladiatorial games and the merciless hands of its rulers.

We know of the horror of the middle ages, its persecutions for heresy, its judicial torture, and its many fantastic and revolting forms of the death penalty.

And we also know that Greece, Rome and the Mediaeval church, bad as they were, were better than the dark world that surrounded them.

And, knowing all this, we have a pretty fair reason for believing that the world is getting better.

LOVE AND GREATNESS



LOVE is the test of life. It tries every soul. And it finds so much dross in us that it is a wonder it stays with us at all.

When love comes it demands nobleness. It sounds the trumpet for every high thought and feeling in us to rally.

It smites every base thing in us. It refuses to live in peace with meanness, selfishness or sordidness of any kind.

That is why so few people are capable of a great love. They are not worthy of it. To be sure, all of us have some of the tricks and imitations of love; for love is so good a thing that if we cannot have it we must have a pewter duplicate of it. When men cannot see God they make idols.

So we all have sex attraction. We treasure up flatteries and fair words, kisses and gifts and compliments; and these trinkets, earrings and shifts of love are the only things many of us understand.

But love itself is as shattering as God. Love is a revealer. It is a revelation. It is blinding vision.

So we see why love means such misery. It is a divine fire among earthly stubble. It comes to us; we leap to it; for it is the most glorious of all things; and then we discover its fatal requirement. Alas! we must be good, and we must be great. We fail. We go broken to our graves, hoping for a life beyond, where we may measure up to love.

That is, most of us do this. Some put away great love entirely. They

choose littleness, because it is comfortable. They settle down to pleasant lives; cultured swine, intellectual cattle, more or less brainy beasts.

Still, though many strive with it and are wrecked, and others give it up, love goes on, almighty, inborn in every new



I takes grit to do these things:

(1) to be patient and keep your temper; (2) to improve your mind and keep your body fit; (3) to save money; (4) to tell the truth, and to mind your own business; (5) to keep your mind clean, your body clean and your soul clean; (6) to do what you don't want to do, because you ought to do it, which means discipline (7) to be loyal to your principles, to your wife, to your husband, to your friend and to your country; (8) to say "I don't know" and not to pretend to know; (9) to do your own thinking, and (10) not to worry nor be afraid. It takes grit to do these things, but nobody ever got anything of any account without grit.

child, inherent in humanity. It is our redemption and our torment. It is eternal. For it is God. God flowing, bursting up, heaving in tidal waves in the souls of men.

Suppressed here, it rises yonder. Silenced in one place, it breaks out in a hundred new places. Love almighty is God almighty. It is that breath which God breathed into the nostrils of the dust He had fashioned, and man became a living soul.

Heaven and Hell are but love's flame and shadow reflected upon the infinite.

DREAMS



DREAM is simply what may be called an eruption of the sub-consciousness.

That is to say, ideas, visions or emotions which are present in us, but of which we are not conscious, come up during our sleep as submerged bodies rise to the surface of the sea.

If we would keep in mind that we can dream no stuff that is not already in our minds, though hidden somewhere, we should be saved much superstition.

Recently scientists have been making a careful study of dreams as a guide to the treatment of neurosis.

For dreaming is, in a way, a symptom of disease. It is a species of morbidity. Absolutely healthy people do not dream. As very few of us, however, are 100 per cent. normal, there are very few who never dream.

From this it has arisen that people have from remote antiquity had an idea that dreams "mean" something; that they foretell events, and that they are the result of spirit communication.

Previous to the era of modern science the "interpretation" of dreams was a recognized profession.

As a matter of fact dreams mean nothing and they furnish nothing to interpret except the physical condition of the dreamer.

The whole mass of arbitrary dream signs and symbols is pure bosh.

The most generally accepted theory now among intelligent persons is that a dream is merely the outlet for some desire that has been suppressed.

In the lives of all of us there are subjects that for one reason or another we repress. Sometimes it is a longing which we are not able or not willing to gratify.

In the period of adolescence, for instance, the body is full of the rising tide of virility. Nature is equipping the

youth with the powers of reproduction. The natural desires that accompany this stage of development are quite properly held in subjection by the moral inhibitions. The result is often distressing dreams.

Many young people are alarmed at this and are tempted to think they are very wicked. This self-despise often leads to unfortunate results.

But they should give themselves no uneasiness. The dreams will disappear in time. And if they are not dwelt upon in waking moments they will become less and less annoying.

A reliable authority states as follows:

"Dreams are never prophetic except by accident. To dream the winner of a horse race no more proves the prophetic value of your dream than the chance picking of a winner in your waking consciousness proves the prophetic value of your conscious thought. It is merely a fortuitous coincidence.

"Nor is that horse's victory the origin of your dream beforehand. More likely the origin is a—possibly unconscious—wish that something like that result might happen.

"Neurologists for the most part rule out telepathy in connection with dreams.

"If you dream of a man you have not consciously thought of for years and unexpectedly meet him the next day you are not to conclude that your dream was influenced by his near neighborhood or even by his thinking about you at the time.

"The meaning of a dream is seldom what it appears to be on the surface; the obvious interpretation is not often the correct one. And for that reason the attempt to interpret dreams by people other than those who have qualified by long and patient study on scientific lines is likely to result in nothing but ignorant and totally misleading guesswork."

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS



AFTER all is said and done we are strangers in a strange world.

No apter name has been coined for us than the title Pilgrims and Strangers.

There is Something or Somebody behind the universe making it go. We call it God. We but give a name to a mystery.

The scientist probes the sea, the earth, the mind. He is like a Hottentot wandering in New York. He sees many curious things and inexplicable. He endeavors with his limited intelligence to classify them.

For what we call knowledge is not at all apprehension; it is classification.

He sees things act the same way twice, three times, and proclaims a law; he has not the slightest idea why it acted in the first place.

What we term knowledge is mere familiarity; a scientist is a person who is at home with certain phenomena, those of his chosen field, or has learned from another who is at home with them, and is like the society dame who has learned how to use her spoon.

The unlearned person says all things are heavy; the learned persons says every particle of matter attracts every other particle of matter in certain proportion according to the law of gravitation; the latter has simply extended his generalization a little farther than the former; he has been about more in the universe; but like his unlearned brother he, too, is a foreigner in the cosmos, and returns home to the infinite having seen strange sights.

Who can tell why bread makes life and arsenic causes death, except to say that they have always done so?

And what is life?

A ghostly visitor, whose face we have never seen.

When it is present in this mass of flesh, certain chemical reactions take place, the sum of which we call growth; when it goes away, the minute the strange spook vanishes, certain other chemical changes begin in the body, and we rot.

But what is life? Nobody knows. Nobody ever made a living thing—that is, out of anything that was not already alive.

What makes one human being grow large and another grow small? Said Professor W. J. Halliburton at a meeting of scientists the other day:

“One of the many ductless glands like the thyroid, which have an important influence on health, is the pituitary, situated at the base of the brain. This comparatively insignificant little body is about the size of a pea. It is concerned in sending out to the tissues something which stimulates growth. If it sends out too much, overgrowth results; if it sends out too little, there is dwarfism. The happy mean is what we call health.”

It is supposed to be a great mystery, anything about the ductless glands.

Why the pituitary gland acts so and so is no more mysterious than why your finger nails keep growing in the night.

At the same meeting Professor Lloyd Morgan referred to “the theory that memory is stored in the brain” as “clotted nonsense.”

Quite so. So is many another theory.

THE INFINITE

IHAVE known people to lose their temper at the mention of the Infinite, and my reading confirms that this habit has been so from the beginning.

The Greeks loved exactitude and definition. Even every attribute of divine power had to have a special name, and their gods were conceived in knowable shapes.

To them the Infinite was a symbol of incompleteness and imperfection. It was something no one could understand, and everything not understandable was thought to be beneath and not above human knowledge.

This was at first. Later on, when the Greeks had rubbed against other nations a bit, they saw their error and admitted that the Infinite was the best symbol of divine power.

The Pythagoreans, curiously working out their science of numbers, made the infinitely large to represent what is perfect and the infinitely small to represent the imperfect.

Among us the scientists are amusing themselves with the infinitely small. They cut it up into atoms and these atoms into positive and negative electrons, and so they will go on doing probably. For as long as you have something you can cut it in two, at least theoretically, and theoretically is the only way to get hold of an

atom in any event. And when you cut something in two you do not destroy it. Thus we may safely say that the scientists are provided with an amusing and instructive little game that will last them till the end of time.

The infinitely large is more attractive to our imagination. It is a big idea. The infinitely large awes us. The infinitely small confuses us.

The infinitely large has a tendency to ennoble a man, and men are much less brutish and narrow than they would have been had there been no sky over them.

The infinitely large in time gives us the idea of eternity, which by comparison reduces our three-score years and ten to a very small span and works in us humility.

The infinitely large in space has a similar effect upon the character.

Both in space and time the infinitely large, in making the mind humble, operates upon it as a plough and harrow upon a field. For only in humility can new ideas take root.

It is because a man can conceive the idea of the infinite that he is capable of continual growth. For Infinity is not a circle, nor anything that finds at last its barriers, but rather like an enormous spiral which goes up and on and down and on for ever and ever.

It is upon this spiral that the human soul finds itself.

SOMEWHERE ELSE



O the roving and dissatisfied spirit of man the time when he is to be happy is always tomorrow and the place is somewhere else.

It was Thomas Huxley who said that we all believe that it is pleasanter on the other side of the street.

We are creatures of imagination and almost all of our fun comes from the imagination, and we have a way of trampling actuality under foot.

The commonest, though unspoken, creed of mankind is "Whatever is, is punk."

As the late Mr. Pope expressed it, "Man never is, but always to be blest."

An illustration of this is given by an account furnished by a newspaper reporter of a young American in London.

Standing on the Strand he saw among the 'buses which passed, one labelled with the mystic word "Limehouse."

He had read about the Limehouse Nights, and as he had somewhat of a thirst for adventure, he boarded the 'bus.

It took a long while for 'bus No. 25 to get to Limehouse. It passed through Whitechapel and the East End and along row after row of dingy, two-story houses. At last the destination was reached.

He found the centre of Limehouse to be a drab little square, quiet and peaceful. It was surrounded by dingy buildings. There were the usual number of pubs.

The American, says our reporter, looked about him. All was serene and calm. No Chinnee was in sight. No opium joints seemed functioning. No drunken sailors lurched past.

"Well, where are all the murderers?" the Yankee asked a bobby standing sentry duty outside a pub.

"None around here, sir," was the answer. "These are very quiet parts."

"But I thought this was the tough section of London, hop houses, Chinks, a pretty rough gang all around."

"Oh, no sir—very quiet like. Let's see—there was a fight last July in a pub, but nothing much. No—there's few Chinks round here. Let's see—there's a Chinese restaurant up in Picadilly—if you want excitement."

The American said nothing, but the "bobby" continued:

"You're a foreigner, aren't you, sir? American? That so? From Chicago, you say?"

The cop edged closer, with sudden interest.

"You're from Chicago! And you come 4,000 miles to peaceful, sleepy old Limehouse looking for a thrill. Why, mister, I've spent all my life wishing I could go to Chicago and be a copper in that place you call the 'Loop'—down where all those murderers and gunmen and gangsters are. There's a life for you—there's thrills. Say—I'd chuck this job any time to work there—where there was something doing like."

TRAVEL AND PATRIOTISM



TRAVEL is as essential to Patriotism as sugar is to coffee.

For Travel means civilization.

In fact, civilization is nothing much more than transportation.

What civilizes people is getting a wider point of view and seeing themselves as others see them.

Any population that never leaves home and is hostile to visitors from the outside slumps into barbarism.

That is to say, it develops a monumental egotism and becomes cruel and monstrous cranky.

Every human being should get away once in a while out into the world and knock about a bit.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but at least it knocks off its sharp corners and gets smoothed up.

So the real civilizers of the world, materially speaking, are the railroads, the steamships, the newspapers, the telegraph, the cable and the airplane.

Nations that are intelligent should do all they can to promote travel.

But, as a matter of fact, all nations are doing all they can to discourage it.

There is the passport nuisance.

When I went to the French authorities to get my passport vised I asked the official why in the world France wanted any passports at all and why they did not want everybody to come into their country, because the visitors brought money with them and spent it rather freely and thus constituted a crop that ought to be cultivated.

"But," he replied, "there are the booches. We have to guard against them."

I suggested that the best thing that

could happen both to the booches and the Frenchmen would be that they freely travel throughout each other's country and get acquainted a little and stop the devilish business of hating each other and begin to try to understand each other a little bit. But he did not see the point.

In the matter of passports, tariffs and other artificial obstacles to the free movement of men and commodities between the nations, America is the chief of sinners.

It costs an American more to travel in the other countries than it costs any other national, simply because of the outrageous price which America puts upon its passports.

The whole passport business, now that the war is over, is simply an unmitigated, unrelieved and untempered nuisance. It ought to be entirely abolished and people should be encouraged to travel instead of being discouraged from travelling.

If we could take 50,000 farmers, storekeepers and mechanics from the Mississippi Valley and send them for a trip to Europe or Asia every year, it would do more toward making the mind of America sound and sane than any other programme.

Somebody suggested that America might take all her idle ships which she does not know what to do with, charter them and send abroad such of her citizens as want to go at cost price.

What the world needs is to get acquainted.

Just as any man's success in business is to get acquainted with his community, so every nation's success depends upon its ability to understand other nations.

THE NEW LAW



HE great prize-fight has come and gone, and the news-devouring world has turned to other things.

But its significance lingers.

And that significance is that human beings are still animals.

We cannot escape our past.

Out of the dim centuries strong gray arms reach and hold us.

The race is travelling from the brute to the spirit, but we are not yet very far along the way.

For that which most characterizes the beast is fighting. Conflict is the most ancient law of life. It is the programme of evolution up till the appearance of spirit.

The law of the spirit is co-operation. But that must grow. And the heritage of the brute clings.

We can think only in terms of competition. We can conceive of accomplishment only through combat.

So we take it as common sense and as a matter of course that no good thing can be got except by fighting.

We assume that nations grow only by wars, that justice is some sort of product secured by arguing lawyers, that education is achieved but by pupils struggling for prizes, that business success consists in outdoing competitors, that love is outwooing a rival, that religion is advanced by quarrelling sects, and that truth somehow lies at the end of contention.

Nations, churches, classes, individuals are weltering Dempseys and Carpentiers.

But it is all Delusion.

We are hypnotized by our traditions.

We are in the grip of dead ideas.

For competition is a law of the brute world; it is the way of progress for plants and animals.

But with the entrance of the human spirit comes THE NEW LAW, which is that the progress of spirits is by co-operation.

Only as men get together do they grow in stature, strength and conditions, as thinking beings.

Only by Combination has the great fabric of modern Commerce superseded the old markets of barter and craft.

Only by working together has Science made its great advances.

Only by understanding and by mutual appreciation has religion ever helped men; all its proud isolation and hostile creeds have been a curse, and the end thereof superstition and persecution.

And only when nations at last learn the great lesson and cease war and rivalry, and come to coherence and unity,

Shall all men's good

Be each man's rule, and universal peace

Lie like a shaft of light across the land

And like a lane of beams athwart the sea.

Time has its paradoxes. The recent prize-fight really belongs to the first century; the Crucifixion belongs to the fiftieth.

RAILTON



MONG the benefactors to the race, not the least is the one who gives us a great idea.

We cannot refrain from thinking that more honor is due to the man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home" than to some gentleman that has got himself elected as President of the University, or has been able to amass a million dollars.

To give birth to one thought that shall express the hidden impulse of the times and give utterance to the dumb conviction of a world, is a great achievement.

One of the finest products of these days, springing up like a fragrant lily from the muck left by the passing of filthy war, is the idea of honoring the Unknown Soldier.

It is a beautiful and symbolic rite that breathes the very spirit of democracy.

It gives to the hero of the gray masses something of that glory and honor which is undoubtedly his above all generals, but which heretofore the world has not much recognized.

And the credit for having originated this idea seems to belong to Nathaniel Railton, the son of the late Commissioner George S. Railton, of The Salvation Army in England.

It is altogether fitting that from some one in a way connected with The Salvation Army, that modern supreme impulse of the world's conscience toward the unfortunate, should come this great idea.

Railton's father, the first member of The Salvation Army to hold the title of Commissioner, was found dead in a small railway station in Germany. At this time the young man was nearing the end of his educational training. The war broke out immediately thereafter, and young Railton enlisted and went to the front with the first British troops. Although in many battles, Nathaniel Railton emerged alive, and later became a clergyman.

In the course of time he wrote an open letter to a London newspaper, in which he declared that the common soldier lost in the great struggle more clearly typified the spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotism than any other man who fell, and urged that the nation should in some way express its love and respect for the Unknown Hero.

The suggestion attracted attention. A discussion ensued in the papers. The idea was taken up by the authorities. It appealed to the imagination of the world.

And now in Italy, in France, in England, and in the United States, the Unknown Soldier has been buried with all the pomp and ceremony of a field marshal.

One quite concrete benefit may come out of this thing. For the more attention is paid to the common man and the price he has to pay in war, the more likely the world is to achieve that great disgust of war which it so needs and has not even yet attained.

THE CONSERVATIVES



CONSERVATIVE is a man who does not believe in adopting any measure because it is new.

In its extreme form, Conservatism is a valuation for things simply because they are old.

There is such a thing as carrying Conservatism too far, as we should never make any progress if we valued a thing merely on account of its age.

The typical Conservative is, therefore, cruel, unjust, he grinds with the rents, he shoots one who steals his rabbits, he takes away her cow and chickens from the widow, he wants to imprison for debt, he beats his wife and drinks himself regularly under the table every evening. As a matter of fact, however, it is rare that Conservatism goes to such extremes and the true Conservative is one who believes in a principle of growth. He believes that, in order to bear fruit, the tree of progress should not be separated from its roots.

He believes, with James Bryce, that no institution can ever have much influence upon humanity or its future which does not have its roots deep in the past.

He is for progress, but progress that keeps in touch with tradition and with custom.

He is opposed by the Radical. The Radical is one who values a thing merely because it is new. He is inclined to go too rapidly and to go anywhere so long as he is going.

The Radical constantly says, "Hurry up," just as the Conservative typically says, "Wait a minute."

The best kind of voter is one who combines conservatism and radicalism. He is not afraid of a thing because it is and yet he would not adopt it if it had



HERE are two classes of people in the world. Workers and Shirkers.

There are those who recognize their responsibilities, take them on like honest folk, and do their bit. And there are those who slide out of everything they can. The Shirkers flatter themselves that they are having an easy time, because they "let George do it." They are not. They are simply saving up contempt and trouble for themselves.

For every conscientious person who is doing the square thing and carrying his share of the world's burden there are probably half a dozen who are hanging on to his coat-tails. But he has the satisfaction of not being ashamed of himself when he looks into the glass.

Self-respect and the knowledge that you are earning your salt is worth more than all the prizes of luck and favor.

not some reasonable connection with the past. Extremes, in both cases, are to be avoided. They are destructive in their influence, and destructive conservatism is as bad as destructive radicalism. The ideal condition to arrive at is to combine both conservatism and radicalism with common sense.



THIS seems to be a new word coined by Mother Stoner.

She calls herself Mother Stoner. That does not mean, however, that she is a bent and wrinkled grandmother, wearing a white cap and plying her knitting needles. The last time I saw her she was a vigorous, health-breathing and ruddy-cheeked woman. As near as I can discover, the reason she calls herself Mother Stoner is that she is a mother. That, however, is no reason for growing old.

I do not know that the world or any individual in it can be made cheerful by simply preaching cheerfulness at it or him. Still, if one is going to preach at all, and we are all guilty more or less, it is better to preach cheer than gloom.

There is a sort of reflex action that comes back from our words into our mind. M. Coue called our attention to that, and there is little doubt that, if the whole world would sit down and count the knots on a string for twenty minutes every morning and repeat the Coue formula, at least no one would be hurt.

One of Mrs. Stoner's ideas that appeals to me is that toys are tools. Much advantage in education might be gained by placing in the hands of the child constructive toys and teaching him how to play with them, to mitigate a little the natural tendency toward destructive play that we have inherited from more or less a million years of savage ancestry.

Toys and games are probably the simplest instruments by which there may be developed in the child constructive thinking, self-control, observa-

tion, concentration, imagination, and joy of service. For each one of these things, after all, is fun, when we learn how to play with it.

It is just as much fun to build a house as it is to burn it. Only the one action takes brains and time, and a certain amount of culture, while the other action requires only the same simple, destructive impulse which leads a wolf to slaughter a sheep.

Another idea of Mrs. Stoner's is that every social and business group in the land should devote some of its energy directly to the children.

And why not? This earth, after all, is more rationally conceived as a training place for children than as a clubhouse for adults.

It is well for artists to ask what they are doing in the way of giving children a knowledge of the best music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and drama.

It is well for chambers of commerce to be reminded that the most important business house of any city is the school-house.

It is well for clubs to be reminded that they have no business to neglect child welfare.

It is well for churches and all religious organizations to keep in mind the fact that the most normal, religious period of life is between ten and twenty. It is well for people who write books, publish newspapers, and produce moving pictures to keep in mind that, after all, the most important eyes that shall view their product are the eyes of the child.

Toward Mother Stoner and her aims and efforts we can express but the heartiest good-will.

RELIGION



LADY, in a letter, propounds to me the following questions:

1. Has not religion been employed as a means of keeping the masses in check?

2. Has it not always been linked with military and civil laws in controlling the people?

3. Is not the concept of God a mere mental attitude?

4. Is not God an element in that part of us called the mind?

5. Were not the teachings of great religious leaders the result of great minds seeing the need of holding the small minds in check?

6. By means of an unseen ruler, is not fear more successfully instilled?

7. Will it ever be possible for people to live right, by knowing and realizing correct relationships between each other, and will it always be necessary to check man's evil doings by the unseen eye?

The trouble with this writer is that she does not distinguish between the religious instinct and religious organizations.

Nothing is in mankind except what grew in it by nature. Religion is one of the things that was grown there. Consequently it must be a natural thing and intended by the Creator.

Religion in its best sense is simply the latest development of evolution. Religion is that profound instinct that gives a man a proper sense of his relation to other people and to the world in which he lives.

Advantage has been taken of the strength of this instinct by organizations to control and subdue the masses.

There can be no question of that. But all these organizations eventually crumble away. The instinct abides.

Instead of getting rid of religion, the mind of man is becoming more and more religious. We are making more use of love and faith and altruism today in the world than ever before.

We cannot argue about religion with a lot of logic-chopping statements nor with statistics. You have to read history carefully and study the spirit of the times.

History shows a gradual rise of the humanities always under the leadership of those beautiful visions that are the core of religion.

Religious organizations have made mistakes and have even been guilty of great crimes. But that is because they were human, because of their imperfect vision and their necessary errors.

Religion, rightly understood, is the deepest necessity of life, and those who suppress or combat religious instincts are depriving themselves of their highest and most worthy form of enjoyment.

Real religion has nothing to do with authority nor outward compulsion.

Real religion resides in the moral inhibitions and depends upon them for its regulative forces.

It is idle to contend about the location or the nature of God. The only God that is of practical use to men is the God that abides within them.

The nature of this God must always remain a mystery, precisely as electricity and gravitation are mysteries, but it is just as useful and practical as those physical forces.

A SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF MORALITY

THERE are some rules that may suggest to you how to form your own rules (which are the only kind worth while) for thought and life.

They are not based on religious authority, nor any other authority except that which emanates from the experience of mankind and those facts which are known to us all.

1. Follow Nature. Study all your life long to learn the laws of Nature. Accommodate yourself to them. Get your feet on facts.

2. Cultivate your imagination, so that you may see and realize the convictions and sentiments of others. In proportion as you are able to "other yourself" you will master the art of Getting Along.

3. Avoid egotism and its by-products—self-pity and sensitiveness.

4. Clean yourself of envy, which is the nastiest bird that nests in the heart.

5. Find your work, what you like best to do, and can do better than others, and do it, without reference to wages.

6. Be loyal to the truth, as you see it. Shun expediency. And you cannot go far astray from self-respect.

7. Be content, but never satisfied.

8. Preserve your health and keep up your life force. Only the strong can give.

9. Save your surplus. The cumulative power of life is a matter of thrift.

10. Realize that those of different opinions from yours may be

as sincere as yourself. This is a great gain, and gives you an advantage over one who believes you crooked.

11. Proportion your belief to the evidence. Suspend judgment on most things.

12. Avoid regulating others, advising, teaching, preaching, except as others ask, and then sparingly. Believe all men are fair and all women good.

13. Do not try to tell even the truth to one who is not prepared to receive it.

14. Do the unwelcome gracefully.

15. Despise no human being.

16. Appreciate love, no matter from whom. It is too scarce in the world to waste a drop.

17. Learn the law of averages. Base no expectancy on an exception.

18. Live when and as you live. When in youth be young. In old age find the happiness of that period.

19. Aim at poise. Keep Solon's rule, "Nothing too much." Contentment of mind is possible to one who has two powers—first, sense enough to know that it comes from himself within and not from environment nor events; and second, will-power enough to discipline himself.

20. Arrange with Destiny. Whatever the God you believe in, be friends with Him. Whatever your view of the cosmos, adjust yourself to it.

So shall life be passed with some sense of satisfaction, and death be entered upon not without hope.

SENTIMENTAL ARITHMETIC



NE ingrained notion of which few people ever get rid is that right and wrong somehow balance each other.

This idea is found in every heathen religion. It might be called the book-keeping theory. The good deeds a man does are set down to his credit in the heavenly ledger and his bad deeds are charged against him.

There is quite a Buddhist sect which carries this account balancing theory to great refinements. The same point of view is found among the African tribes, the American Indians and other primitive peoples and also permeates Mohammedanism and the various other faiths of the world.

And Christianity is pretty well tarred with the same stick. Thousands of souls are trying to pay for their evil doings by doing good or to get out of that payment by having someone pay it for them.

The same idea enters into our secular courts and lawmaking. There the whole business is arranged upon the principle, crudely speaking, that if a man knocks out your eye justice is obtained by knocking out his eye, and if he dislodges one of your teeth one of his teeth should be removed.

The equity of this seems apparent, but it is only apparent. It is one of those errors of common sense and common sense is full of errors.

It is entirely a delusion that if you hurt me I can obtain justice by hurting you.

All I obtain is vengeance. And vengeance is the satisfaction of a brutish instinct that we have inherited from our long animal ancestry. When the dog snaps at the wolf the wolf snaps at the dog.

It is just the same sort of reasoning that leads us to conclude that we have evened up matters when we take a murderer and hang him. In reality we have not wiped out the crime but have doubled it.

This is the profound meaning that underlies the precept of Jesus, "If a man strike thee on one cheek turn to him the other also." Likewise we are enjoined not to render evil for evil but to return evil with good.

This is not at all intended to make us weaklings, and molly-coddles, or tamely submit to injustice, violence and tyranny. The point lies deeper.

For the truth is that if injury has been done by a man it has been caused by ignorance or evil and the only way to come to real justice is to remove that ignorance or evil.

The world for many years has been trying to stop individual crime by legal and legislative crime.

When a man has done wrong he should be restrained if necessary, but above all things he should be taken in charge by the State and set right if possible.

How many people exclaim that they do not deserve the trouble that comes to them. Here is the arithmetic idea again. How does anyone know what he deserves?

An intelligent view of ourselves and the universe should lead us to endeavor to adjust ourselves as much as possible to what happens to avoid and eliminate all evil. And above all things, remember that there are just two contending forces in the world, the bad and the good, that the bad is never cured by the bad or the worse but can only be cured by the good.

FEAR



It is safe to say that no good work was ever done in Fear.

Until you have struck the shackles of Fear from your HANDS you can do nothing.

Until you get the grip of Fear loosened from your MIND, your brain is not efficient, and you cannot remember well, think straight, or imagine constructively.

Until you purge the poison of Fear out of your HEART, your emotions instead of giving you power and pep will cause you only shame and confusion.

Fear is your greatest Enemy.

It is a Ghost. It is nothing at all. But it is no less terrible for all that.

For we ourselves are but Ghosts, housed in bodies, and we get our deepest hurt from other Ghosts.

It is this Ghost that knocks the cup of success from your lips just when you are about to drink.

It is Fear that reaches out its ghostly hands to strangle you in the nick of crisis, just when everything depends upon you.

It is Fear that tangles your feet hangs like a millstone about your

neck on your journey; it dims your eye so that you cannot see the truth, roars in your ear until you cannot hear the music all about you, fevers your blood, unstrings your nerve and pours its senile impotence into your cup of life.

You have one big battle. It is to conquer Fear. That done, the world is yours, your own will come to you, and the stars in their courses will fight for you.

If you will think a bit you will see how Fear spoils all your life.

LOVE is "the Greatest Thing in the World," and it is Fear that turns the Heaven of Love into the Hell of Jealousy and Suspicion.

Don't be afraid to Love, and to believe that you are loved. Unfortunately it is easy to imagine any one hates you, and hard to think any one loves you.

But you must be bold to believe in Love, if you would be happy. You may be deceived if you trust too much, but you will live in torment unless you trust enough.

"He that believes in everybody may be bitten, but he that suspects everybody will be devoured."

THE STORY WITH A PURPOSE



PURPOSE is supposed to be bad art.

The idea is good. But it needs a little salt. It is not quite true.

It is true that the best work is done for the sheer joy of the doing. Creation is reward enough for the artist, and craftsmanship the worker ought to value above wages.

So that when you mix with these pure motives anything like propaganda, advertising or uplift, you have been guilty of spiritual adultery. You have not been entirely true to the work of your brain and hand.

That is why pious literature, tracts and all literature made for the purpose of promoting something, or converting anybody, or even proving anything is inferior to the lines Mr. Keats is moved to write Upon a Grecian Urn or Mr. Shakespeare when he composes The Merry Wives of Windsor, apropos of nothing at all.

In one case the literature product was the end, worth while in itself; in the other it was a means. And art is at its best as a King, not as a Retainer.

But this truth must be mixed with another or it sours, as do all unmixed ideas. And the other is this:

That art needs a high purpose to save the beauty, the royal quality, of its simplicity.

When it has no purpose it is likely to become self-conscious, affected, even drifting into silly perversions, ending in nonsense.

The cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris

is good art, yet it was built with a purpose.

The story of The Prodigal Son is consummate art, yet it was told as propaganda.

Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg and Webster's Reply to Hayne are good liter-



NEW broom sweeps clean. We get tired of old surroundings, old acquaintances, old routine. If we only had something new we could tackle it with so much more spirit. Well, the Creator knew this when He made us. And so He arranged that we should do our work one day at a time.

Every morning is a new beginning. Every night we are let down into the bath of death, that is, we are plunged into sleep for a number of hours. During this period of unconsciousness the unseen forces of nature are repairing the waste of body and brain. When we are awake we are practically new born persons.

Every morning is a Resurrection. Let us make the Morning last in us as long as possible during the day, and if we cannot keep Morning hands and feet, let us at least keep our Morning spirit.

ature in spite of their manifest objects.

The reconciling fact is that when a purpose is sufficiently high to lift the worker out of himself, his work is no more work; that is, not labor, but a divine Play; and when work becomes play it is always masterful.

In other words, the joy in work, which is the secret of good art, may be present when you work for a purpose, just as when you work for no purpose.

DANTE, THE DISCOVERER OF SWEETHEARTS



HY Dante?

What does anybody except the literary care about him?

To most people he is an Italian poet who wrote a long poem about hell, purgatory and heaven. Perhaps in high school days or thereabouts they tried to read it, found it full of names of forgotten folk, fantastic pictures of torment and a vast deal of mystical stuff that not even the gentlemen who supplied the footnotes seem to understand.

They straightway threw it into the scrap-heap of Things-One-Is-Supposed-to-Have-Read, but which nobody does read unless he is preparing a paper for some meeting where he wants to show off; in which heap are Virgil, Plutarch, Homer, Chaucer, the Eddas and the Niebelungen Lied, and what not.

1921 was Dante Year. It was the sexcentenary of his death, the exact date of which was 14 September. Celebrations were held all over the world. There were pilgrimages to his tomb at Ravenna. Medals were awarded. And considerable other to do, goings-on and holdings-forth.

But has Dante really and truly any point of contact with you and me and the world that now is?

Answer: He has.

Dante discovered Woman. At least, the Sweetheart.

Therein lies his real claim to our honor.

His visions of the life after death are, of course, fantastical, and he

probably never intended they should be taken otherwise.

But the one big thing Dante did that laid his hand upon the six centuries following him, his great contribution to the point of view of modern civilization, is that he Idealized Woman.

His was the strongest and most influential of all the voices of the Renaissance that sang of Woman as an Inspiration, and not merely as a Delight or a Desire; of Woman as something to be Good for, and not only to fight for, long for and die for.

The sex instinct is the strongest force in the race.

After centuries of experiment it has been pretty well demonstrated that the only way to keep it normal, and make it help and not hinder humanity, in its evolutionary progress, is to idealize it.

And Dante probably did more to Idealize love than any other man.

He is the real father of that theme of Romantic Affection which is the dominating tone of Western literature since his day.

He linked sex attraction to divinity.

He is more than a literary figure; he is a landmark in social evolution.

When he apotheosized little Beatrice he laid all womanhood under everlasting obligation.

Every girl whose love makes her lover noble, instead of rousing him to brutish violence, owes a debt to Dante Alighieri.

CLOTHES AND SIN



ND now comes the Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, reformer, and says that the draped human figure is artistic and the nude is not.

The naked Venuses for which Greece has been famous, are, according to Wilbur, but signs of decadence. They appeared, he declares, after Greece had begun to decline and had lost her power.

He also charges that there is a direct relation between nudity and lewdness.

This is an example of a very common delusion.

It is that virtue somehow is the child of mystery, and that purity depends upon fog.

There are a vast number of people whose morality may be comprised in the word "Hush!"

As a matter of fact clothes were invented, according to the Bible, simultaneously with sin.

And ever since that time uncleanness of mind has always been expressed by clothing, more or less.

Nudity, as a scientific fact, represents innocence.

All fishes are nude, and no fishes are lewd.

Dogs, horses and other animals have no shame and no garments.

To put trousers on a canary bird would probably ruin his moral character.

The fall of man is marked by the advent of the fig leaf.

So much for history. Contemporaneity is as conclusive.

The people most covered up are as a rule the least decent.

The Turks, notoriously given to excesses of sensuality, conceal their women in harems, and cover their faces with veils.

Protection, concealment and smotheration never made anything clean, any more than sweeping dirt into the corner of the dining room and throwing a rug over it, can be called proper cleaning up.

You do not insure against blood poison by binding up a scratched finger, but by washing it.

Uncleanness does not come from exposure. Uncleanness is a germ, a moral microbe.

There are three antiseptic remedies that kill it.

One is Intelligence. Morbidity breeds and multiplies in Ignorance.

Another is Openness. All mortality which is just a covering up is septic.

And the third and greatest is Idealism. It is the Poet who saves our souls, not the Parson. The only real remedy for lust is Loyal Love.

Love is the cleansing fire. We are saved by Beauty.

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM



HE most interesting subject in all the world is how to attract the opposite sex.

More people are thinking about that more of the time than about any other thing.

Camouflaged, diluted, masquerading and insinuating, it motivates the greater part of human activities.

It is about all there is to fiction, which is the major part of literature.

Without it there would be no picnics, dances or festas, all the dry goods stores would close and most of the restaurants, jewellers would go out of business, and artists take to agriculture.

It is the meaning and foundation of every home.

Every business is run to please some woman, and every woman lives to please some man. (Usual per cent. off on this generality.)

Tucked away in an obscure corner of the paper is the column of Answers to the Lovelorn. It ought to be on the front page and in big type. But we are such hypocrites; we would have it that it is an amusing and trivial topic, but that is pretense.

Not only in its primary and direct rays of desire, but vastly more in its secondary and tertiary rays, it fills humanity with its psychic glow.

It is not confined to the young in mating season. It follows us all to the grave.

Here is a letter I received some time ago. I reproduce it exactly as I got it, so as to lose

none of its flavor. You will smile at it.

But afterwards you will feel a little stab of sympathy for the writer. And your thoughts will be strangely stirred.

"Dr. Frank Crane

"N. York

"Dear Sir:—

have Read your articles with interest. therefor, wish to ask few questions? Where can I get answers to questions of falling nature. is Man to old to marry at 50. how hold should Parties be? How can one Positively know who to Marry. are there any unmistakeble rules. Does any one ever so so in love as to not tire of the one they suppose they love. has the complexion anything important are engagements wisely broken unless sure. what's cause and cure of a dissagreeable Breath. does opposition in the opposite sex make the other fonder? does woman love more than man. should she show it. in Courtship should they tire of each other if in love sufficient to be Partner lively what age is Best in woman for Men at 50 or more years Should a man after 50 marry girl under 30 years Old. Will man learn to love women after marriage more than before and be happy Should women always be obedient or submissive beyond husbands taste."

The said Frank Crane hereby solemnly deposes and affirms the above to be a true and faithful copy of a letter received by him, but from whom and from what region deponent sayeth not.

THE BUSINESS OF BEING FUNNY



N no country in the world and in no period of history is so much space, time and energy shown in the business of being funny, as may be seen in this country and in this day. Newspapers teem with comic pictures, columns of jokes, and pages of humor. Whole Sunday supplements are full of all manner of gewgaws, jimcracks, cartoons, quips, absurdities, and monstrosities, wherewith to provoke laughter.

And when you see a group of Americans reading this matter on a suburban train, they look as solemn as owls.

What is the matter with us? Are we an exhausted crowd of nervous wrecks, weak and sad from the lassitude following business debauch, people who must be galvanized into mirth by ultra-clownishness?

We like a fool and love a mountebank—once in a while; but to live forever among face-making, heel-cracking, hee-hawing humans, whose whole aim in life seems to be to produce a spasm of cachinnation—this is too much.

To go to a vaudeville every day, to read a funny paper every day, is as bad as to go to church or to a

funeral every day. Come to think of it, the professional funny man and the undertaker have much the same facial expression.

We hardly realize the fundamental law of fun, which is that it is founded on seriousness. Without a serious bottom no funny structure can stand.

A professional medium is most successful in convulsing his audience when he keeps a sober, and even a gloomy face. A grim remark from a sour-faced Scotchman strikes us as witty, when the same thing said by a laughing clown will not seem funny at all.

Fun is the foam and sparkle and shine of life, but it must be upon the surface of great deeps. The waves of the ocean are more beautiful than the ripples of a shallow pond.

When we make a business of fun we are in great danger. Dr. Holmes points out the embarrassing fact that when we once stand on our head before an audience, that audience will never be satisfied unless we stand on our head all the time.

Fun is like salt and pepper to life. A little of it gives relish, but too much of it spoils the meat.



SAVED arm is an arm that is muscular and skilful, a saved leg is one you can run and kick with, a saved mind is one that thinks clearly. Each of these is saved by peril, burden and effort.

Protecting, coddling and shielding them only makes them flabby and weak.

This is the law of life. The woman that is most really saved is the woman who bears and rears a large family of children. They mean burden, anxiety, labor, self-giving, often agony, always responsibility. And those are the things that save a woman—save her from being petty, dissatisfied, useless and bad.

The noblest women I ever knew have been those who have launched young lives. The most magnificent soul that can be grown on this earth is a mother.

Many a promising lad needs only to be kicked out, battered, discouraged and opposed, to make a man of him.

Not that we should abuse boys. We should help them. But this old world, and nature, and destiny, intend to haze him, to attack him, and to roll him in the mud.

And if that rough treatment arouses him to fight and win he will be saved. Our safeguarding does not save.

Girls, it is commonly supposed, are to be screened, protected. A girl, however, that has always been carefully kept from all temptations and responsibility may be a very sweet, nice girl, but she will not be a great woman.

One of the noblest souls I ever knew was a vaudeville actress who began life as a waif, struggled up single-handed, and kept herself unspotted.

One way to save a soul is to pack it in cotton and keep it in a glass globe. Another way is to render it antiseptic and send it forth into an untoward world.

What modern souls want is not to be secure. They want to be great.

Any theology can tell you what to do to be secure, if you care for that.

But there is only one way to be great, to have strength that can be depended upon in a crisis, to have the kind of happiness that cannot be bowled over by calamity, to have the kind of faith that doubts strengthen and do not disturb, and to have the kind of purity that comes from wisdom and not from ignorance, and that way is to accept responsibilities, grapple them, and bear them nobly.

Then you are safe as a fearless warrior is safe.

The other way you are safe as a man in a cyclone cellar is safe.

GETTING READY



NE way to open a locked door is to fall at it and scratch, kick and shove! A better way is to get the key.

In other words, pluck and force and will power are all right in their place, but they are far from being the only secret of success. They are downright silly without—preparation.

Knowing how is half the battle. Practice and study count. Skill and efficiency mean a long time getting ready. We are familiar enough with this truth in ordinary matters. We send boys to school and prentices to the shop, and would-be stenographers to night school. For we recognize that the untrained man these days has to get off the earth, there's no room for him. But we often fail to carry this primitive common sense over into the more serious concerns. We forget that one also has to learn—how to live. One cannot go at it tooth and nail. It is not to be stormed, forced and stampeded. It takes science, training and practice.

The learning how is hard, always; but essential. The only things one can do without practice are over-eating, over-drinking, laziness, bad temper, selfishness and general meanness, also uselessness. But the good things come hard. Take humility, rarest and noblest of virtues. The only road to humility is by being humiliated, which hurts.

The only way to patience is by self-restraint under irritation. If there is nothing to gnaw and worry and heckle us, then we never learn that beautiful art of patience. The only path to belief, that is, to the only kind of belief that is of

any use to character, is through doubt. Faith is a product that is ground out of the mill of dismay, confusion, despair and struggle. Intellectual assent is cheap. The confidence that is a triumph of the soul over pessimism and fatuous reasonings is worth something.

The only means toward rest is work. It is to tired bones the bed tastes sweet. The soul can never enjoy letting go that has never hung on. Real placidity is the product of strenuousness.

So also the preparation for knowledge is love. Truth is not a lump of something a man may go and pick up. Truth is not anything at all. It is relation, a quality, a shine, an odor. It is not perceived by the intellect; it is perceived by the heart; the intellect merely criticizes and classifies it. The secret of Edison's discoveries, and of Koch's, and of Marconi's, is love. Only love can see. It has the X-ray eye. And this is true in business, or science, or literature, or art, quite as much as in religion. Brains can amass truths and pigeonhole them and arrange them; only passion of some sort can find them out where they are hidden.

Some of us have the ignorant notion that we could be noble if we cared to make the effort. We are like the man who, when asked if he could play the violin, said he didn't know—he'd never tried.

What a deal of getting ready to live is needed! A man never really learns how to live till he's ready to die. And if with most of us, all of us, life is a mighty getting ready, then it is a getting ready for—what?

TIRED



O, I don't want to go to any kind of entertainment. I am too tired.

I don't want to go to any place for supper, nor to see anyone dance, nor indulge in any game. I am tired.

The world is too much for me and I would like, most of all, to go to sleep. My bones ache, my back aches and my head is weary.

Youth is too much for me. The antics of children weary me, and the forth-putting of those who are still in their youth gives me a feeling only of uneasiness and no desire to join them.

I am tired—plain tired, and I ask no more of the world than that it shall go away and let me alone.

I suppose that there is such a thing as an instinct of rest as well as the instinct for activity, a feeling for a welcome of death, or its likeness—sleep, as well as a feeling for the exercise of one's faculties.

I suppose I am growing old. The things do not interest me that interest most people. I want to indulge in no sports and take place in no activity.

I do not like the city and its noises, its continual hub-bub gets on my nerves. I want the country

and its quiet, with the gentle fall of rain and the hum of insects.

The chatter of friends no longer interests me. I wish they would keep still and go away. The most considerate thing that anybody could do would be to leave me alone.

There were times, when the blood was high, in which I called for the excitement which comes from any kind of society, any kind of forth-putting. But those times have passed and I look forward only to sleep.

I can conceive of no better heaven than one of eternal rest.

Those who conceive of heaven as a place of endless activity are those who understand the human frame as a bundle of potencies only waiting to be developed.

I am not a bundle of potencies. The vessel has been emptied and there is nothing more attractive than sleep.

My body is tired and my soul also. I am tired of seeing things and hearing things. I have all the impressions that can be accumulated. There is nothing new to me. I am entirely sophisticated.

Perhaps the new life may come with an infusion of a new spirit, but until it does the old spirit must have its way.

THREE ENEMIES OF LIFE



HERE are three devils, sworn enemies to the human race, at work night and day to exterminate us as quickly as possible, and to make life miserable for us so long as we cumber the ground.

Their names are:

Hurry,

Worry and

Indecision.

It is not work that wears us out, but these three.

First, Hurry. Its immediate result is overstrain. And many people suffer from jangled nerves, dyspeptic stomachs and sleepless nights, simply because they have done, not too much work, but work that was too confused and crowded.

The antidote to Hurry is System.

Many a nervous wreck might be cured by a few first lessons in orderly thinking.

Second, Worry.

As Hurry is from lack of order, so Worry is from lack of courage.

It is Fear in its subtlest disguises. It comes camouflaged as a sense of responsibility, or a natural anxiety, or a great love, or the religious feeling.

Really it is sheer weakness, the cowardice of a nature that shrinks from the necessary give-and-take of the struggle for existence.

If a thing is inevitable, adjust yourself to it. If disaster looms, front it bravely. If responsibility is great, do your best and look pleasant.

Third, Indecision.

You never can know absolutely what is best. But our business is to know only what is probably best.

Decision rests on a balance of probabilities, not on perfect judgment.

All forceful people decide quickly. They may be no nearer right than those



MAKING money is the very simplest thing in the world. It consists in spending less than you get. If you make ten dollars a week and spend eleven you are on the way to the human dump-heap. If you make ten dollars and spend nine you are on the way to success.

The sensible person makes it an iron rule to spend less than he makes. It may be difficult, he may have to suffer and to go cold and hungry, but out of every ten dollars he gets he saves one dollar at least, though the heavens fall.

The only reason anyone does not get ahead is because he thinks his present needs are more important than to save a portion of what he has.

There is only one name for such a person. He is a fool. There are all sorts of fools in the world, but this is about the worst sort and the one for which there is no excuse.

who hesitate, but they have the advantage of having done something. It is a matter of habit. And if we accustom ourselves to deciding rapidly in favor of what is probably best we save ourselves infinite distress.

TOTEMS



IR JAMES FRAZER has given us many interesting observations upon the subject of totems.

A totem is the animal, plant or other object, which protects the tribe or clan. Thus, it is the name, title or emblem of the tribe's collective conscience.

One of the first plans of the human animal when he began to think was to form a group with other animals of the same kind. This group had many advantages. It furnished protection as well as social pleasure.

But it also had a very important psychological effect. It profoundly affected his mind. Thinking is mighty hard work, and the group consciousness saved him a lot of thinking.

It does yet.

Humanity is much the same as it always was, whether it has existed four thousand years or forty thousand, whether you accept the chronology of theologians or of the scientists. In either case it has not been long. Compared with the stretches of cosmic history, it is but a thin line upon a vast page. We have every reason to believe that the human race is still in its infancy.

Scratch a twentieth century mind and you will find a troglodyte.

Now the greatest offender against the tribe is not the man who refuses to obey the totem and who opposes it. The greatest of all offenders is the man who says that the totem is nothing but a totem. Just as the chief offender among idolators would be the wretch who claims that the idol is nothing but a piece of wood.

And the great trouble with us is not that we have totems, for, indeed, they have their place and use. The trouble is that we think totem.

Most people do not think at all until they find out what somebody else thinks. Far from esteeming it a weakness to have no opinion except that of the mob, we take great pride in our mob ideas. And we cast out as a leper anyone who dares to think for himself. The party calls him a renegade, the church calls him a heretic, and the nation calls him a traitor.

Indeed, most of our feelings that we call respect and reverence are nothing but the remnants of the old totem sentiment which our cave-dwelling ancestors experienced.

ROOM

WHEN a firm, decisive spirit is recognized," says John Foster, "it is curious to see how the space clears around a man and leaves him room and freedom."

Most of us are continually beset in this life. We are crowded. There are too many affairs, too much business, too much amusement, too many people, too many events, we own too many things, and time itself crowds upon us.

We do not have that large and healthy leisure the soul needs for its growth, and the mind needs for its activities.

There is a good hint in the quotation from Mr. Foster, it is, that the only thing that gives us room and freedom is decision.

Most of our clutteredness comes from indecision. When we do not know what to do with a thing we lay it to one side. By and by the side is full. It would be much better if we could dispose of a thing definitely and permanently when we get through with it.

There are some men that we do not know if they be friends or enemies. It would be better to make up our mind at once and treat them positively.

There are places we do not know whether to go to or stay away from. We should have more freedom of action if we decided at once to go or to stay.

A decisive mind acquires the habit of ease. The indecisive mind is always in a stew of some sort.

Indecision wears away the nerves. The undecided mother has trouble with her children. The undecided teacher has trouble with her pupils. The undecided business man has trouble with his customers. Indecision, anywhere, seems to spell trouble.

Of course, occasionally, decision may spell trouble, as there is a certain amount of trouble that is due to come to us, but the trouble caused by decision at least is plain and clear, and we can get through with it, while the trouble caused by indecision is continuous.

We feel a good deal toward indecisive people as the private felt toward the drill master. After hearing many successive orders, such as "Right shoulder shift" and "Left shoulder shift," "Forward March" and "Halt" and so on, the dismayed private said, "For heaven's sake, man, make up your mind!"

THE DISCONNECTION OF SLEEP



HE art of going to sleep is the art of disconnection.

Being awake is being alive to our surroundings and susceptible to them. Whenever these surroundings are of such a nature as to require our attention we cannot sleep. When we can leave our environment and become lost in vagaries, then only can we acquire sleepfulness.

Sleep is a bath of the soul which it needs every so often and without which the nerves become frayed. Probably there is no other question that interests so many people as the question of going to sleep. Those who can drop to sleep at any moment, as was said of Napoleon, are rare indeed. Most of us need conductive surroundings.

Surroundings which are conductive are those which enable us to leave them and wander off into the field of dreams.

It will be found by most people that surroundings become negligible only when they are customary, when we have become so habituated to them that they no longer require our attention.

There are some who can sleep amid the noise of the city because those noises are usual and everything takes place as expected. They cannot go to sleep apart from these noises because they have become insensible and part of their subconsciousness, and are necessary to forgetfulness.

There are others who cannot

sleep except under conditions of quiet such as are found in the country or far away from bustling tram-cars or busses.

As many people will be found in the one class as in the other. The ability to go to sleep depends upon one's ability to disconnect himself from what is actually taking place around him.

Many have been awakened by the sudden stopping of the clock. The cause is that they have accustomed themselves to the ticking of the timepiece and its silence, being unusual, recalls their attention to it. Thus it will be found that they can sleep with the clock ticking by them but cannot sleep without it.

Thus it will be seen that the sudden cessation of noise acts as quickly to call us awake as the sudden beginning of noise and it all depends on that to which we have accustomed ourselves.

Whatever else sleep is it seems to be the vanishing of the mind into the distance and one cannot merge into dreamland unless the present has retreated and he is enabled thus to let it go.

The question of going to sleep is an important one. Those in the full tide of health will probably require no assistance, while those afflicted with nervousness need every hint that they can get.

A sound sleep leaves us refreshed and equipped for the day but a sleepless night is wearing to the nerves.

GOD



OD is so old. He knows such a tremendous lot by experience.

He has been through so many things that disturb us and found that they do not matter.

Generations of men come and go, like waves beating upon the shore, but God is like the boundless ocean which remains forever the same.

God seems to be a necessity of thought. It is silly for people to speculate or dispute whether or not there is a God. If there is not a God there is something else equivalent, the nature of which we do not know.

But the most remarkable thing about God is not that He is so old but that He is so eternally young.

Whatever God has He must have life, and there is no other name for life but Eternal Youth.

As one grows older he is amazed every year to see the young grass growing, the flowers preening and the young lambs hopping.

There is something in all this that corresponds to the nature of God.

He must have a sense of humor, consequent upon His spiritual removal from the earth.

He does not have a sense of tragedy for tragedy is simply brief life trying to be eternal or force fluttering against its limitations.

With God there can be no limita-

tions. He does whatsoever He wills.

But the most amazing thing about God is not that He is so great but that He is so small. He sees beyond the confines of the greatest microscope. He is at home among the electrons and the protons.

To Him all the visible phenomena are but rearrangements of those atoms which we cannot see, atoms which now are Man, now are Beast and now are the rocks that strew the field.

God is not only the most stable thing in His universe but He is constantly moving.

He is the secret of force. He moves in electricity, in gravitation, in chemical unions, which are names we give to the infinitely small somethings that we do not understand.

It is as easy for Him to juggle the stars, or guide them in their vast courses, as it is to juggle the atoms. One is as mysterious as the other.

The human mind has its limitations. God has no limitations.

God is the name we give to our human faculties when they are projected beyond all human powers.

He is the nature of Things. And he who has found out the nature of Things, and has conformed himself to them, has found God.

ANIMALS

WALT WHITMAN speaks somewhere of loving to be among the animals because they do not bow to each other.

That is, among animals there is no rank, nor class, except that class which is fixed by nature and all of them recognize as part of the organization of things.

The dog wastes no time in regretting that he is not a fish and the fishes do not want to get out of their medium. They are content to be in the water.

There is no nakedness among the animals, no sense of shame. They expose one part of themselves as indifferently as another.

It is only among human beings that we come to clothes and the coverings of the human body.

Consequently humanity is the only kind of animal life that has manufactured a sense of shame.

There is no modesty or shame or any such thing among the animals who frankly are what they are. Animals go about the world and out of the world as naked as when they were born. It is man alone that must be covered up. It is from our sense of concealment that most of our sins arise. Animals have neither sin, nor confession of sin, nor remorse for it.

Only by our ability to sin are we able to rise to a greater height than the animals.

Only because of the responsibility of removing our clothes do we call keeping them on a purity.

Animals have no purity because they have no possibility of sin.

They are regulated by their instincts, which is another name for the rules of nature.

It is only when the intelligence has been placed in man, and he endeavors to regulate his own conduct by it, that we have such words as "decency." The animals are automatically decent.

For this reason those who spend their lives among the animals tend to their level. Virtue is a human thing and is cultivated only by contact with our fellows. As virtue, by its very name, means the character of a man, it means the effort to do by our reason what the animals attain by instinct.

The world is gradually ridding itself of all animals except those domesticated by man and the fishes of the sea and of the river.

The time is coming when other force than animal shall be used by mankind in the performance of his labors.

When that time shall come humanity will no longer tolerate the existence of animals in their midst, except as pets.

Thus the growth of intelligence means the development of virtue and the sense of shame.

Those who look back with longing at the freedom of the animal life are simply those who contend against the law of growth. From this law we cannot escape. It has its bad adjuncts as well as its good ones but it is inevitable.

INTIMACIES



MOST problems in life are problems of intimacies.

What makes marriage so difficult is that it is a great intimacy.

People are so constituted that they cannot get along very well together unless they run in certain grooves and attend certain forms.

There are very few people with whom you can be free and careless. The first thing you know there will be a blow-up. Informality often saves the situation. For sincerity requires a sincere soul to believe it and an open mind, while anybody can get behind good manners.

It is essential that husband and wife remain polite to each other. When they cease being so marriage is in danger.

Very often the complaint that people are formal is a complaint against shyness and not against exclusiveness.

Many people are not cordial and open for the simple reason that they do not want to be hurt. They have found out by experience that most people take advantage of intimacies to annoy them. Hence they retreat behind the veil of ceremony.

There are very few people in the world with whom we want to be intimate, or can afford to be. Intimacy requires understanding and understanding requires love.

To find an understanding love that forgives all because it comprehends all is very rare. It is for this reason

that we must treat everybody with uniform courtesy, for it is behind this courtesy that we find our own protection.

Intimacies are trials of the soul. Our children come to know us and our wife comes to know us as no one else does.



If you would have friends you must show yourself friendly. Very few people are able to resist the steady shine of friendliness. By and by they will unbend and like you. If they do not, you have not lost anything, and the effort you put forth has done you good.

If any one you have to do business with is grumpy, fault-finding, jealous, suspicious or sarcastic, do not let that person induce you to imitate him. Don't fret. Don't antagonize. Don't hit back. Life is too short. Most of such nasty tempers disappear after awhile in the sunlight of friendliness.

You don't have to be familiar. You don't have to be officious. You don't have to grin all the time. Just keep friendly and good-natured. It will create an atmosphere around yourself in which it will be pleasant to live, and in which you will be much happier at your work.

That is the principal reason why most people get along so ill with their families. They are compelled to be great. It does not matter so much if they are good or not.

But it is impossible to live with anyone very long on terms of great intimacy who is not great.

A WOMAN'S BEST AGE

BALZAC is supposed to have said that the dangerous age of a woman is thirty-five. Just exactly what he means by dangerous we do not know, but there is no doubt that a woman is at her best around thirty-five. Before that time she is too cock-sure. She knows too much of life, also too little.

The loss of her ideals is still a surprise to her, and means too much, and her experience may have made her a little bitter.

Beyond the age of thirty-five a woman is apt to get matronly.

The ideal age of a woman, therefore, is about thirty-five. Very many women who have had little charm as young girls have suddenly become the most delightful persons in early middle age. They have learned to understand men by that time and expect less of life than younger women. They usually dress very well and are easily pleased.

They are not so temperamental nor so easily disappointed. They understand that they can be happy once in a while without being happy all the time.

About thirty-five a woman is almost always an admirable hostess; she has traveled, she has read and she has met people and, therefore, she makes an excellent com-

panion. She stimulates a man to his best, but she is also a rest to him and has come to find out that busy men seek from women the benediction of rest perhaps more than any other quality.

She is not so conscious of her youth and hence has a becoming humility.

Women of every age can be charming, the old as well as the young, but a woman is at her best when she has passed her first youth and not yet entered upon old age, as far as men are concerned.

Of course everyone will judge of this according to his own likes and dislikes and in accordance with his experience with differing personalities but, on the whole and on the average, a woman of thirty-five makes the best companion for every man's business or leisure.

Many women who in their youth were unattractive, as they near forty become charming, agreeable and attractive, so that their companionship is appreciated by all their friends as it was not before.

The young girl who is still pretty and fresh, holding the delicate bloom of childhood, may be a delightful companion for occasions, but she is difficult to please and is uncertain as to her moods and she is not so dependable as those of older years.

FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE SEXES

IT is the custom to look upon friendship between men and women with suspicion.

The hard-headed wisdom of the world finds it difficult to admit that there is any such thing without the entrance of a baser motive.

At the same time there have been as many enduring friendships between men and women as there have been friendships between men and between women. There is no doubt that the play of the sex instinct, in what may be called a secondary or tertiary place, is as stimulating as those of more immediate contact.

There is something in the companionship of men and women that is distinctly stimulating and creative. It is allied to, and germane to, that creative instinct which enables people to do their best work in the world.

The greatest poetry, if not the greatest prose, has been written under the inspiration of the opposite sex.

There is no doubt but that the companionship is dangerous in a way but all precious things are dangerous and this should not induce us to question our friendships. There is something peculiarly stimulating to a man in the friendship of a woman which

he does not find in that of a man.

There is such a thing as sex in ideas, and in personality and point of view, as well as more bodily functions; and there is little doubt but what each member of the race is stimulated to do the best work under the influence of the opposite sex.

Boys are better trained if they are allowed to associate freely with girls, and men acquire a smoothness of manner under the influence of women more than they do by themselves. In fact the question of educating each sex by itself has found considerable opposition from those who are best acquainted with the fundamentals of human nature.

Whoever made the human race, male and female created He them, and it is intended for them to best develop their personality and live out their lives by being in constant contact one sex with another. It is pretty well demonstrated that a life can only find its proper stimulus and interest in the presence of the opposite sex.

It is doubtful whether a man has ever attained distinction without the presence of some of those women who are called "*femmes inspiritrice*" by the French which means those women who are especially endowed in inspirational ability.

LIBERTY



LIBERTY is like everything else. It can be carried to extremes.

When Mme. Roland, on her way to execution, exclaimed: "O Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" she had in mind liberty carried to an extreme.

There is no liberty, of a practical nature, in the world, that is not limited by the demands of others. And only those experience the delights of liberty who are the readiest to admit those demands.

The fall of the Bastille and its destruction by the people of Paris, on July 14, will forever remain a symbol of the fact that anarchy is the inevitable result of incompetent government.

The only way to establish a lasting government is first to see that it stands for equality of all before the law and, secondly, to recognize that, in most things, the people are to be free to do as they please.

When government becomes occupied merely in continuing itself, and when with this purpose it tramples upon the rights of the people, it is sowing conditions which will create the revolution which will overthrow it. France learned this great lesson and helped to teach it to the world.

America stands for the same thing and, in its way, England recognizes the same truth, that the peace and prosperity of a govern-

ment depend upon the peace and prosperity of its people.

It has long been recognized by students of political economy that that government is safest which can most easily be put out of office and that the natural check to the tyrannical evidences of governments is the people themselves. The more educated and intelligent its people the firmer is its government. For the government will recognize that the limits of its powers are always set by the will of the people. And, furthermore, that that government is surest which is founded upon popular good will.

Both the French and the American revolutions constituted a warning to all governments that the inevitable effect of tyrannical governmental incompetency is revolution. The frequent revolutions in the South American republics illustrate the same thing. It is not only necessary to give to the people the kind of government that is best for them but it is necessary for them to realize what is best. In order to maintain its security a government must be founded upon the popular approval of its people whether that government be a pure democracy, a republic or a limited monarchy.

The effect of tyranny, whether it is that of the Bourbons of France, of the reactionaries in England, or the tyrants in Russia, is always the same.

NATURE

WHEN we speak of Nature we do not speak of what we can see, but of something behind that which we see.

Nature is in no hurry. It is only mankind that hurries.

There are many things very beautiful in Nature, but many things grotesque, such as the monsters of the sea.

When painters reproduce a little bit of Nature they are highly gratified, yet Nature paints the most superb pictures constantly, whether there are those to see them or not.

All that lives comes from Nature. She seems to be rhythmic as to her lives. She produces plants in their season, and men in their generations, but the race continues.

Very little first-class literature has been written under the direct inspiration of Nature. Nature is usually too strong for the writers.

It is characteristic of Nature that it goes on while life stops. Nature has her ebb and flow, but it is eternal. It was here before we arrived; it will be here when we have gone.

There is nothing moral nor immoral in Nature. She has her own code.

There is infinite variety in Nature, and yet the strictest adherence to law.

There is abundance, generosity and waste in Nature, yet there is no waste. The leaves of the tree return to soil from which they came. Whatever Nature produces

may fail in its object, but it succeeds in some other object.

Nature produces nothing that is alive and also straight. Her sign manual is the curved line for living things. Among dead things I do not know of anything straight which Nature produces except quartz.

Nature is discordant and minor; and yet those who are accustomed to listen to her know that she is deeply musical.

The most beautiful objects of Nature depend upon water, for it is water that makes the clouds, the colors of the sunset and of the sea.

All obey Nature, yet is she not masterful or petulant.

Two of the greatest men who ever lived have had for their motto "Return to Nature." One was the Frenchman, Rousseau, and the other was the Chinaman, Lao Tzu.

Lao Tzu said:

"The highest goodness is like water, for water is excellent and benefiting all things, yet it does not strive. It occupies the lowest place which men abhor."

We do not understand Nature because we do not understand water.

Lao Tzu says again:

"There is something chaotic, yet complete, which existed before heaven and earth. It stands alone without change, reaching everywhere without suffering harm. It must be regarded as the mother of the universe. Its name I do not know. Endeavoring to describe it I call it Great."

CREMATION



AGAINST the custom of cremating the human body after death the prejudice seems to be lessening.

A conference on the subject was held by distinguished men of science, religion and other walks of life, recently in England.

Bishop Gore spoke in favor of cremation and his remarks were interesting not only because of their intrinsic force, but because of his position as a prelate in the Anglican Church.

According to him the only really logical contention against cremation was that it destroyed means of ascertaining whether a person had died by poisoning. From a sanitary and utilitarian point of view the advantage of cremation could not be denied. The strongest position against it is that of sentiment. The Catholic Church carefully excludes theological grounds from those upon which it is prohibited. The chief motive is a reverence for immemorial custom.

The Christian idea of the resurrection of the body does not in any way mean the preservation or reconstruction or recovery of the material particles of the present body, although this idea is implied in the phraseology of the Nicene Creed.

The movement in favor of cremation is a part of the movement of sanitation and science against

sentiment. Sentiment always holds in connection with the dead and it is very difficult to resist, yet the problem of disposing of dead bodies in large states is constantly growing more acute.

Those in favor of cremation depend upon logic, while those opposed to it are governed by sentimental reasons.

The conflict between logic and sentiment is universal and covers every phase of human progress. It takes time to accomplish any reform, especially when opposition to it is entrenched in the feelings.

As far as the resurrection of the body is concerned it would be as easy a matter to gather the materials from the air, or from whatever place they have been scattered, as it would from the ground. Besides this, the fact that the particles of matter from the dead body go, in time, to the construction of new bodies renders a literal adherence to a bodily resurrection very difficult.

Just what the resurrection body will be is not known. It will be some sort of clothing for the human soul, but the matter had probably best be left where the Scriptures put it, which was that "There is a spiritual body and there is a natural body."

There can be no doubt, however, that cremation is the most sanitary and scientific method of disposing of human remains.

BEACHMARKS AND PROGRESS



IN the sands of the shore each wave leaves a mark at its highest point, an irregular, fine line of residue and sand.

This stays until a larger and more powerful wave extends beyond and obliterates the old mark and makes a new.

So with knowledge.

Every advance in information not only makes a new record for the human mind, but it renders the old one useless. When Galileo made his discovery the ancient theories were relegated to the shelf.

The trouble with evolution is that it has not only pushed human knowledge to a further point, but it has relegated much of the knowledge that we had before to the scrap heap.

There can be no advance toward the future without stepping upon the past and the things that are discovered anew often are in conflict to and override old ideas.

Across the street from me they are tearing down an old building. Workmen are busy taking the bricks apart and knocking off the mortar and removing the old planks. They were once just as

busy in hauling the bricks and mortar and planks and in putting them in place. They are going to put up a new building, I suppose, of a superior sort. But the new building cannot be put up without removing the old.

New wine must be put into new bottles. This involves the throwing away of the old ones. But there are many people who are attached to the old theories concerning them. And there is just as strong an instinct in humanity to stand still as there is to go on.

There is a definite advancement in science which goes on from fact to fact. Every step that we make is but a point in our journey forward.

Mr. Wells says that the one unpardonable sin is the refusal to go on. Certain it is that we cannot stand still. In science, in religion and in politics, we must be ready to take our foot in our hand and progress. Without progress there is no safety. We are continually making arrangements to stand still, and continually harking back to the old things, but are continually pushed forward by the urge of the new.

PHILOSOPHY



HERE is a classical story of a little boy who was walking out with his father one day and saw a cow. He said:

“What is that, Papa?” The answer was: “That is a cow, my son.” Whereupon the lad inquired: “Why?”

This boy was a philosopher.

A philosopher is one who wants to know the reason of things. He is not satisfied with appearances.

Everyone is some kind of a philosopher, that is, he has some kind of philosophy, for a philosophy, after all, is but a working plan of life, and you cannot live without having some sort of plan.

There are those who regard philosophers as entirely useless and themselves as eminently practical, but underneath every sort of practicality there lies a philosophy.

Someone has said that everyone is born a Platonian or an Aristotelian. Which is to say that everyone is born with some way of looking at things. He will look at them from either the East or the West.

What we call common sense is but the shreds of philosophy or

its remnants. It is philosophy that has been tried out and reduced to a commonplace where all can handle it. It is philosophy made understandable to the whole people.

We cannot all be great thinkers like Emanuel Kant. But at least we can all think clearly if we try and, after all, it is clear thinking and not great thinking which is required of the world.

It is essential to clear thinking that we should not accept anything as so until it is clearly proven. The moment we accept someone's ipse dixit we have opened the way to all manner of credulity.

If everyone would be honest in saying “I don't know,” and stick to this statement until he did know, there would be less of false philosophy in the world.

After all a philosophy is a system of thought. It is an endeavor to arrange the universe in an orderly fashion so that it can be comprehended by the mind. Most education consists in the ability to classify, for classification is the short-cut to knowledge. When this classification is, in a measure, complete, one may be said to have a system of philosophy.

FALLING IN LOVE



FALLING in love is one of the unaccountable phenomena of the human race.

The Orientals explain it by claiming that we have had a previous existence, and that those in the present existence touch us who have some hold on us due to a life that is past.

Whether we accept this explanation or not there is no doubt that falling in love is one of the inexplicable peculiarities of our race.

It is connected also with the creative instinct and it is safe to say that those who are not capable of falling in love with anything are not capable of creative work either in the liberal arts or elsewhere.

It is a well known fact that many famous men have been reputed famous lovers; this has been set down in their disfavor as proving that they were loose morally when, as a matter of fact, morals had nothing to do with it.

Love was simply an essential demand of their nature. They had to be in love with something in order to do their best work. Much of the vagaries of those who have achieved fame can be thus explained.

It is not that they lack a sense of the responsibilities of life, or that they are not willing to undertake them, but that they need for their sustenance an enthusiasm that is only bred in them by the presence of affection.

It is a mistake to think that any person is too old to need the fire given him

by love. While there is life there is love, or should be.

It is well for those who are supremely endowed with the capacity for affection, if they are endowed also with those moral inhibitions which prevent them from indulging their capacity in for-



KNOCKING is one of the easiest things in the world to do. It only takes a thimbleful of brains. And it is the cheapest and easiest way to attract attention. But it is a mighty expensive amusement. Everybody hates a knocker. And by and by everybody is afraid of him.

No man ever got very high by pulling other people down. The intelligent merchant does not knock his competitors. The sensible worker does not knock those who work with him. Don't knock your friends. Don't knock your enemies. Don't knock yourself.

However you may feel, don't allow yourself to say cutting things. Speak pleasantly of everybody whether you are pleasantly disposed or not.

Shakespeare said, "Assume a virtue if you have it not."

Boost and you will be boosted. Knock and you will be knocked.

bidden directions.

It would be well also for the friends of great men to remember this need of their nature and to feed it properly. No one can exist in a constant atmosphere of negation, and fire that is suppressed in one direction will break out in another.

BORED WITH PANTS



R. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE has expressed himself as thinking that civilization does such queer things once in a while because it is bored with pants.

Every once in a while men put on rooster feathers and night shirts and go capering all over the cow pasture, in order to get a thrill.

This is but a part of man's rebellion against the boredom of civilization.

He says, When Eve put aside the salad with which she decorated herself, and put on camisoles and cosmetics, woman has ever since expressed herself by the outlet of clothes. She wears all sorts of variegated garments, and thinks and talks about them.

But Adam put on pants, which are the most undecorative things. And ever since, mankind has been rebelling against the prosiness of pants.

Under our present civilization, man has to work like the devil, which is not natural. During past ages he has been a beach-comber, and was a beach-comber much longer than he has worn pants, and every once in a while he has an impulse to comb the beach again, and get rid of his pants.

This is the reason that Ameri-

cans are so much interested in elections. They don't care very much who is elected, but they like to go out and get on a jamboree once in a while, just to blow off steam.

When we join a fraternal order, we point to the benevolent insurance and say it is for the good of the family. Really it is for the good of ourselves. We like rooster feathers.

Light wines and beer might help Americans some, if we could stop with them. But we can't. An American can't sit down at a cafe at five o'clock in the morning, as the Frenchman can, and be content with two glasses of wine. The American wants to get drunk. Whether it is in our climate, or our blood, or our race makes no difference. It is a fact.

When Kansas prohibits so much in human nature, such as cigarettes, punch bowls and gambling, the spirit which it suppresses in many ways bob up in another. That is the reason for the Ku Klux Klan.

The trouble with us is lack of self-expression. Men must cut loose in some way or other. The taking away of the means of self-expression without giving a substitute explains the cause of our secret societies.

PRIEST OR PROPHET



HAVE just come from church, where I heard a good sermon, as sermons go; that is to say there was a small fraction of it, say about a fiftieth part, that was a personal message from the preacher's own feeling and experience; the remainder of the discourse was made up of matters he thought it was his duty to say, things his hearers expected and his church implied.

This is not a criticism of the church nor of preaching. Quite the contrary. The usual, expected thing is what most people want. A flash of reality, a bit of new illumination in the minister's tone, disturbs people. When they can understand it, they resent it, for it sets them thinking, and thinking begets doubts and questioning.

I knew a preacher who was absolutely loyal to his own revelations. He never indulged in platitudes nor clerical common-places, he was original and vital. And the end of that man was that he found himself out of a job—no church wanted him. He had acquired a reputation of being unsafe.

It is doubtful whether the Prophet and the Priest can ever be one and the same man. It would seem that prophet must always be "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." He cannot fit in any institution. He must "come up out of Edom, and tread the winepress alone."

The priest or pastor has his function; it is to maintain. He ought to lose his personality in the institution. He is a cog in the machine. His is a position of much comfort and possibly of some use-

fulness. The prophet, however, never knows where to lay his head. He is to lead the people out. His message is, "Come out," while the pastor's is, "Come in." The prophet's business is to break his heart.

The founder of every religion was a heretic.

If he was a successful heretic he becomes tremendously orthodox after he has been dead for some time.

When he was alive it was his business to disturb people. After he has been dead it is the business of those who carry on his preachment to comfort people.

The prophet is a pioneer. And pioneers live more dangerously than any other class of men.

The younger sons of Great Britain who could find no place in the venerable institutions at home and were driven out across the seven seas, built up America, Australia and New Zealand. After a while these countries will become as conservative as the mother from which they came.

The pioneers of thought live dangerously. They should not complain. That is the fine ecstasy of their calling. They are not appreciated. They are often persecuted and crucified. What of it? Perhaps they get as much out of life as those who remain conservatively among the old opinions and grow fat and die in their beds.

After all, the choice of life amounts to a choice of death. Which do you want? To die of hardening of the arteries, senility and diabetes, or to die climbing a mountain or fighting red Indians?

CATCHING UP WITH COLUMBUS



OUR hundred and thirty-five years ago the son of a poor Italian weaver made himself one of the great figures of history by claiming America for the Old World.

During these four intervening centuries the land that Columbus discovered has grown rich and powerful. Its inhabitants enjoy blessings coveted by man the world over. It has given the Old World the example of a government based on faith in the common people.

We, who live here today, have passed, in many things, far beyond the little Italian admiral peering into the unknown from the bridge of his plunging little cockleshell sailboat. We have passed on in our understanding of physical things. We talk of atoms and bacteria and seismographs. We have passed beyond him in methods of travel, organization and industries. We have advanced in communication, general education and the average length of life.

But in another and fundamentally important matter the task of the modern man is to catch up with Columbus.

This is the matter of character.

In our highly complicated civilization of today exactly the same qualities of character make for greatness that did in the simpler existence of four centuries ago.

Throughout the life and adventures of Columbus the fundamental virtues of human character are easily traceable.

These are: 1, Self-control; 2 Humility; 3, Courage. In human

character these are like the three legs of a tripod. Without any one of them it loses its solid basis.

He demonstrated his iron control over himself when he refused to give in to discouragement during the long years when he met only ridicule and rebuff. He showed it day after day when in the face of fears and mutiny he held like steel to his great determination and in the log book recorded simply each day: "This day we sailed West."

He showed his humility in his oft-repeated realization that he could attain his purpose only by God's help.

He possessed courage of two kinds, as few men of his century did. He showed physical courage. He faced the natural hazards of the sea and the vague nameless terrors of the unknown—the imaginary sea serpents and the generally believed danger of falling off the edge of the earth. His stout heart and iron resolution were shown by those last three days when he kept the mutinying crew sailing on into the unknown.

He also possessed that rarer courage, intellectual and moral courage. At a time when it was generally believed that the earth was flat he followed what he thought to be the truth in spite of ridicule and the danger of religious persecution.

The world would be infinitely better and mankind radically stronger if we could all catch up with Columbus in the possession of these three elements of character.

CIVILIZATION IS DETERMINED BY WOMEN



HE degree of civilization to which any nation has attained may be most accurately determined by the way its women are treated.

Emerging from brutedom human beings at first recognize the law of force. Who has superior power rules. And rule is exercised, not to help others, but to make them minister to you.

The male having more muscle, and estimating spiritual forces as forms of weakness, arranged customs and established laws to suit himself.

He was IT. The woman was accessory. She was necessary, in a way, as his dog and horse, possibly more, for she bore his children, thus perpetuating his name and feeding his pride.

She also served his pleasure by gratifying his instincts, she was usually soft and comely and pleasing to look upon, and besides, if properly knocked about and kept in her place, she was a good cook and farm hand.

The major part of the human race still exists more or less under these conditions, that is to say, the larger part of humanity is still savage or semi-savage.

In the entire continents of Asia and Africa women, with hardly significant exception, are regarded as inferior to men and existing only for their use and pleasure. Europe may be considered as about half way out of this condition, and the United States of America as about two-thirds of the way out.

There is no country in the world where women are treated with simple justice, for the plain reason that there is no country in the world as yet wholly civilized.

Among so-called enlightened people there are thousands of homes where the man considers the woman as more or less his property. It is her business to stay at home, look after his comfort and take care of his children.

In no part of the world is the violation of marriage vows by the man considered

to be equally serious as a similar offence by the woman.

As far as that is concerned in no part of the world do the restrictions of law and morality of the state and the church bear as hard on man as they do on woman.

The Feminist Movement throughout the world is but one phase of the forward thrust of the human soul toward ultimate equity and reason.

The only arguments that exist for keeping women in subservience and seclusion are the same sort of moth-eaten arguments that are used for reactionism everywhere; the same sort of arguments that keep up kings, armies, navies, bishops, tariffs, silk hats, dress suits and quill pens.

Little by little the earth is rolling up into the light, and when the day shall fully dawn the woman shall stand squarely upon her own feet, mistress of her own body and soul, finding her happiness not in being a shielded slave, but in assuming and discharging her proper responsibilities.

Almost all phases of what is called the social evil are curiously enough regarded by the twisted minds of men as being due to a lack of sufficient protection, alias slavery.

In the Orient you can see the social evil in its most striking features. Notwithstanding all the ridiculous apologies that are made for the existence of the Yoshiwara, or "restricted district" of Tokyo, and all the pretty speeches that have been uttered by Lafcadio Hearn and others about the Geisha, the fact remains that the whole business reeks of barbarism, is a form of human slavery more loathsome and less useful than ever negro slavery was in the west, is the cause of infinite heartbreaks among decent Japanese women, and does probably more than anything else toward retarding this fine and capable people in their struggle upward to take their proper place among the nations of the world.

INSIDE AND OUT



ANIMALS have their strength outside; man has his inside.

Physically man can never compete with the claws, teeth and muscles with which animals are endowed. On land the tiger is infinitely more agile, the elephant immeasurably stronger. In water fish are swifter, and for the shark, man, barehanded, is no match.

Jungle masters and ocean fighters, with their tearing claws or slashing teeth, are outwardly superior.

Man, with his developed, thinking brain, is inwardly ascendant.

Man thinks, and because he thinks he is superior.

The one with the most strength inside is the strongest.

A small-sized Japanese jiu-jitsu wrestler, using his mind to bring the forces of nature to his aid, can defeat a great bulk of a man depending solely upon his huge muscles and physical force.

Thinking man has used the forces of nature to fight for him outwardly.

He makes gunpowder and utilizes fire and constructs diving suits and mechanical wings.

Strength inside can always develop strength outside.

That which makes you stronger within is more important than that which strengthens you externally.

The end in view with everyone should be mental development.

This is never fully possible without physical development, it is true. So do not neglect your body.

But always keep the ultimate end in view.

As a goal, strengthening your mind is more worthy than strengthening your muscles.

Muscle, as such, is cheap; brains come high always.

Animals are sold by the pound. A man using his brain is paid by the hour.

Your experiences and the things you read do one of two things to you. They either take you out of yourself or into yourself.

There are times when you want to get out of yourself, to get away, to forget your troubles. Then a gay, rollicking, thoughtless show or a blood-and-thunder story makes you feel better.

But don't forget that the books and experiences that take you into yourself, that make you think and grow and develop inside, in the end are the ones that do you the lasting good.

Give inside development the prominent place in your plans.

WE ARE ALL ALIKE



AFTER all, everybody is alike.

We spend much time and thought on cultivating our differences. Every nation thinks that it is superior to every other nation. Every man thinks that his case is different from that of every other man.

And yet we are all alike in many things.

We share many of the brute characteristics. We are hungry, and sleepy and thirsty, courageous or cowardly, just as the beasts are. Our hair rises and our blood curdles with fear. We have the same sex instincts that they have.

In addition to this all men have the same or similar hopes and fears.

All men want to get on and have the same dread of failure.

The same emotions are instinctively in the Chinese and the Arab, the Japanese and the Europeans, that are found in ourselves.

There is very little in any of us that is very distinctively his own.

We are all born of a woman and sooner or later must lie down in our grave.

During this short interval of time, every bosom is swept by similar ambitions and fears.

Progress is made by the slow accumulation of virtue in the race and is not handed on to us by the individual.

Here and there some man seems to be superior to his fellows, but he, in turn, must lay down his burden and take his place with the silent majority.

The one thing that is uniform and persists on earth without pause, is humanity.

Gradually civilization irons out the differences between men and reduces them to a common level.

That man is the most valuable to



WALT WHITMAN wrote:

"Henceforth I ask not good fortune,

I myself am good fortune.

Henceforth I whimper no more."

If we follow this saying we will have happiness, even if we do not attain success. Like draws like, and agreeable people naturally collect agreeable people around them.

In a little public hall in New York City hangs a motto on the wall, "Happiness is a Habit." You can always find something agreeable to think of, and agreeable to say, if you try. And you can always resist the impulse to be disagreeable or say disagreeable things.

It is well to be good, honest and virtuous, but a Frenchman once said, "To be good and disagreeable, is high treason against virtue." That is because nobody will want to imitate your goodness if you are disagreeable.

humanity who does the most to serve it. A man's final worth is estimated by the value he has been to his race.

"The tallest and the smallest among us," says Thackeray, "are so alike diminutive and pitifully base, it is needless to calculate the difference."

THE SPIRITUAL ARMISTICE



ARMISTICE DAY stands as a landmark to that date, November 11, 1918, when the world throbbed with a great joy because the hated war had at last ceased.

It is a common tendency, however, for men to look too hard at the material and physical, and forget the spiritual reality of which all tangible things are but the shadow.

The physical degradation of war, loathsome as it was, was not the worst part of it. All the mangling and murder of the battlefields, the terror and vermin of the trenches and the drawn-out agony of the hospitals were not so hideous as the spiritual monstrosities that gloomed behind them. For the blow of the murderer is not so terrible as the hate in his heart.

The battles were soon over. The grass is growing, and the fields of grain are waving where once the poison gas and trampling troops made a desert. But the hate and fear and suspicion that caused those things were in turn augmented by them, and linger on, and will linger on for years.

The mountainous waste of war was bad enough. But that waste did not cease on Armistice Day. It still persists in policies perpetuated by war's evil spirit.

The brutish selfishness, the unspeakable dirt, the fathomless deg-

radation implied in millions of men engaged in physical combat is not, in the eyes of the angels, so horrid, so diabolic as the wreckage of the human spirit involved.

The greatest loss of the war, after all, was the spiritual loss.

The hate and suspicion between France and Germany are costing, and will cost, both those nations untold sums of gold.

The flames of mad nationalism, industriously fanned by governments to drive their populations into war willingness will not die down until they have consumed their hecatombs.

When the devil went forth as a sower to sow, the most mischievous of his grains were those that fell into the furrows of the human spirit.

We shall not therefore get the true benefit of Armistice Day until we weed out from our minds the spiritual tares of race prejudice, suspicion and fear.

The great war, the greatest of all wars, is still on. It is a war between the forces of love, faith, friendship and co-operation on the one hand, and the forces of hate, rivalry, suspicion, contempt and fear on the other hand.

Fear and distrust, these two great bat wings of Apollyon, still flap between mankind and the sun, and their cold shadow yet chills us with impotence.

YOUTH AND RELIGION



WHEN a man has arrived at the age of ninety years with faculties undimmed, his ideas about religion are apt to be interesting.

Usually they are not very theoretical, but have been modified by his experience.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, one of the foremost minds of the United States, recently gave some interesting opinions on this subject. He said that while boys and girls, according to his observation, are extremely reticent on religious subjects with their own kindred, when they go to college they talk a great deal with their intimates about them. He said that almost all educated youth acquire and cherish motives that may fairly be called religious.

The motive which is the most practical is the desire to be serviceable in the world, serviceable to comrades and friends, to families, to the town or city, and to the nation.

Toward the creeds of the past he thought that their use was frankly suspicious. He rejected almost all of them, and came to the question of religion with a free mind.

The two sentiments that most inspire men to good deeds are love and hope, and religion gives more

rational play to these two sentiments than anything else.

The new religion affords indefinite scope for progress and development. It rejects all limitations of family, tribal and national religion. Its fundamental precept of serviceableness admits of infinite variety both in time and space. It is very simple, and therefore possesses an important element of durability.

Most religions condemn the majority of the human race to hell and reserve salvation to a comparatively small portion. This has been due to the effort of the Church to reserve the saving business for itself. But Dr. Eliot believed the ancient systems of reward and punishment of the future world would have to be abandoned.

To his mind, the desire to be serviceable to one's fellows leads directly to a belief in God, and he did not believe that the religion of the future would be devoid of worship. The new religion would magnify and laud God's love and compassion, but would not venture to state what the justice of God may or may not require of any of His creatures.

From an old man who had passed the ordinary term of life and who had spent his days in intellectual activity, the above views are interesting.

DOING TOO MUCH



HE only way to do enough is to do too much.

As it has been well put: "Doing more than circumstances require is the surest way to satisfaction."

You may be able to lay brick to exact measure. And indeed exactness is necessary in making a typewriting machine, an automobile or a seventy-five centimeter gun.

But a man is not a machine.

Man lives by superfluities.

The only way effectively to be kind once is to be kind a hundred times.

The only way to get your little act of love over, to make it register, is to perform about two hundred acts of love.

This seems to be Nature's law.

When Nature wants to produce one hundred apples on the trees she wastes about two thousand blossoms. When Nature sets out to water your garden with her rain she waters all the dusty road and even pours her streams on the river.

In other words to do one thing that is needed, Nature does a hundred things that are not needed.

In the miracle, related in the gospels, we are told that about five thousand men were fed upon five loaves and two fishes. It is said: "And they did eat and all were filled: and there were taken up of fragments that remained to them, twelve baskets."

We often complain of the smallness of our reward when we do good. But the beauty of doing good lies in the very fact that if we

do good at all we must do so much that there remain twelve baskets full.

The tides of life and light and power which the sun pours down upon the earth are but a tiny fragment of the amount that it is pouring out all through empty space.

So a good woman sheds her influence upon many a heart where there is no response and no apparent result. But she goes on being good.

So an honest man is honest a thousand times when he sees that it gets him nothing,

These are the sowers who go forth to sow and of their seed some falls by the wayside and some upon stony ground.

But here and there the seed takes root in good soil, springs up, and bears fruit a hundredfold.

There is no one hundred per cent efficiency in love. There is only a probable fraction of one percent. But from this comes the most amazing truth in the world, that in spite of its apparent waste and uselessness in so many instances, love is still the greatest known power and from generation to generation grows apace.

For this reason no man has a right to judge the effect of his good will or his righteous conduct by results.

To live the higher life is not at all a matter of mathematics or intelligence or any kind of knowledge. It is a matter of faith.

It is a matter of confidence in those higher cosmic laws which only great souls can see.

WHAT IS REFINEMENT?



REFINEMENT is a certain quality in a man or woman that corresponds to a certain quality in handiwork.

Human beings are spirits that lived housed in flesh. They exist in a world of material things. The only way these spirits can express themselves is by using these material things.

The whole world of matter is but a collection of tools for spirits to employ. It is the alphabet by means of which spirits utter themselves.

Therefore when we want to express any attribute of the spirit we have to borrow terms from matter.

If one is particularly stubborn we say he is hard, like a stone. If he is impressionable, easily affected by emotion, we say he is soft or tender, again using the image of something we can touch with our fingers. If one's mind is keen and alert we say he is bright, comparing him to a mirror, or sharp, comparing him to a knife. So we call a cheerful person sunny, and a morose spirit gloomy or cloudy.

To understand what is meant by refinement of character, therefore, we must consider what we mean by fineness in material things.

Compare two pictures, one painted by a schoolboy, and the other, let us say, a landscape of Corot; or two images, one a snow man which children have made, and the other a statue by Rodin; or a crude ornament made by South Sea Islanders, and a brooch of exquisite workmanship from a shop on the Rue de la Paix.

One of these sets of things excites our amused contempt, we place little value upon them and we do not care to preserve them, except for reasons aside from their workmanship. We call them crude and common.

The Paris brooch, the Rodin statue and the Corot picture, however, contain a quality that makes them "a joy forever." They delight the eye. They exalt the spirit. We love them, go at

great pains to see them, and consider one fortunate who has the means to purchase them and keep them where he can see them daily.

What is that which distinguishes the fine thing from the crude, the thing that is a joy to look at, from the thing that offends the eye?

The first answer that is likely to be made to this question is, that the difference depends upon genius. The statue of Rodin excels that of the tyro because Rodin's was a rare and gifted spirit, endowed by the Creator with superior faculties, extraordinarily inspired.

But this answer is not satisfactory. It contains a part of the truth, but not the gist of it. There is many a struggling student whose ideals are as high and whose imagination is as vivid as any master's. Many an indifferent piano player has dreams just as beautiful and ambitions as intense as Paderewski's.

What the master has, and the apprentice has not, is skill. The master can utter himself. He has the power of expression. The amateur is dumb and impotent. The fine ideas in him cannot get out.

And behind skill there lie long and continued effort, self-discipline, the restraint of wayward desires, the daily compulsion by the will, the unflagging determination to succeed.

Genius may account for mastery to some extent, but genius that is not strong enough to produce persistent hard work never results in refinement.

So the thing we call fineness in a man or a woman, that quality we all so covet and admire, is precisely the same sort of thing that pleases us in the craftsmanship of a beautiful piece of Chinese embroidery, an exquisite lacquered box from Japan, or a delicate cup and saucer from Sevres.

Both are produced by the same thing: infinite practice and hard work; and if by genius, then by the kind of genius that induces infinite practice and hard work.

THE WILL TO SHOCK



ESIDES the Will to Rule, in which the Germans indulged for a spell, the Will to Serve, which characterizes the devoted and high minded, and the Will to Rob and Steal and Burn and Murder, which is exemplified by savages both among the Indians of the Wild West and the Thugs of the Effete East, we might also note among the furniture of the human mind the Will to Shock.

This might also be termed the Will to Break Loose.

It is one of the primordial instincts bubbling up through the surface of civilization as a volcano lets the concealed subterranean fire come to the surface of the earth.

The original stuff out of which a human being is made is a bundle of instincts. The primitive man was a collection of lusts, passions, desires and the like, and these still constitute the driving force of the human race.

As the mind developed and man began to think he slowly commenced to regulate and tame these powers so that he could use them for his welfare and not merely follow them to his destruction; just as he broke the wild horse to carry him and draw his burdens. All that civilization means is that man is learning to control, guide, co-ordinate and master his instincts.

One of the strongest of these instincts is the desire for individual self-expression. We see it in one of its crude forms in the silly Bohemian who wants to "live his own life."

Any of you can see the same thing cropping out in your children, if they are good, healthy specimens. Your boy just loves to do everything violently and say everything vociferously. And you have a difficult time in making your healthy, vigorous girl behave properly and mind her P's and Q's.

You are dumbfounded when your

small boy comes home from school one day with some terrible oath or dreadful obscenity. You lecture him, and he promises never to do it again, and yet the puzzle remains—why does he take to that sort of thing?

If you mingle generally with men at the club, in business, on the train or on the street, you will find a certain number of them seem to like profanity and obscene expressions, all the way from those that are mild to those that are exceedingly strong.

This is the old instinct for Individual Expression breaking out. All our lives we are trained to keep ourselves in hand, to develop and strengthen the inhibitions, in other words to be decent and respectable. There is a good deal of wild, native blood in many of us that chafes at this. There are some colts who simply cannot resist the impulse to kick over the traces.

Every effort to tame the human spirit and bring it into order and usefulness is resisted by that savage, primitive force we are seeking to harness.

This is what the Prohibition idea is up against. The intelligence of the world has long seen that the use of alcohol works tremendous damage to the human race. Eventually of course it will have to be eliminated. It is unthinkable to suppose that humanity will go on forever doing a thing which science, reason and conscience condemn.

But the early efforts to curb drunkenness, which is the man's form of childishness, is met by the same irritable rebellion that you meet in your children when you try to teach them to speak softly and not yell, to sit straight and not sprawl, to talk English and not slang and profanity, and altogether to regulate their wild, natural instincts by those inhibitions which came along so much later in the history of evolution.

Profanity and Obscenity are the Volcanoes of Civilization.

IS BEAUTY PASSING?



S beauty passing? Shall a Phidias, a Michael Angelo, a Raphael never appear again? Shall there be no recurrence of the Golden Age of Greek, or Italian, or Chinese art?

The lament is quite common that Democracy has destroyed Beauty. Artists pour out their scorn upon all the modern buildings of Rome and Florence, comparing them with those of former time. A lady writing from Peking the other day lamented the dilapidation and decay of the Republican era, the pillage of the beautiful treasures of the Emperors, the ruin of the splendid structures that were once the delight of the world.

In every millionaire's collection, and in every museum are to be found the beautiful works of art from antiquity, and the sentiment is often expressed that that sort of thing is not made any more.

But the point in all this is that the beauty of the past represented an old order of civilization which mankind has outgrown and can endure no longer. The new order is yet in the making, it has not yet come of age.

Democracy is ugly because it is young. The world has not had time enough to adjust its ideas of art to the whole new circle of ideas implied in Democracy.

The feeling for beauty is eternal in the human race. Our children's children sometime will create more beautiful statues than the Venus of Milo, will compose better music than Beethoven, will write poems more exquisite than Keats.

To think otherwise is not to believe in evolution, and not to believe in evolution is not to believe in life and the God of life.

The outstanding fact is not that all life passes, but that all life renews itself continually. Resurrection, not Death, is the key word of the universe.

The past will always have its peculiar charm, and the beautiful things the Past has created will live always, since "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." But because we admire the rare grace of the pictures in the Sistine Chapel, the amazing color and design of a Chinese vase of the thirteenth century, or the crumbling majesty of the Cathedral of Chartres, is no reason why we must believe that, even if we cannot make their like again, we cannot produce things equally beautiful in a different way and breathing another and a better spirit.

Democracy some day will breed artists who shall aspire to make the whole world beautiful, and not a little secluded corner of it.

The art of the future will not devote itself to making pictures to be hung in the galleries of kings, or statuary to be set up in the gardens of merchant princes, or gems to be worn only upon the necks of millionaires' wives.

It will build beautiful villages, make beautiful homes where the poor of the city may live, erect beautiful office buildings, and show the multitude the advantage to be gained from living among beautiful furniture, and not the cheap, shoddy and ugly.

The art of the future will dignify labor and not scorn it, it will show the glory of common life and not pass it by in contempt.

The art of the future, even as the religion of the future and the literature of the future, will minister "unto this last." And since we see that for the most part the governments of the world are by no means for the few, that literature still perks itself up in exclusiveness, and that even religion has not yet learned the passion for mankind, but is still in the main the effort to save and sanctify some small group, we need not wonder that the beauty of Democracy is still struggling to be born.

LOVE IS BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL



OVE," said Nietzsche, "is beyond good and evil;" which amounts to very much the same as the meaning of the Bible where it states that "love is the fulfilling of the law." The Idea is that all our moral codes, our rules of conduct and canons of righteousness are imperfect, feeble efforts to do what can only be accomplished by a primitive instinct. For, as Bergson teaches, all philosophy gets around by and by to the conclusions of the instincts.

One has gained a great deal when he has grasped this truth. For the right sort of folks the sense of "ought" cannot be gainsaid; and to live in daily conflict with one's feelings of duty is intolerable. But when we attempt to get our thoughts, words and deeds lined up by rule to agree with our moral convictions, we find the task hopeless. We are always breaking down. Human nature is always tripping us.

It is a relief then to find the remedy in this very human nature itself, in its most primeval instinct, love.

This world, and the heaven, above it, is for lovers. Let us love nobly, wholly, loyally, gladly, and we have all the ten commandments, moral precepts and religious ceremonies in solution in our hearts.

For such a love there is no law.

In our notions of righteousness we have made too much of its aseptic quality. Most conventional programs for being good are made up of avoiding this and doing that. The common idea of evil is the doing of certain things.

This is fundamentally erroneous. The essence of evil is in not doing things, man's goodness is to be judged by what he does more than what he refrains from doing. This idea is brought out in the Parable of the Last Judgment where the Wicked People on the left hand are told to depart into everlasting fire because in speaking of certain courses of conduct, the Judge said, "And ye did it not." The Good on the right hand were, on the contrary, admitted into bliss because they did.

The real gist of goodness, which is nobility and beauty, is power. The real gist of evil, which is meanness and ugliness, is impotence.

Love is essentially power, it is the most vital form of power.

Hate and all evil including vengeance, envy and cruelty are various forms of the "Inferiority Complex."

To avoid disease it is important to keep clean; but it is vastly more important to be full of the tides of health.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF MONEY



MONEY underlies almost every form of moral activity.

People work mainly because they have to; it is necessary to make a living and to get on. The only way they can do this, on an average, is by working for it.

In other words, to be of service to the community, of such kind of service as it is willing to pay for, you must put forth all of your activities.

The average man works in order to get his pay. That is, the necessity of working underlies the service to the community.

Anyone who attempts to do good to a community without pay is open to suspicion because it is likely that he is not doing the kind of good it wants.

Perhaps in the case of philosophers, religious teachers and poets, this does not hold completely. There are exceptions to every rule. But the majority of mankind would not be of service to their fellows unless they had to scratch around and make a living.

Useful service to your fellow men is at the bottom of most kinds of work.

It is the real reason why we enjoy work. Most of us would not be willing to take a tin cup and beg money on the corner. We like to feel that we are doing something that is worth people's paying for.

This is at the basis of self-respect. Mr. Henry Ford claims that he does not give much to charity, but he is kindest to people when he provides them with opportunity for work and pays them good wages. It is a question whether this kind of service to the community is not better

than accumulating money any old way and then giving it without return.

The average man does not want charity. All he works for is to be of service and to receive that pay for it which is commensurate.

Money, therefore, and the desire to make it is at the basis of true morality.



THE joy of doing one's best is the purest, least diluted, most permanent, divine, and abiding joy of which a human being is capable.

The appetites have their pleasures, but behind every one of them stand the dark constables of sorrow. Behind the banqueter stand repletion and disease, gout and dyspepsia; behind the crowning moment of desire stand the Cossacks of disgust and remorse ready to charge; behind pride looms humiliation; behind riches the hollowness of luxury; and behind life itself, death and the grave.

But behind work, rest; behind all good craftsmanship, unstained satisfaction; behind endeavor, heaven.

If work be a curse of God inflicted upon mankind for the sin of our first parents, as some theologians have contended, then, as shrewder theologs have reasoned, the curse of God is better than the blessing of men.

So much so that when a man has reformed, or is good in every other respect, but has no money sense, he is not yet dependable. One of the surest signs of reform, or righteousness, is that a man pays his debts and respects his obligations.

This feeling also is at the bottom of all true morality.

PULL DOWN THE BLINDS



HE newspapers for the past weeks, since the war, the Bolsheviks, and the strikers have had their turn and quit, or paused for breath, have been saturated with scandal in high life.

Far be it from us to pass as arbiter morum upon the guilt or rectitude of any of these parties. That we shall leave to their God, their conscience and their female friends.

The Public has nothing to do with our Morals, and everything to do with our Decency.

Wrong may be most foul and ruinous to the soul, but it remains a matter for the judication of a higher court than any on earth, until it is found out.

Hence, against the culpability of these various contestants public opinion has nothing to say, but against their airing all manner of indiscretions it has something to say.

Respectability is not a bad sort of thing. It has its uses. It enables people to get along. It is not necessarily hypocrisy.

It may cover a multitude of sins, but as most of us who have reached the age of temptation have more or less things we do not care to discuss in a loud voice in the

street car, respectability comes quite handy as a *modus vivendi*.

It means, indeed, the rules of the game. And unless you keep the rules there can be no game.

If a gentleman persists in moving the knight diagonally as he should move the bishop, you simply cannot play chess with him.

Rules are necessary where a group of people are expected to live close together and carry on complicated activities. Without the respectabilities we could have no city.

There are wrongs a man had better bear in silence than redress in public.

Particularly is this the case when one is high in society. For social rank has its responsibilities, and among them is a duty not to offend by doing the family wash in the front yard.

Society is not moral. It is not immoral. It is respectable. It is a fabric of decencies, not of righteousness. And one who kicks that fabric to pieces automatically kicks himself out.

You may beat your wife, and it may be none of the public's business, but it becomes the public's business when you don't pull down the blinds.

HOW TO GET ALONG



HERE was abundant electricity in the world before modern inventors found out how to adjust machinery to it, but it did not turn any wheels. Steam had been roaring and hissing ever since Eve first boiled eggs in the Garden of Eden, but it never pulled any railroad trains or ran any grist mills until Mr. Watt came along and broke it into harness.

All of which goes to show that it is not only strength you need so much as the ability to use other forces than your own.

The motto of the big man, the outstanding master-man, the super-efficiency expert, is not "Do it yourself," but, "Never do anything that you can get somebody else to do."

The successful man is the adjuster. The man who can do, may get \$25.00 a week. The man who can get things done will get \$200.00 and not put forth any great effort.

It is not work the world pays for. It is Adjustment. The general manager gets \$25,000.00 a year and he earns it, too; because he makes the work of all those under him worth more. Skill, craft, gumption, "the know how," in other words, the gift of adjustment, is the money earner.

Now all this has its bearing upon your individual problem.

Adjustment accomplishes more than sweat and backache.

It overcomes more sin than prayer and fasting.

It subdues more obstacles, removes more mountains, and fills up more valleys than hustle and perseverance.

It is better than love potions, or efforts to please, or flowers, or flattery, in the matter of gaining love or of keeping it.

Why don't you get along with your family, for instance? Why are you getting estranged from your wife, and losing your hold upon your children? You ponder the problem in despair. You have not been neglectful of your duties, you have been "upright, kind and free from error"—integer vitae scelerisque purus—and all that. What, you ask, can you do that you have not done?

Why, nothing, perhaps, except the one thing needful. You have not studied to find out what they are, and to adjust yourself to that. All your calculations are based upon their changing, becoming different. Suppose you change. Suppose you simply accept them exactly as they are, and try to adjust yourself to that. And see what happens.

THE STUPIDEST CRIME IN THE WORLD



JAPAN is supposed to have a system of education that compares favorably with that of any other nation.

Japanese youth are eager to go to school. The high schools, however, are totally inadequate to accommodate the number of applicants.

Every year, therefore, a certain number of young people who can't find a place in the crowded schools, commit suicide.

I know few facts in the world so tragically appalling as this.

It is not an indictment of Japan, but of mankind.

No nation in the world spends enough on its schools, or makes an effort intelligent enough to improve and maintain education.

No other fact so reveals the low degree of our evolution as our neglect of education.

We go on spending nine dollars out of every ten of our revenue for wars, past, present and to come. And war is the price we pay for that stupid provincialism that makes us refuse to enter into world government. Only a few cents of the remaining one dollar out of every ten do we spend for the most important thing in the whole world, Education.

It is not a matter of theoretical discussion, but of life and death. As Mr. Wells said, modern civilization is a race between education and disaster.

We madly build huger steamships and taller office buildings, form larger corporations and stronger banks, lay out finer parks and museums, and decorate them with more statuary, improve our trains de luxe, automobiles and flying machines, write books ever more clever and cynical, heighten our luxuries and intensify our sophistication, and think we are going on. We are not. We are going round and round like

dancing dervishes, and meanwhile the keen-eyed chemists and the bat-eyed politicians are preparing for the next war which shall bring chaos.

We still dream of bringing about reforms by ramming them down the throats of adults, instead of the only sure way, teaching them to the coming generation.

Fat-headed mayors and fat-bellied aldermen still solemnly pass resolutions to improve the town, by which they mean paving the streets, hiring more policemen and otherwise spending money for "practical" purposes. All the while there are not enough schoolrooms for the children to sit in and not enough teachers to instruct them. The teacher who should be looking after six children is compelled to look after sixty, to the neglect of them all.

We talk about national preparedness, by which we mean training people to fight or to make money to pay for the fighter's keep. But the only real preparedness is in training people to THINK.

No nation was ever destroyed except by one thing, Ignorance, the inability to think clearly.

We are like a father who is spending all his money on a fine house to live in, an expensive automobile to ride in, servants to wait upon him, fine clothes to adorn him, and lavish entertainment for his friends, and has no time to teach his children how to live, and no money to spare to hire other people to do it for him.

We speak of the great problems of thirty years from now. Those who will have to meet those problems and settle them are the children that are playing in the streets today. To give serious attention to those problems, and to neglect those people who will have to deal with them is most perfectly to act the fool.

ADJUSTMENT TO REALITY



It is well to be adjusted, but we should see to it that we adjust ourselves to reality.

In order to Get Along everyone knows that he should adapt himself to circumstances and to other people. The way of the crooked stick is hard.

Most of the practical happiness in the world is obtained by adjusting ourselves. Those who are most successful are they that adapt themselves most perfectly to what conditions they find.

The most popular statesman is not always the one with the best ideals, but is usually the one that can accommodate himself to existing political factors and circumstances.

This is the sort of a thing that is the basis of what we call morale. The most efficient man in the community, at least the most influential and popular, is the man who best fits himself to the community.

The law of the survival of the fittest means that that living organism has the best chance to live and propagate its kind which is in every way best adjusted to its environment.

But to this, as to every other truth, there is a limitation. Contentment and efficiency may be the result of right adjustment, but that adjustment must be to what is real and true, and not to what is unreal or false.

It is for this reason that Science comes before Faith. The first duty of a man is not to believe the truth, his first duty is to find out what the truth is. It is not to stick to one's principles, but first of all to see that those principles are sound. It is not to be loyal to something, but first to determine whether that something deserves our loyalty.

The sailor navigates his vessel by the north star, but if he picks out the wrong star he is likely to go upon the rocks. It

makes no difference how accurate his calculations, nor how faithfully he guides his course, if he is following some wandering planet.

It is necessary for the chemist obediently to follow his formulae, and nicely to measure his mixtures, but unless he has got hold of the right salts and acids in the first place, he may blow up his factory and himself.

An artist ought to know the rules of painting, to have a vivid creative imagination and deft fingers, but all that will avail him nothing unless he observes the immutable law of color and of form.

It is commonly said that it does not make much difference what one believes so long as he is sincere. But if the thing that he believes is a lie it will just as surely lead him into the ditch as if he had no faith.

Perhaps as much human misery has been caused in the world by people who sincerely believed what was wrong as by those who doubted what was right.

Men have been tortured and burned, villages have been burned, women taken captive and babies dashed against the wall, tyrannies have flourished for centuries, fraud and injustice have been established, and the commonest human rights deliberately trampled under foot, all in the name of conscience, of patriotism and of religion.

One's first duty is not to follow what he believes to be right, it is honestly to find out what is right. The obligation to educate one's conscience comes before the obligation to obey it.

Faith, loyalty, devotion, heroism and principle are vastly important. But before all these things in importance it is to find out what is reality and not delusion, what is fact and not fiction, what is truth and what is mere supposition.

LEAVING THE UNIMPORTANT



HERE comes a time in each man's life when he gets a "call," or an inspiration, to get up into a higher plane of living, thinking and feeling than that which he has been occupying. Let him obey at once!

Joan of Arc received a call to lead the armies of France. She did right to listen and follow. There were plenty of girls in Domremy who were fit for nothing but to tend sheep. "Let the dead bury their dead!" Jenny Lind felt within her the ambition to be a great singer and enchant the world. But who was to do the knitting and sweep the floors? There were plenty to do that. "Let the dead bury the dead!"

The principle is applicable to us all. History and the lives of famous persons are of no use unless we can interpret them in terms of our everyday experience. Some young man may read this who has felt an overpowering longing to get an education. A thousand things interfere, social pleasures, sports, laziness, or an anxiety to get to making money as soon as possible.

If he allows himself to be held back by these things he gives away his life to "the dead." To plod is good, and it is well to be faithful in little things and to neglect no details, but if your life is going to be at all touched with greatness you will need that other wisdom

which consists in seeing an opportunity and that other wisdom which consists in seizing it.

Life is spoiled because we fail to estimate values. We think too much of trifles. The sick woman toils away until death comes prematurely; she thought darning socks was more important to her children than her own life. Men neglect the family for jolly fellows. The Germans have a proverb: "The good is the enemy of the best." I am speaking of those who stick to the good because they are timid, and will not take the best. Life is conspired against always by institutions, formalities, conventions, customs. The Pharisees felt the truth and beauty of the Nazarene's teaching, but they were in the grip of a dead mass of institutionalism; they stayed to bury it; life swept by; the future belonged to the Nazarene. Lazy, timid minds fear every advance of the truth. They cling to their father's formulas. They want nothing but what has been. Let them alone! "Let the dead bury the dead!"

The human problem is to better the quality of life, to make life fuller, more vivid. It is the impulse to do this that pushes the level of civilization constantly upward. In their blind obedience to this impulse men strive for better houses, clothes, culture, education, religion. They want fuller, richer lives.

YOU ARE THE JUDGE



MAN once came to a friend of mine and said: "I was so sick that the doctors gave me up and said I couldn't live. I tried faith healing and got well. What do you think about faith healing, anyhow?"

"Well, it has never cured me," replied my friend, "but if it had, I wouldn't ask anybody what he thought about it. I'd know."

That is the real test of things.

Whatever does you good, stick to it.

Some people laugh at "success" stories and at "success" magazines and literature.

Your test is whether they have done you, personally, any good or not. If they have helped you, let others laugh. Don't ask anybody what he thinks about it.

If your type of religious belief has helped you don't go around asking others if they think it is all right.

If cutting out meat makes you feel better, that's your answer. It doesn't make any difference what other folks think of vegetarianism.

If you like a certain writer and get enjoyment from his writings, don't worry whether critic Specknoodle ranks his works as in class A or class B. Rank them yourself.

This is one of the curious ailments in the make-up of men.

They are eternally seeking someone to agree with them. The judgment of others seems somehow of greater weight than their own.

This propensity has been observed by philosophers of every



THE soul has its weathers.

Sometimes all is bright and serene, and other times it is dark and cloudy. Sometimes it is clear weather and sometimes stormy.

As in the case of the winds, of which we know not whence they come nor whither they go, but take their blowing as an act of God beyond our control, so our moods and tempers seem to arise we know not how.

The best we can do is to maintain our poise as much as possible and turn toward our ideals when the winds of pessimism and doubt are upon us.

Our judgment should tell us the danger of letting ourselves go when "the wind is from the east." We should wait until the times change and not give way to dark humors. It can be accomplished if we are but fixed in our determination to encourage cheerful moods and discourage untoward feelings.

period, but none has expressed it better than the old Roman emperor-thinker, Marcus Aurelius.

"I have often wondered," he wrote, "how it is that every man loves himself more than the rest of men, but yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinion of others."

THE MAGICIAN



HE magician is not necessarily a faker.

Deception is harmful only when it claims not to be deception. One who deceives you but tells you beforehand that he is going to deceive you is really doing you a service and increasing your knowledge of the truth.

The world has always been preyed upon by charlatans and liars. But the damage these gentry have done has been in proportion to the degree to which they have convinced the public that they were not deceiving at all.

The magician who performs his tricks because his hand is quicker than your eye, because he knows forces and laws that have escaped your attention, because he can demonstrate how imperfect are your powers of observation, really does more toward exposing the fakers than anyone else.

One of the greatest of magicians was the late Harry Houdini. He once remarked that he had never seen a spiritualistic medium do anything by his alleged occult powers that he as a magician could not do by mere skill.

Whoever helps to loosen the hold of superstition upon the minds of the people is a public benefactor.

The belief in luck, charms, occult powers and spirit accomplishments has done incredible harm. It has influenced minds and spread many septic fears.

To see a skilled magician do his wonderful performances and to know that they are all carried on by plain cunning and sleight of hand is the best antidote for the depression one receives from sitting in Queen Alice's parlor and watching the ectoplasm.

Houdini might have been called a trickster. In fact he called himself that. But this simply meant that he was honest. He was extraordinarily gifted physically. His nerve control was amazing.

It seems to me that he and other legitimate magicians have done and are doing a real service to the community in demonstrating the failure of the argument that simply because you do not see why a thing takes place therefore it must take place because of some ghostly power.

The very foundation of sound thinking is to believe that there is a natural cause for every result. The magician helps establish this foundation because he convinces us that the cause is there even when we cannot see it.

ELIMINATION



ELIMINATION is absolutely essential to Life.

It is generally supposed that the most important thing in life is to get something to eat. Equally important, however, is to get rid of waste.

Unless this waste is thoroughly and regularly removed, disease sets in promptly. Nine-tenths of our physical ailments are due to defective elimination.

The same thing is true of the mind. The trouble with most minds is not that they are empty but that they are clogged. The most ignorant and stupid man is not the one who knows the fewest things; he is the one who knows the most things that are not so.

The art of education is to get rid of misinformation, quite as much as to acquire new information.

The same thing is true of the spirit. Man's struggle upward is an effort to eliminate the degrading superstitions and fears that have hampered his soul. He needs not only to believe new truths; he equally needs to quit believing old lies.

The same thing is true of government. A nation's past gives it great momentum. It is well to have a long history and fine traditions.

But a nation does not have sound life unless it can discard traditions that have become useless and shelve precedents that are no longer helpful.

China is the oldest nation in the world. This antiquity is a thing to be proud of, and there is a great

deal of force and dignity that can come from its consideration. But China can have no vigorous life until it learns how to discard outworn ideas and senseless customs.

A tree to be vigorous must have not only a hard, thick and rugged trunk, but must put on new green leaves every year.

Not only in China, but in Europe and America as well, the Past keeps choking the Present. Europe today is choked with a lot of sentimental nationalism, superstition and other stuff that is a hold-over from medievalism.

France and Germany are hating each other in the same old absurd way of the Guelphs and Ghibelines. The real population of France is in reality a fellow sufferer with the real population of Germany. All the hate between them is governmental and artificial.

All the armies and navies of the world are but waste matter which some day the common sense of the world is going to get rid of. As long as they exist we may expect the body politic to have all manner of diseases.

The world needs purging.

The house of humanity needs a good dose of soap and water, needs sweeping and dusting to clean out the vermin and the dirt, the detritus of the past.

Ideas and things that were good for our fathers and grandfathers may or may not be good for us. If we are to grow we must learn to get rid of that part of the past which is useless.

WHAT THE EARTHQUAKE COULD NOT SHAKE



ANYWAY one looks at it, the most magnificent spectacle in the world is a human being. The soul of man is quite as mysterious and imposing as the starry heavens.

The force in man is fully as strange and as efficient as electricity, gravitation or any other physical energy.

And the career of the individual man may contain battles as splendid as Waterloo, catastrophes as shattering as the Japanese earthquake, conquests as significant as those of Caesar or Napoleon.

To me the most amazing thing in a human being is his unconquerableness.

Some time ago while in Japan I visited the establishment of William Holst. Holst is a Dutchman, who for twenty years has been one of the leading dealers in objects of art in the Orient. He lived in a beautiful house full of the treasures of the East. He had a wide business covering all the countries of the world. Then came the earthquake. His house was reduced to a heap of rubbish by the shock. After the shock came the fire, which was so terrifically hot that the whole pile was consumed. The bronze dome was disintegrated and the steel safe, with its contents, was melted.

All of the man's possessions were absolutely destroyed, the labor of twenty years gone up in smoke!

Fortunately Holst and his wife were out of the city at the time, and their two children were in Holland at school.

Then some time afterwards I met Mr. and Mrs. Holst in New York City.

Were they defeated? Were they whining? Did they loudly exclaim that they no longer believed in God, or that if there were a God He must be cruel? Were they down-hearted?

No.

They were as cheerful a couple as I

ever met. They were living in a little room at a hotel, and were as bright and happy as the sun which streamed through their window.

They said that they could never be thankful enough that their lives had been spared. Beside this, they declared that the whole business was an amazing adventure. All their possessions having gone, they now felt young again, and had come to New York to start life once more. They had found a job. Holst was to take charge of the Oriental department of a large store.

They were as keen and as full of the juice of life and hope as any young couple of twenty-one.

When I left them and went home, and reflected how often I had accused Heaven of injustice and had aired my complaints at one thing and another, I felt like hiring the janitor to kick me around the building until I had been properly punished.

Once more I had been taught the greatest of known truths,—that nothing can defeat a man but himself, that not all the spite of fate and the whips of an outrageous fortune can conquer the man who refuses to surrender.

This truth is as old as Prometheus, as Jesus, as blind Huber, and is fresh today in the case of innumerable invalids and failures who are still smiling victoriously in the face of pain and disaster.

Where you find tragedy, bitterness, self-pity and snivelling, the root of it is always weakness.

And where you find the hero you find the man whom not any mischief of men or angels can defeat.

Some woman made a nasty remark to the effect that the more she saw of men the more she thought of dogs.

As for me, the more I see of men like William Holst the prouder I am to belong to the human race.

YOUR MOST IMPORTANT FRIEND



LORENCE VINCENT tells the story of "Jim."

Jim went into his employer's office and received the ultimatum:

"I am sorry, Jim, but we have another man for that position."

Jim was pleasant about it as he was really a good sport and took his punishment gamely.

"Very well, sir," said he, "I had hoped to fill the bill, but it is quite all right if you have decided otherwise. And I thank you for your courtesy."

As Jim went out an expression of regret crossed the employer's face. He sighed.

"I meant it when I said I was sorry!" he said. "Fine fellow, Jim. Generous to a fault, unfailingly pleasant, everybody likes him. But a responsible position requires more than good nature, and Jim is such a darn fool! A friend to all the universe, but an enemy to himself."

This little story of Miss Vincent's is applicable to a good many people.

There seem to be some natures that have a genius for friendship. Everybody likes them. And everybody wants to help this particular person we have in mind, that is, everybody but one. That is himself.

It is he alone that has got himself fired from one job after another. It is he alone that has got

him into all manner of difficulties.

But the unfortunate part of it seems to be that it is he alone that can do himself any good. He can put himself in the way of success. But he is such a stubborn enemy of himself that he refuses to help.

His wife would give her eyes to help him, his friends are willing to do anything to help him, all his relatives are anxious to help him, but the one person who can really help him, himself, still refuses to lend a hand.

He is a good salesman, popular, and thoroughly efficient. But there is one fellow who comes along and spoils everything that he does; mixes up his accounts, destroys his influence, and is doing his best to ruin him physically, mentally and morally. That implacable enemy is himself.

Strangely enough he never seems to suspect the viciousness and deceit of this fellow. He thinks he is really friendly to him, notwithstanding the fact that he has brought him to grief a hundred times.

There have been many interesting stories told of how some ruthless detective dogged his victim through the years; followed him to every country on the globe, and finally landed him in prison.

There is no detective that can follow on a man's trail so determinedly as himself.

THE WRECKERS



HE universe is a thing of life.

Life means growth, and growth means constant change.

And in the processes of life the destroyers are as necessary as the builders.

Long ago it was written, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die."

Death, decay and removal are as essential to the operation of growth as birth and sustenance.

With this fact in mind, we perceive that decomposition is just as pure as growth.

The disgusting carrion that rots by the roadside offends us. Nature makes it offensive because she wishes to keep us away from it. That is, she is building, and in decomposition she is carrying on her business of wreckage and she does not want us to meddle.

But the buzzards and worms that clean up the world are just as important as the song birds and fruits that feed the world.

Death is as clean as birth.

And the removal of waste is quite as necessary as the procuring of food. In fact, most of our diseases come from interference with the sewage system.

It is the same way in the intellectual life. The pessimists, the deniers, the doubters and the scorers might be called the kidneys of the social organism.

Also a man's failures are as useful in rounding out his life as his successes. Our chagrins, disappointments and disillusion are as sanitary to the soul as our joys and loves.

A life of perfect bliss and unhalting

success is not only not normal, but it would be distinctly abnormal.

That is why we are offended by those whose natures are a continual blaze of sunshine and have no redeeming shadows.

We are not put in this world to be happy. We are put here to be great. And suffering and failure are the meat upon which greatness feeds. Nobleness of character, the glow of genius and the beauty of holiness are but the light from souls that are burning.

"This earth," says Anatole France, "is but a grain of sand in the infinite desert of worlds, but if only upon this planet suffering exists, it is greater than all the rest together. What do I say? It is all; the rest are nothing."

Thousands of houses must be wrecked and taken to the rubbish heap before the city becomes beautiful.

Billions of insects and microbes are constantly at work removing the debris of the human race, keeping the earth fertile, the streams clean and the waters pure.

In every society, customs grow rank and pernicious and institutions become old and septic, and the army of wreckers must remove them.

The progress of the world is marked by its Calvaries.

The path of the Golden Age is strewn with revolutions and violence.

And in the individual soul the perfection of character and the right apprehension of ourselves and of the universe depend upon a continual demolition of old huts of belief and discarded enthusiasms that have become unsanitary.

THE STRONG MAN MYTH



HE Strong Man Myth is one of the most septic of the old dead ideas that clog the mind of the world.

One runs across it everywhere. In America you hear it said constantly that what the country needs is an able leader.

In Europe the same creed is recited. What Great Britain needs, what France needs, what Germany needs, what Russia needs, is some Moses to lead them out of the wilderness, some Napoleon, some master mind or some man on horseback.

The same thing is said now in China. What that country needs, it is asserted, is some dominant personality that shall bring the confused affairs of politics and economics into order.

This is all a delusion. The world does not need a great leader. It needs a whole lot of good servants.

There is no lack of masterful minds who can tell us just what to do, of splendid theorists who can point the way out, of able rulers and commanders. There is great lack of capable men who will study the needs of the people and strive to give them what they want.

This Strong Man Myth is the aftermath of Monarchy. It is the result of thousands of years of the infantile habit of looking to somebody to do for us what we ought to be doing for ourselves.

The only people who can be trusted to govern a country, to redeem it from its errors and to insure its progress, are the people inside of that country. To imagine that some man can take this responsibility on himself and tell the people what to do is a childish credulity. No man nor class of men is strong enough to withstand the temptation of so much power.

The only safe government, the only sure government, the only government that will withstand the assaults of time, the only government in which progress can be made by evolution and not by revolution is a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

It is dignities and dynasties that are dangerous. Everyone of them in the past has fallen down, everyone of them in the future will fall down.

To rest the stability of a country upon a throne or a ruling house, to entrust the destinies of any nation to any strong man or superior class, is to stand the pyramid upon its apex.

The pyramid never rests upon its base until the mass of the common people are educated and intelligent, and until government is recognized to be a matter of business, a matter to be transacted for the general welfare and not for the glory of a nation or for the pride of a ruling class.

THE IMPOSITION OF MYSTERY



NOTHING so imposes upon the mind as what it does not understand.

Most of us are thoroughly convinced of our own ignorance, of the limitations of our own capacity, and if anything can be explained to us in simple terms, and we can grasp it thoroughly, we are not likely to think much of it.

When the magician on the stage is doing his trick, if he tells you he does it by the aid of the spirits, and prattles of thought transference, psychic waves, and other things that neither he nor you understand in the least, you are thrilled with that awe which he intends and for which you paid your money.

If on the contrary he tells you the plain truth, which is that his fingers were quicker than your eye, and the whole matter was one of mere dexterity, you feel that you have been cheated.

When the club ladies go to a lecture and listen to a pale young man discourse upon "The Thingness of the What," and he showers them with incoherent ideas even more incoherently expressed, they feel that they have been vastly entertained and instructed.

It is difficult for a work on philosophy to gain great vogue if it is lucidly written and anybody can tell what it means. Somehow we have an inborn contempt for what we can understand.

When the doctor comes to see you, if he tells you that all that is the matter with you is the stomach ache and all you need is a dose of paregoric, you don't think much of that doctor. What he said was nothing but common sense, and anybody would know that. But if he feels your pulse and examines your tongue and tests your blood and shakes his head, and finally declares that it looks very much to him as though it were a case of enteric metabolism of the lalipaloosa, you are inclined to think

that there is a medicine man who certainly knows his business.

When the preacher explains to you in simple language just what is right and what is wrong and the common sense reasons why, he cannot be much of a preacher, but if he dilates upon the doctrine of metempsychosis and the mysteries of spiritual undulation and advises you to go through a lot of performances for which neither he nor you can see the slightest reason, and assures you that saving faith is faith in something you know nothing about, then he surely must be a most illustrious and reverend guide.

When the banker talks to you of your investments and makes it plain to you that you cannot possibly understand the intricacies of finance and had best leave the whole matter to him, you go away with a feeling that there is a man to trust, but if he makes the whole matter intelligible to you it leaves you with the impression that he cannot be much of a financier or he would not have talked so you could understand him.

One of the unknown laws is that if one knows a thing thoroughly and has imagination and skill of expression he can make another person see it as clearly as himself. Most people do not know things thoroughly, have little skill of expression and are deficient in imagination; they must keep up their reputation, however, and for that reason they use long words and talk a deal without saying anything.

Whenever any man makes any kind of a proposition to you, and winds up by saying that of course you cannot understand it, and that the best thing to do is to trust to him, you have fairly reasonable grounds for presuming either that he does not understand the matter himself or that he does not want you to understand it.

THE WEAKER SEX



MISS ANN BLIVEN has returned from Africa, from the Belgian Congo, after a colorful career as explorer and hunter. She has shot elephants, killed leopards and brought down lions. She weighs but ninety pounds and is twenty-three years old. She recommends big game hunting for nervous women.

There have been many other instances of women who have excelled in physical prowess.

One of the most remarkable explorers of unknown countries is Osa Martin Johnson, wife of the celebrated explorer, Martin Johnson. She has gone into regions such as New Guinea where white men had never been. She has shot big game and has been captured by savages, and often her life has been in danger. She is now spending a few years in the remote wilds of Africa taking pictures of animals.

She is a Kansas girl, and after she was married her husband said to her that he was going away on an expedition and that he was sorry to have to leave her.

"Oh," she replied, "you are not going to leave me. I am going along."

"But," he replied, "you cannot stand the hardships."

She went, however, and was never sick a day, but nursed him through several spells of illness.

There is a movement at present in the United States for the mobilization of girls in training camps by the Army.

There is no particular reason why a

girl should not make a good soldier as well as a man. She can certainly hold a gun and pull a trigger. She can navigate airplanes, and do almost any other thing a man can do.

For many thousand years we have fed upon the tradition of the weaker sex.



Do not be afraid of being a flatterer. Accustom yourself to the habit of saying pleasant things to people and about people. For it is largely a matter of habit.

One can easily slip into the way of making disagreeable and cutting remarks to people, or saying them about people, and making trouble.

It is well to be genuine and honest and all that sort of thing, but you don't have to be disagreeable to be sincere.

There are pleasant things about every person. Nobody is wholly wrong, and if you look long enough you can find something good in everybody.

Make it a point to know these good things and speak of them.

Everybody likes a bit of flattery. If a man says he does not like it, a sure way to flatter him is to tell him that he can't be flattered.

Conditions in savagery, however, show us that woman, far from being the weaker of the two, is the hardier.

It may be flattering to man's vanity to pose as the protector of women, but it is a question whether that vanity is founded upon good physiological reasons and whether or not the trained woman is not able to take care of herself.

TOWARDNESS



HAT this suffering globe needs is more towardness and less fromness.

Accommodation.

Put it on, as a garment, even if you don't feel it as an impulse. You will find it will make more of a hit among your friends than any hat you can buy or any feather you can stick in it.

It is the oil that makes humanity work smoothly, and keeps it from grinding. What wears out our souls is not work, but friction. When our human relations get dry and begin to creak, and we make a noise like a rusty hinge in dealing with our fellows; when our contact with the children is accompanied by scolding, and there is fault-finding with our wife, and nagging with our husband, and sarcasm toward our mother-in-law, and sullenness with our employes, and satire, bitterness, grouching and snarling generally in our relations with our kind, then we need a liberal dose of the oil of accommodation.

How much of the sum total of life's pleasures is made up of accommodations! You start on a journey. You get your first wine-cup of good feeling inside of you when you see a man in the car arise and give his seat to a woman. Another little thrill is registered when a man in the smoker hands you a match. It's a little thing, and negligible, but it helps. Then when you ask the conductor what time you get into Podunk, he is not snippy, and does not tell you he doesn't know and why don't you look at the time-table, but is real nice and accommodating and looks up the schedule, and pleasantly says, "Well, we're due at 11:45, but we may be about ten minutes late." And the brakeman takes your bag as you are trying to get off the car; and the hack driver, when you ask him to take you to the St. James Hotel, volunteers the information that the hotel is just a block away, and you don't need to ride, but you can give him your

grip and he will take it over as he goes by, and does not allow you to enter his vehicle and drive you around the square and up and down the streets for half an hour and finally deposit you at the inn, which was only a few steps away, and soak you two dollars; and the hotel clerk is accommodating; and the bell hops, and the waiters, in the dining room; and the people you do business with, why you go to bed feeling like a million dollars.

All because you have all the day been fed on the choicest liquor of the soul—accommodation.

Everybody in the world likes accommodation. And there is one sure way to get it. That is to be accommodating. Action is equal to reaction in this world. Just practice one eight-hour day the rare art of being helpful to every person, cat, dog and horse with whom you are brought in contact. It will be the best day's work you ever did. For at evening time you will draw the most welcome pay you ever had—the wages of contentment.

You think you want a lot of things, such as money, fame, food and fun. But all the mortal goods you want can be reduced to one common denominator. That is, they are one and all valuable to you in proportion as "they make you feel good." If that is so, you should realize that the very cheapest way to buy that good feeling is by the coin called Accommodation.

Go out of your way to help, take the trouble to assist, think of other people and put yourself out to make things a bit easier for them; compliment, boost, lend a hand, and your pessimism will ooze from you, the sun will shine brighter, and your food will digest better, you will be surprised to discover how many friends you have; your critics will "fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away," and you will find that this old world is a pretty good place to live in after all.

SELF-RESPECT AND THE DAY'S WORK



HE most valuable possession of any human being is his self-respect.

Men have died rather than lose it.

Women have taken their own lives rather than go on living without it.

But self-respect is not a matter of great crises. It is not to be won by dramatic decisions and does not depend upon the turn of any great battle.

Self-respect is a thing a man needs every day. It is something to live with. It is like bread and water, and not like champagne and plum pudding. It is a week-day affair, and not something to be put on only on Sunday.

A man needs self-respect in the morning, so that he will not hate to look at himself in the glass when he is shaving.

And he needs it at night, for there is no better remedy for sleeplessness, no better insurance for sound and wholesome rest.

The very best reason for not getting drunk, for not dropping into profanity or obscenity, for not telling a lie, for not cheating either at the card table or in the market place, for being decent and straight, is self-respect.

Indeed, if one is deficient in self-respect there is not much use in giving him advice, or handing him a moral tract.

About the only kind of person it pays to help is one who has self-respect; for when you help one who has no self-respect you are likely to make him worse than he was before.

To give a dollar to one who is keenly

sensitive to his obligation to repay it is a worthy deed; to give a dollar to a beggar who feels no responsibility to do anything in return is to make him a worse mendicant than he was before.

You cannot only not climb the ladder of success yourself without self-respect, but there is not much use trying to help anyone else up the ladder if he has no self-respect.

People do not need outside aid so much as they need inside aid.

To take a pauper out of a hovel and put him into a palace is quite as likely to harm him as to do him good; but if you can take a man out of envy, and self-pity, and despair, and set him over into courage, and cheer, and hope, you have done something that is really benevolent.

The greatest curse of the world's system of dealing with criminals is that in our effort to punish them we proceed to destroy the only thing that can change them from being a menace to being a blessing to society—their self-respect.

No religion that merely proposes to save a man from the consequences of his evil is a sound religion.

The only religion that is of any value is one that will remove from the man his love of evil and instill into him self-respect. That man alone is safe from doing wrong who is ashamed to do wrong.

The one kind of fear that is wholesome is the fear of one's self-condemnation.

The one Judge and Master that it is every man's greatest virtue to revere is himself.

“MY OWN SHALL COME TO ME”



AY back in Civil War days, a young man named Burroughs wrote some stanzas he called “Waiting.” It was his first and only attempt at poetry. For sixty years after that he wrote books—but no more poetry.

Having finished these verses, he read them to his friend, Walt Whitman. Had Whitman not liked them, the chances are that Burroughs would have torn them up, but thanks to Whitman we have one of the most beautiful, simple, truthful poems in the English language.

It starts off this way—

“Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea,
I rave no more ’gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.”

That thought, “My own shall come to me,” is the hub of Burroughs’ philosophy. He became convinced as a young man that his own would come to him—if he hustled sufficiently—and events proved him to be absolutely correct!

Fame came to him, and fortune and friends and wisdom. Understanding came to him of everything that flies or runs or creeps. He could converse with birds and beasts. Nature returned his love of her and bestowed vision and peace and serenity upon him.

In a strenuous age, when the race to get ahead of the other fellow has ruined our digestions, John Burroughs stayed sweet and sane and calm. He waited for his own to come to him.

The most strenuous man in America was one of those who “came to him.” Theodore Roosevelt, when he was President, did not command him to the White House. No, he steamed up the Hudson on the Presidential yacht to meet his beloved “John o’ Birds” on his hilltop retreat.

The greatest inventive genius in the world, Thomas A. Edison, came to him. The railroad builder, E. H. Harriman, came to him, and carried him off to Alaska in a special train. The industrial wizard, Henry Ford, came to him.

These were his friends and playmates. They all came to “Slabsides,” his bark-covered cabin, to sit at his feet and gain wisdom.

Everybody came. Children—hundreds of them! Girls from Vassar College. Literary men, thinkers, writers, lawyers, doctors, naturalists, college professors, bankers, farmhands—they were “his own” and they came to him from all over the world!

In these days when the pace of life is so swift and the game of grab so quick and bitter, we need the message of John Burroughs. I am reminded of this poem because just the other day I heard it sung by a new American tenor, Thomas Muir. For years poetry-lovers have had these verses of John Burroughs all to themselves. As a poem it has been a household favorite. But now as a song—set to music by Jessie Moore Wise—the famous poem has found new wings.

THE PRETTY GIRL



HE other day on the street car I saw two girls, each about twenty years old, both very beautiful.

They were clothed in modish robes, becoming hats and pretty shoes. Their faces were of a delicate pink and white. They were well fed, their eyes were happy, and their mouths were curved in smiles.

They were coming from the fashionable residence part of the city, and going to a matinee.

After the theatre they would probably go to the confectioner's and buy sweets and harmless drinks, and chatter and laugh and meet other soft creatures of their kind, and go home to full meals and white beds.

The other women on the crowded car were ordinary. They all had hard and somewhat unpleasant faces, lined with care and sagged with worry. Their garments were coarse. Those of them who were not too lean were too fat. They were not good to look on.

These two girls shone like two wild roses growing among crowded weeds by the roadside. They seemed hardly to belong to the same race as the others.

Whereupon I fell to musing.

What is the meaning of the Pretty Girl?

If you are normal and human, she affects you delightfully. Un-

less you are soured you cannot feel angry toward her.

If your mind is not hopelessly warped you cannot consider her as merely a sin or a temptation of the devil.

Nature made her. And made her apparently for the same reason that peach blossoms, birds of Paradise and sunsets are made.

For some reason there is something in old Mother Nature that delights in creating things for sheer beauty. She not only makes gigantic forces which operate in storms, and earthquakes, and chemical affinities, and the properties of numbers, and toads, and elephants—she makes hyacinths and Pretty Girls. Somewhere in the great purpose that is behind all things there is a certain value put upon beauty. What beauty is we do not know any more than we know what electricity is, but we know that it thrills us, and that the very fact that we can appreciate it increases our self-respect.

And notwithstanding all the fools in the world that have had beautiful faces and ugly souls, I still believe that beauty and goodness are somehow akin.

I still believe that every artist who strives to make beautiful things is helping the world along.

And I believe that Nature, after practicing a good many million years, has come about as near perfection as she can ever arrive when she makes a Pretty Girl.

OPINIONS NET



WHAT is your opinion net?

Of course we know what your opinion gross is. You talk about it, you defend it and you fall back on it. You exhibit it and stand up for it.

But did you ever try to dig into it and take it apart and see how much of it is yours, how much of it is your real Simon-pure conviction?

Ideas net are very hard to determine. Most of them are mixed with a good deal of extraneous matter. If you take a drink of water after cleaning your teeth with soda the water tastes sweet no matter how flat it tasted before. The water is the same but the change is the reaction that has taken place in your mouth.

Every idea that is communicated to you has to mix and form a sort of chemical compound with the ideas that you already have. If one tells you something that is blue, and your mind is yellow, the resulting idea that you get will be green, that is, a blend of yellow and blue.

Ten people can see an accident in the street and their ten reports of it will differ amazingly one from the other.

You sometimes wonder that what you said has been so misconstrued. What you said was perfectly plain and simple, but it has been dyed with the color of every mind that heard it, so that when it is repeated it is what you said, plus or minus something else.

If you put a stick into a bucket of water the refraction will make

it look as if it were bent. So, when you tell a man anything you must take into account the refraction that takes place in his mind. It will hardly ever come out of his mind exactly as it went in.

Thoreau said, "It takes two to tell the truth." That is, it not only takes a man who tries to tell the truth, but a listener who wants to hear the truth.

As our experience increases we become more careful what we say and to whom we say it, for we learn that there is not much use trying to say a thing to one who is not prepared to receive it.

Education does not consist so much in imparting information to youth as it consists in training youth to receive information and to know what to do with it. This is a "fine pretty world" but there are any number of people who are walking about in it who think it is more or less of a prison and a vale of tears.

The sun shines brightly every day but most of the people you meet have colored glasses behind their eyes.

It is not easy to see things as they are. It is quite difficult and comes only with long training and the steadfast desire to know the truth.

Why be either an optimist or a pessimist? Why not be an actualist?

For there is a certain joy in ideas net that is not to be found in ideas doctored with any sort of flavoring matter.

To the healthy and normal mind nothing is so sweet as the truth.

WHERE SIDEWALKS ARE PUT



YOU put sidewalks where people walk.

You don't, if you are sensible, put them where you think they ought to be and then try to get people to walk there.

The lives of public men are largely spent in deciding where to put the sidewalks, figuratively speaking.

The President or Premier who most nearly understands where the people want to walk is the one who retains his office longest and runs it most effectively.

When a political party meets to wrangle over the "planks" it is to put in its "platform," all it is doing is arguing about where the public wants to walk.

If it puts its political sidewalks down where the voters want to walk, they will walk there; if not, they will walk somewhere else.

To sense where the people are walking is genius in public life.

Lincoln displayed it. Lloyd George had it to a certain degree.

In all public movements and reforms the problem is where to put the walks.

The ideal flies ahead, but the actual reformation walks behind a step at a time.

Says Buckle in his monumental, unfinished, "History of Civilization in England" (which is a history of civilization everywhere but in England):

"No reform can produce real good unless it is the work of public opinion, and unless the people themselves take the initiative."

There are always some who want to

walk on the grass, no matter where the walks are laid.

The only way of settling the question of where reform and sumptuary sidewalks shall be laid is on the basis of where the majority of the people want to walk.



THE way to make the most money and achieve the greatest success in what you are doing is very simple.

It is to do it better than anyone else can do it.

A recent treatise on how to choose and prepare for one's life work says that there are tens of thousands of men writing business letters in the United States every day. Some of them get three or four cents a letter, others may average as high as fifteen or twenty cents but there is a man in New York who gets as much as five hundred dollars for one letter.

The answer is easy. He writes a better letter than anybody else.

If all you want to do is to do as well as the average man you will be doomed to mediocrity as long as you live.

Whatever you do, try to do it better than anybody else can do it, and nothing can prevent you from coming to the top.

The minority is always noisy. Those in authority need wisdom to sense the desires of the inarticulate masses.

The democratic way is the only way of deciding where the walks should be put.

When the walks are arbitrarily laid, men eventually smash the fences and pick the flowers, as in Russia.

THE TRACK RUNS ON



UT in the country the other day I stood on the hilltop and saw the railway track, like a silver ribbon, running away into the distance. The sun was shining brightly. I could perceive a train many miles away. At night I stood upon the same hill and could see the track only for a little distance; beyond that it was swallowed up in the shadows. But I knew that the track runs on.

There are high moments in life when we can see the far reach of righteousness. And there is many a dark hour when doubt and un-faith settle down all around us.

Indeed our moments of vision are comparatively few. Day after day all we can do is to keep the revelations of those moments in our memory and plod on through the fog and obscurity, trusting more to faith than to sight.

We cannot abide on the peaks. Most of our journey is through the valley.

The merchant at his desk must keep in mind his larger plans even when details would deny them.

The sailor must go on dead reckoning when there are no stars by which he can set his course. But he knows the stars are still there.

Even in love we come all too rarely to the mountains of transfiguration and most of the time we must trudge grimly forward with hope, believing what we have once

seen and hoping for what we shall see again.

Underneath the crowding evidences of the power of evil every man must believe in those eternal and far more potent cosmic laws of good.

Did you once glimpse a great and beautiful love burning like a shekinah?

However gross may be the present darkness you must believe that the fire still burns. The track runs on.

The soul that will not go forward until he can see every step of the way to the end will advance but little. Most of the time we must be stepping out into the dark.

The man who is honest simply because he knows that honesty is the best policy, and is honest only so long as it seems the best policy, has a poor quality of honesty; for only that honesty is the best policy which is honest in the dark as well as in the light; only that man deserves to be called honest who is willing to follow the path of honesty even when it seems to lead into the abyss.

None of us can see more than a little way most of the time. Fortunate we are if now and then, we reach some height where the great view unfolds.

And if, afterwards, the darkness seems to close in, we can say to ourselves:

"The track runs on."

POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE

IF there be some watcher in the skies to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past, and to whom the events upon this earth are a swift moving cinema, what judgment has he formed of the human drama unfolding upon this planet?

The other day the University of Sydney, Australia, sent to the United States Government the skull of a man who, according to the scientists, lived about twenty thousand years ago. The man, whose brain functioned within this skull two hundred centuries ago, thirsted one day and stooped to drink at a brook bank.

There, in some unknown way, sudden death found him. The sand and mud, the silt of years, covered him. In this sediment was iron and lime enough to crust the skull, petrify it, and bring it through the ages until now in perfect condition.

If, upon some neighboring star, the soul of this prehistoric man has watched the upward sweep of social life, from the days when cavemen shivered in their fireless caves and were but little better than the animals that prowled about them, to the twentieth century, with its sky-scrapers and leviathans, what a ripe and tolerant mind must be his.

If, as humanity has stubbornly persisted in believing, the human ego lives on in spiritual integrity after the period of gestation in the body, and if the mental powers of that spirit continue to improve with growth, what a meaning attaches to that phrase, "The power of an endless life!"

For instance what a strength of will this man must have, how strong and swift his decisions, matured through centuries of practice!

How vivid and complete would be his imagination after these thousands of years of training!

How capacious his memory, containing facts and pictures more luminous than all the libraries of earth!

How strong his affections, having outgrown and surpassed every conceivable form of folly!

We know that what we call goodness and virtue is nothing but the result of the ripe conclusions of experience, and what we call sin or weakness is no more than the folly that comes through ignorance and the child minded fatuity of inexperience. So then how richly good, as well also as how profoundly wise, this two hundred century old man must be!

To him those temptations that loom like monsters in the brief lives of men appear but as negligible insects of a summer's day.

In fact we have only to project any human life twenty thousand years and, by the orderly development of its inherent nature, we see it approach Divinity.

How friendly, how powerful, how sublimely beautiful are all those souls that have left this planet through the doors of death to populate the stars.

Why should we shrink from joining that company whose vast experience has reached disgust with the last temptation, whose souls, ripening has brought them to the sweetness of perfect understanding, and the increase of whose knowledge has pushed them up to the comprehension of the Maker of the spheres?

For the path from man to angel is hardly longer than the road from this Australian caveman to Shakespeare.

THE OTHER SIDE OF MAIN STREET



HERE is quite a considerable school of writers that has sprung up in recent years. They flood the smart Aleck magazines. Their daily drool is found in the newspaper "colyum."

Their main characteristic is that they do not like the kind of people that American civilization has produced.

They hate the American business man. They regard his work as soul-killing, his ambition as absurd and his surroundings as deadly.

They look upon the thousands of American homes along Main Street as dull boxes inhabited by wretched unimaginative morons who are missing, altogether, the meaning of life.

If they write fiction they find their heroes among the tramps who sleep in the barn or rob the henroost and discover no trace of anything attractive in the poor boob who goes down to the office at nine o'clock every morning and comes home tired to his wife and children at night, a home where he finds his diversion in helping the children with their geography, or discussing the Chautauqua books with his wife.

About all the color they can see in our civilization is furnished by the wastrel, the drunkard, the bootlegger, the prostitute or some sophomoric youth who is excited over the recent discovery of a truth that was a platitude in the days of Socrates.

Meanwhile the great life of America flows on, a deep, clear and wholesome flood. It has few interpreters. Most of those who write of it know it about as well as the septic flies understand the

banquet, or the boxcar hobo understands the railroad system.

Main Street cannot be understood, indeed nothing in the world can be understood, except by those who love it. For there can be no intelligent emotion or worthwhile criticism that does not spring from sympathy.

And Main Street is altogether the most significant work of civilization.

There is more happiness to the square inch in it than has existed in any other street built by man.

There is more health in it than in any other thoroughfare or any other place or time.

There is more conscience in it, more loyalty, more honesty and square dealing than ever could be found in the Champs Elysées or the Appian Way.

The Churches along Main Street are filled with sincerity of purpose and those who bow at their altars go out to make a better world.

The men who walk along Main Street are employed in making the world a decenter place to live in. The women who nurse their babies in the houses of Main Street are bringing up children who are helping to bring about the Golden Age.

There is Romance on Main Street. The boys and girls are making there a sounder, sweeter, more wholesome love than was ever snickered on Broadway, suggested in a Parisien cafe or whispered in the groves of Athens.

Main Street is the United States and no one who does not know its people and who does not have vision enough to see their sterling worth and intrinsic beauty can know what America means.

THE SEAM OF DREAMS

WHAT makes marriage complex and difficult is that it is not merely the union of men and women so that "they twain become one flesh."

The physical union alone is quite simple. It is natural, instinctive, emotional and, considered by itself alone, it is likely to be but temporary. That is, the physical impulse which draws two people together is not always permanent.

The matter becomes complex when we consider that human beings are souls or spirits.

Where there is a fitness between the spirit of the man and the spirit of the woman there is, at least, a possibility of permanence.

Two spirits may increase in mutual affection, in harmony and in dependence with the increase of experience and with the decay of faculties.

Marriage, physically considered, is a matter of youth; spiritually considered, it is a matter of a life time, perhaps of eternity.

And the trouble is that the two dreams are often of such nature that they cannot be sewed together.

The woman's dream may be of social prominence, society and the like; while the man's may be of business success, tempered with trivial relaxation. The attempt of these two to hold together is like trying to sew calico on to velvet.

The woman may dream of music, art, literature and of such city refinements; while the man's dream may be all of outdoors; hunting and fishing. And how can silk be sewed to cotton?

The man may have a New England conscience and the woman a cabaret consciousness. The man's dream may be only of a life of ease; slippers and comfort, while the woman's dream may be of hustling activity.

The man's dream may be of a life where the male is lord and chief and the female simply his handmaiden and servant; while her dream may be of intellectual companionship, equality and independence.

In these cases it is no wonder that the garment of marriage gives way. The seam of dreams will not hold.

The real mesalliance is not where one is rich and the other is poor, nor where one is vulgar and the other is aristocratic, nor where one is low born and the other is of high degree.

If, in these cases, both parties have the same dreams they may possibly manage.

But the disastrous mesalliance is where one soul is dreaming toward the East and the other toward the West, where their dreams are not of the same material and there is a fatal difference in fabric.

For marriage is a seam of dreams.

THE DEVIL'S HANDICAP



HE difficulty with a lie is that it does not fit.

It not only does not fit the truth but it does not fit other lies. The excellence of truth is that it does fit.

An error is like a monkey wrench in the machinery.

The whole universe is a wonderful mechanism. Every law in it harmonizes with every other law; every force in it co-operates with every other force.

That is why this solid globe spins around the sun and keeps its orbital track to the nicety of a hair.

And what is true of matter is true of mind.

That is the reason why William James' definition of truth is the best yet made.

"The truth is what will work."

The excellence of truth is that it leads to harmony. One truth is akin to all others. They are all members of the same living family and do not quarrel.

But when you get hold of a piece of nonsense, or of untruth, the more you hang on to it the more entangled you become.

The first duty of man is not to believe; it is to find out what to believe; it is not to have faith; it is to know what to have faith in.

You may believe with all your

heart and with true religious devotion that a bullet, fired from a gun, will not harm you, yet you will get killed just the same if somebody shoots you, and quite as effectively, as if you were an agnostic.

Every falsehood is very much like a disease germ; unless it is destroyed it will break out in some kind of sore. Retained in the system it invariably causes pain or weakness.

Faith is of no value as a substitute for Truth; it is only good as a handmaiden to Truth; a follower and servant of Truth.

The devil always stumbles finally. He may run fast for a while and we may all imagine that he will win the race. But the truth is he does not belong in this world. He does not know the paths and pitfalls of the universe. By and by he falls. Only the honest mind and the good heart understand the world. They invariably succeed because every force in the universe is in co-operation with them. Their tragedy is only seeming. Their suffering is but temporary. Those who are half blind are those who believe that evil pays. But, if a man's vision is clear and his judgment sound, he will never doubt that the devil is fatally handicapped.

THE RULES OF THE GAME



HERE is no game that can possibly be played without keeping the rules. You cannot even play *solitaire*, and get any fun out of it, if you cheat yourself.

But most games are played with others and, if you do not keep the rules, the game suddenly comes to an end.

Every sort of human activity depends, for its pleasure and usefulness, upon laws of one sort or another.

You cannot get any good out of arithmetic if you insist that two and two equals five. Two and two must always equal four, even if the result is disaster.

Boys and girls can get no advantage from schooling unless they keep the rules of the schoolroom. If everyone does as he pleases the schoolroom is soon degenerated into an animal cage.

Everyone knows that no army can be successful unless there is strict adherence to the rules. Soldiers do not keep step merely to please the commander; they keep step because, if they didn't, they would be falling over each other.

You cannot have a successful business without obedience to rules.

You cannot enjoy a game of golf, or even of checkers or of marbles, unless you keep the rules.

You could not ride along the street in your automobile unless

you and others obeyed the rules of the road.

If every motorist did as he pleased he would be in the ditch or up against a lamp post before he had gone two blocks. You cannot even go to an anarchist meeting and pass a resolution denouncing the government if everybody talks at once and nobody pays attention to his neighbor.

And morality itself is practically nothing more than keeping the rules of the game. The most deeply immoral person is the one who does as he pleases. He is not only immoral but he is extremely likely to be taken to the hospital.

Keeping the rules of the game is the only way in which the weak can be protected. Where there is no law nor respect for law there is the absolute tyranny of the strongest.

The purpose of rules in a game is to enable the players to have fun. Fools imagine that the purpose of rules is to keep people from having fun.

Enjoyment is the legitimate son of order.

You cannot even get enjoyment out of making love unless you keep the rules of the game. For the great problem in love is not to fall in love,—you can do that as easily as you can fall over a cliff; the problem is to stay in love, to have love minister to life. And the only people who stay in love are those who keep the rules of the game.

WANTED—GENTLEMEN



THE greatest need of the world today is Gentlemen.

While it might be said that the greatest need is the Christian, that would connote too much. The legacy of two thousand years of struggle makes the idea of the Christian suggest creed, party, contention and war cries.

The word Gentleman contains about the practical substance of the word Christian, what you might call its usable residuum.

If there is anything that is a Simon-pure and genuine "long-felt want" it is the Gentleman.

We even need the Gentleman in the pulpit. That is, we need less Bible-thumping and more appreciation, courage, enthusiasm and inspiration from the Sacred Desk.

At least, we need a little more restraint and consciousness of responsibility.

The Gentleman is needed in the newspaper office. Even the reporter can tell the truth without being a bounder. The editorial writer would carry much more weight if he realized that vividness, sincerity and fearlessness are vastly more convincing than reckless attack.

We desperately need Gentlemen in Congress, and in the Senate. We need men there who will not take advantage of their immunity

to make statements they would not dare to make outside. We need men there who realize that fearlessness, honesty and honor are not inconsistent with courtesy.

What characterizes the Gentleman?

A Gentleman will not say of a man behind his back what he would not say to his face.

A Gentleman does not assume that his opponent is a scoundrel; he must have that fact proved.

A Gentleman recognizes his responsibility for his utterances.

A Gentleman depends, for his effectiveness, upon facts, and not upon an offensive manner.

A Gentleman habitually understates, and is careful not to exaggerate.

A Gentleman plays fair, works fair and talks fair. A Gentleman is one who controls himself; thus he is equipped to control others.

A Gentleman is considerate of those weaker than himself, and not afraid of those stronger than himself.

A Gentleman conceals a hand of iron under a glove of velvet; the non-Gentleman conceals a flabby hand under an iron glove.

We need reformers, we need protesters, we need business men, legislators, preachers, bricklayers and bankers; but most of all we need that every one of these shall be a Gentleman.

THE TROUBLERS ARE THE TROUBLED



SENTENCE worth pasting in the proverbial hat and remembering is:

The troubling are also the troubled.

Those six words explain a lot in life. They help give perspective to the irritations of the day.

In the schoolroom the children hard to manage who cause most of the trouble are the ones who are troubled themselves—who are in some sort of ill health, who have poor home environment, who are unhappy.

In large families where one child occasions more worry than all the rest he is usually one who is troubled with poorer health or more highly strung nerves.

Ill health of some sort is the secret of most of the cantankerousness of childhood.

Among grown-ups the trouble makers are also the troubled.

The criminal class is, almost without exception, composed of those who are physically or mentally sick.

The jealous husband or wife is a trouble maker who is troubled. He lives in constant torment himself, tortured by his doubts and suspicions.

The cruel are often those who themselves are tormented by fear.

The sarcastic, cutting tongue often indicates inward wounds that have never healed.

Dyspepsia and constipation are responsible for a large share of the ill humor in the world.

The braggart is troubled with a

secret sense of being inferior, the surly person hides behind the mask of his sensitive timidity, the irritable person has nerves stretched to the breaking point.

The nagging woman is usually worried, nervous, overworked.



CULTURED, truly educated person is not one who knows as much as is in the encyclopedia, but is one whose knowledge, great or small, is in order.

The man with the most efficient education is not the one who knows things; he is the one who knows where to go to find out about them.

I am proud to state that I do not know what selenium is and I do not know the names of the bones of the human body. Why should I mess my intellect up with this knowledge for which I have no use?

My fight is to keep books out of my library, to keep papers off my desk, to keep new furniture from being brought into the house, and to keep from eating what I cannot digest.

The eternal struggle is against the superfluous.

For superfluity kills more people than poverty.

Socrates' famous sentence: "The men and women who are gentle and good are also happy and the unjust and evil are miserable," derives much of its truth from the obverse fact that the happy are usually gentle and good, the miserable unjust and evil.

PLAYING A PART



WHEN Mary Garden was asked whether or not it is necessary for an artist to know personally any of the experiences of the characters she is depicting on the stage, she replied: "Most decidedly not!"

Because she played the character of Salome it was absurd, she said, to imagine that she must have undergone the sordid experiences which Salome is supposed to have had.

"Do you think that an Othello must be a murderer in real life before he can kill Desdemona effectively on the stage?" she asked. "Or that the late Bernhardt ever actually went through the experiences, let us say, of her Phedra?"

The position taken by the actress on this question is entirely sound. It is, to use a Hibernianism, "the truth, the whole truth, and more than the truth."

Because not only is it not necessary for an actor personally to have had the experiences in life which he portrays upon the stage, but, as a rule, it is much better for him not to have had them.

The same sort of statement may be made of the novelist or the painter.

The good artist of any kind is a creative genius. He gets his stuff from his imagination, not from his experience or his observation.

Very often we hear one say: "I have had the most amazing things happen to me. If I were to write them down they would surpass any work of fiction."

They would not. Any work of creative genius is first-class and interesting, not because of what its author has seen and heard or felt, but because of what he can imagine.

Sometimes we meet a man who has gone through the most thrilling escapades; and like as not his telling of them is as dull as ditch water.

The adventures of Captain Blood that came, brand new, out of Raphael Sabatini's imagination, are far better art and a deal more interesting than the autobiography of any pirate or sea captain.

The best actors in the world are little children. With them it is all pure play. They haven't any experience at all. Their rôles are of imagination all compact. And a nine-year-old girl can give you a better imitation of a duchess or a queen than any fifty-year-old lady who is actually engaged in the business of duchessing and queen-ing.

Anyone who simply portrays what he has experienced is drawing only upon his memory; but one who portrays what he has never experienced is using his imagination.

And Imagination is an artist; Memory is an artisan.

KEEP MOVING

KEEP moving! You are not so liable to get hit. This bit of philosophy comes from the capricious Douglas Fairbanks, who recently spoke to the Boy Scouts in New York.

The advice is not only good for boys. It is good for men and women.

Everybody eventually provokes someone into throwing things. If you are still the thrower gets a good aim at you and the result is liable to be a beaner.

But if you are moving lively all the time you get no more than a glancing blow.

The strange thing about life is the enemies we make. Books on success will tell you all about that. In any kind of prominence, if you get any sort of money or place, somebody will throw stones at you.

It is a singular thing that no matter how many you have helped on your way up, no matter what your charity or good disposition, when you reach a certain height you always have the inferiority complex digging away and somebody is likely to take a shot at you.

Among the blessings of the poor it should not be omitted to state that the poor man has no enemies.

If I were rich I should travel all the time. I would never dare to have a mansion on Fifth Avenue at which the poor could throw stones.

For, as a rule, it is not safe to mount a pedestal and assume a

pose until you have been dead a good many years.

There are those who would honor General Grant and lay wreathes upon the tomb of the dead Wilson, who would have been glad to put stumbling blocks in their way while living, or administer kicks behind.

If you are destined to great things therefore, or to prominence, keep moving.

There is no place like somewhere else in the dictionary of the rich. This maxim is not only applicable in high circles but in low for, be thou chaste as ice and pure as snow, we have it upon good authority that thou shalt not escape calumny.

The handsomer your face, therefore, and the more lovely your form, the more dangerous it is to sit down.

The more popular your appeal, and the more your fellowmen gather around you to elect you to the Senate or other dignity, the more necessity there is to keep moving.

Most people fail, and the thing most dependable in the common mass is envy.

The only successful man is the man who does nothing to attract the attention of his fellows and keeps steadily out of the spotlight.

There is some line of poetry to the effect that the bolt which passes by the humble bush lays the proud monarch of the forest low.

HOW DO WE KNOW THERE IS A SOUL?



THOMAS EDISON has said:
"My brain is incapable of conceiving such a thing as a soul. I may be in error and man may have a soul, but I simply do not believe it. What a soul may be is beyond my understanding. I should not wish to be understood, however, as denying the existence of a soul. My position is that I have never been convinced."

Thomas Edison is one of the greatest men of this time. He is not only a great doer, he is a great thinker also. Therefore, whatever he says about any subject is worth attention. I wish, however, to point out what seems to me to be an error in his statement as quoted above.

Mr. Edison uses the word "believe" loosely. What he means is that to his mind the balance of probabilities are not in favor of the existence of a soul.

Accurately speaking, belief means the acceptance of something that lies beyond the point of our knowledge. Strictly speaking, we believe only what, in the nature of the case, we cannot know. I believe there is a soul for the same reason that Mr. Edison believes there is such a thing as electricity. I do not know what a soul is and Mr. Edison does not know what electricity is.

He believes in electricity, its functions and powers and laws, for the simple reason that when he acts as if these things were so he gets certain invariable results.

I believe in the soul, and in its functions, laws and reactions, for exactly the same reason.

No kind of force can ever be known in the same way that we know that two and two are four. But you can measure

it, use it, find out the way it acts and depend upon it. This is science. When you go to speculating about what the essential nature of a force may be you are not talking science; you are talking metaphysics.

My "belief" in the soul is not metaphysical; it is scientific.

That is, I assume that there is a soul, I take that as an hypothesis, then I observe how my theory works.

And, to my mind, it works better than any other theory in the explanation of human phenomena.

The hypothesis that man is merely an animal, as a horse or a dog, may explain many things; it accounts for hunger and pain and fear and sex desire and so on.

But the trouble with that theory is that it does not at all account for those phenomena which are most characteristic of man, which indeed occupy most of man's interest and attention. It does not account for poetry, patriotism, art, conscience, literature, nor any of that set of functionings which are the latest product of evolution.

Above all, any other theory than that of the soul fails to account for the most outstanding thing of all, which is Personality.

Of course no one knows what Personality exactly is; but, by the same token, Mr. Edison does not know what electricity exactly is.

I know there are souls because I deal with souls. I know some of the laws of souls, I know the powers and reactions of souls, and, altogether assuming that there are souls, I get certain dependable results.

And that is just exactly the way Mr. Edison knows there is electricity.

PROVIDENCE



ONE who is incapable of generalities can see Providence.

Providence represents an idea; and if one is going to form his opinions by single instances, if he is incapable of recognizing exceptions, he should let ideas alone.

He had better stick to mowing the lawn or tinkering with the automobile.

In fact the difference between the ripened mind, the mind that you would call cultured or educated, and the naive mind of the child or the dishwasher is, first, the power to generalize and, second, the will to form one's judgment and govern one's conduct by generalities.

A belief in Providence amounts to a belief that the universe is controlled by a governing mind. I say mind and not force; for mind has a purpose, it cares; force is indifferent, it does not care.

There are myriads of single instances which indicate that the governing power in the universe is careless; but every one of these proves no more than the fact that that governing power does not seem to care for the same things we care for, which is not at all a proof that it cares for nothing. It is simply proof that we do not understand.

As far as the known laws that govern the world are visible they show purpose. Lack of purpose is shown only by those exceptions that seem to have no law. The difference between the honest man and the rogue is that the honest man believes that honesty is the best policy all the time, in the dark as well as in the light, when the result is pain and shame even as when the result is pleasure and profit; while the rogue is simply the person who believes that "this time does not count."

There can be no such distinction as that which is made between General and Special Providence. If there is any

Providence at all it must attend quite as carefully to the orbit and movements of an electron as to the course of Arcturus.

The human mind is finite; it thinks clearly only as it brushes aside all non-essentials and distracting things and concentrates upon one. But if there is any mind at all managing the universe, that is to say, if there is any Providence, it must be a mind that does not have to do this.

In other words our minds think in a straight line; we can think of but one thing at a time. The mind governing the universe must be able to think of everything at once. It must be attending to the marriage of the atoms, to the flow of the electric current, and must do this with perfect ease, at the same time that it is controlling the destiny of nations and the dance of the stars.

I believe in Providence and that Providence, and not law or force, is governing everything in the universe for the simple reason that I believe that mind is superior to force and law.

I know that a thought can create a cathedral. And I know that the cathedral continues to stand only so long as it corresponds to certain thoughts in the minds of men.

I know that thought and the functioning of mind is the greatest known force. And I cannot conceive of Providence as being of any lesser sort of thing than my own mind. The whole cannot be less than one of its parts.

The other day an earthquake jiggled the roulette balls in the Casino at Monte Carlo and increased the rake off of M. Blanc a perceptible amount.

There is a kind of brain to which this sort of thing is a proof that there is no Providence or that Providence is careless or cynical.

I am glad I do not have that kind of brain.

NEGATIVES



HOSE who love negatives will love the longest. The trouble with high colors is that they die out in their satisfaction.

The advantage of the commonplace is that it lasts longer, it is ever with us.

Those who love the green grass endure longer than those who love the pretty flowers.

Man cannot go from drunkenness to drunkenness, from high spot to high spot. Most of the traveling is by way of the valley.

Therefore, those who love the more somber colors and sounds will get more satisfaction out of life than those who live from thrill to thrill.

Nature herself has her bird-songs now and then, but all the time her winds are softly whispering, not sighing, and the bees are droning.

Always the unusual is in the background of the usual and we must learn to admire backgrounds if we wish to have a permanent admiration for Nature and her works.

Sometimes the wind blows and there is a high storm, but all the time there is some wind and the surf is beating.

The older one gets, the more one seeks the consolation of the drabs, for he learns that the high colors are the privilege of youth and that most of the sharp sounds and striking appearances are but delusions.

Nothing endures but the commonplace.

After the day is done, the night comes on and, to those of contemplative minds, the night is more splendid than the day. The day has its lights and shadows, its striking contrasts. The night has no shadow.

The light of the day, such as the sun, is to see withal; the lights of the nights, as the moon and the stars, are not to see by but to look at. They are rather an adornment of the universe.

The hours of the night are dear, soothing, healthy restoration hours. The hours of day are hours of energy.

The night therefore underlies the day just as rest and recreation underlie all activities.

Those who have learned to find their satisfaction in negatives shall not be disappointed for, after all, life is made up mostly of them.

I think of all this as I look upon Nature which, in all of her energies, seems to be so quiet and passive and yet so relentless and enduring.

I look upon the tree. It moves not as I do, is altogether unvocal. It has not the high joys which I have, nor the poignant sorrows. Yet it was here before I was, and it shall be here after I am gone.

Whatever Nature does and produces has the unhurrying stamp of Eternity.

Discouragement as a Character-Builder



AVE you ever felt as Whittier describes in the following words?

For myself alone, I doubt,
All is well, I know, without,
I alone the music jar,
I alone the beauty mar.

If you have, it is a good sign. It is a sign you are growing. What growing pains are to the body, fits of discouragement are to character.

It is all very well to talk of having supreme confidence in yourself but such confidence is unwarranted until you have shown yourself worthy of it.

Self-confidence, like most of the other great qualities of human character, is cumulative.

It does not suddenly come to a man out of a clear sky, but it is built up step by step.

It does not soar on wings of sudden realization, but climbs slowly on the ladder of little things wherein a man proves to himself that he is worthy of confidence.

And strangely enough, discouragement with yourself is often a big step toward confidence in yourself.

Out of such periods of discouragement comes the realization of a need for change. We are able to "see ourselves as others see us." We then see our weaknesses in a more vivid light. We perceive more clearly what we must do to be what we want to be.

We are made humble, and humility is the father of dependability and work,

upon which true self-confidence is always based.

The fact of discouragement shows that you have ideals and are taking them seriously.

It indicates a desire to be better than you are—the first step in character growth.



HE most fundamental of all the relationships is that of marriage. Marriage is begun by passion. It has for its cause the greatest urge among all the natural instincts. But while marriage is begun by passion it can only be continued and become a success when it has developed into friendship. What commences under the influence of a force which is derived from our animal nature must be completed under the influence of that force which is derived from our moral nature.

Every club or society is cemented by friendship. Men conceivably might work together, fight together, or pray together under other bonds; but they cannot possibly play together without friendship.

Democracy is no more nor less than a state based upon friendship. The attempt to form a State and to maintain it by force or fear has always failed.

Such periods of self-dissatisfaction are of the highest value if you use them to plan how to strengthen your weaknesses.

It is continual self-satisfaction which, like a rust, eats away endeavor.

Dissatisfaction with self is almost always a precursor of progress.

STUBBORNNESS



CERTAIN persons are particularly stubborn.

All of us at times are stubborn.

The line between stubbornness and firmness is sometimes blurred. One shades into the other.

It is a good deal dependent upon how we look at it, upon our point of view. What we think to be our loyalty and adherence to conviction may strike another as stubbornness.

Sometimes it all seems a matter of calling names.

There are, however, certain things that make for stubbornness. There are qualities which, if we possess them, may well make us suspect that instead of being persons of firm convictions we are simply mulish. And always the easiest person in the world to deceive is oneself.

Among these qualities are, first, Egotism. Sometimes we stick to our position simply because we held it yesterday. We are more anxious to be thought firm than to find the truth. We want more to be thought consistent than to be right. That is why Emerson called consistency "the hobgoblin of little minds."

No one should be ashamed to

change his opinion. For that means he follows evidence and is led by reason, and that his eye is not mainly on his reputation.

Why should you think the same thing Friday you thought Wednesday? Had Thursday nothing to say?

Of course there are principles we ought to stand by, but we should not be afraid of asking ourselves whether we stand by them because we believe in them, or because we once believed in them.

Another maker of stubbornness is Partisanship.

We love parties because we are lazy minded, timid and distrust ourselves.

Parties supply the vacant-minded mob with artificial and hand-me-down convictions.

As there is nothing so vague and uncertain as questions that touch the infinite, and as religion deals with man's infinity, so most men's religious faith is not a reasoned conclusion nor even a personal preference—it is a War Cry.

A Banner is much more effective in an organization than an argument.

Thousands would cross the seas for a flag who would not cross the street for an intelligent person.

OTHERING YOURSELF



JOHN M. SIDDALL, who edited the American Magazine, was a success.

He built up the circulation of his publication to an amazing figure, even in these days of big figures.

And he did it by having and hanging on to one idea, even as a dog hangs on to a bone.

One idea is enough, if it is right. Some men have but one idea and that is wrong.

Siddall's idea was this: "Only one thing interests all human beings always, and that is the human being himself."

In other words, the one most absorbing topic of interest in the world, overshadowing all others, is

ME.

That this is true is proved by the admirable rule of William James: that Truth is What Will Work.

This has worked. Siddall made money out of it for his paper.

The curious phase of this, however, is that it is simply The Golden Rule.

That rule, in substance, is "Other Yourself" and succeed, "other" here being a verb, imperative mood.

And that rule, scientifically speaking, amounts to this: "Use your imagination."

So doing, you picture to yourself the mind and feelings of the other fellow, and in proportion as you do this you "get" him and hold and interest him.

We lose our grip on another because we fail to see rightly whither he is straying. Hence we cannot follow.

The Salesman does not "sell" his customer because he cannot become his customer.

The Parent and Teacher fail with the child because they cannot "become as little children."

The Speaker does not interest his audience because he cannot get out of his own mind over into theirs.

For the same kind of reason the Lawyer does not convince his jury, the Novelist his readers, and the newspaper its public.

We mistake when we suppose any truth is true in religion but not elsewhere.

Othering yourself is not only the way to get to heaven; it is the way to sell goods, to get elected, to make your girl love you, to get along with your neighbors, to manage workers and to keep peace in the family.

England and Ireland are in trouble because neither can other itself over to the point of view of the other.

Labor and Capital clash when each indulges in thinking about itself and not trying to understand the other.

The most enlightened selfishness is unselfishness.

I wrote all this once in a fine article (I know it was fine, because I wrote it myself), and sent it to a magazine, and the Editor didn't like it because, he said, it was "preaching."

It was. It is. But nothing in the world is so interesting to read as preaching, providing it is *to me* and not *over me*, or about the Isle of Patmos or the Armenian Controversy, or something else I care nothing about.

This Golden Rule runs everywhere. Forget your health, and get well. Quit thinking about yourself is the only way to come to think well of yourself.

He that loseth his life shall save it. Of the man that saved more people than any other man it was said:

"He saved Others; Himself He could not save."

THE ONLY PRACTICAL PLAN



THE only practical plan under which human beings can expect to live together in peace is the Golden Rule.

We must love one another and do as we would be done by.

This is not an ideal Sunday School precept, but it is a rule that has teeth and claws in it. Unless we obey it we shall suffer. And not one party, but all parties suffer.

War has been demonstrated to be about as disastrous to the victor as to the vanquished. The successful allies in the recent great World War, such as Great Britain, Italy and France, are now almost as badly off as the unsuccessful group, consisting of Germany, Austria and so forth.

War is not only cruel and ineffectual, but it does not pay.

It pays human beings in the long run to co-operate and not to contend. As General Grant said, it is doubtful if any war was ever fought about an issue that could not have been better settled in some other way.

The great war-makers are ego-tism, stubbornness, hate and fear. Jesus told us long ago that the only method of getting along to-

gether was by love and trust. We have not yet learned that His precept was based upon common sense and was not an impractical command.

Germany at this writing is reverting toward a reactionary government, as is Italy. England is in the throes of labor unrest. The ministry in France is maintaining itself with difficulty, and the franc is falling. Belgium is upset, and there is a revolution in Poland.

Wherever hate and fear and contention rule there is upheaval and disaster. These things cannot be permanently cured by an increase in force on any side, but only by an increase of charity and the spirit of compromise.

It takes a long while for human beings to learn how to get on with each other. It is much easier to revolt and stand for our rights than patiently to seek a status quo.

The main thing for a people to learn is that there can be no abiding peace that is not founded upon justice.

The prophecy said in ancient times that righteousness and peace shall kiss each other. Until this is done there is no abiding harmony of progress.

LIVING SIDEWAYS



ARAH BERNHARDT
once said:

“The minute that you tell a woman that she has a pretty profile, she begins to live sideways.”

“Putting your best foot forward” is a human trait.

But to keep the best foot forward all the time you must stop walking and progress ceases.

The possession of one good point recognized may stop the progress of the growth of a number of other points by ignoring them and giving the praised quality all attention.

A tree with the sap cut off from all branches except one would soon become a lopsided monstrosity.

Attention is the sap that develops strong qualities in character.

If all attention is given to one element in your personality the others generally wither.

In a basket-ball game the writer once saw this truth illustrated.

A player shot a long basket from beyond the middle of the floor and received a great ovation from the spectators.

Thereafter he devoted all his attention and efforts to making long baskets. He neglected the

other sides of his work—passing the ball and playing team work—and consequently lost the game.

By “living sideways”—ignoring everything but one praised quality—he failed.

A high school girl recently won a prize in a beauty contest. Thereafter she gave all her attention to this one praised element in her personality.

She gave up her education and the family spent all its money sending her to Hollywood in a vain attempt to get her into the movies.

It takes a strong balance to receive a compliment on one strong element in your character and not begin “living sideways.”

In youth the different elements of personality shoot off like unequally developed points of a starfish.

It is impossible to tell which point has the most possibility of growth. Only time will tell. An all-round development alone gives them each a chance to grow.

And to have all-round development requires a continual and conscious effort to avoid the tendency to “live sideways.”

GETTING ALONG WITH HEROES



ISPATCHES from Paris printed in various American papers, state that the sheriff descended upon the house of one Georges Clemenceau and seized one of the fiery old "Tiger's" chairs for failure to pay taxes.

Parisian editorial writers ask in varying degrees of asperity if this is the way to treat heroes.

The answer seems to be that it is.

At least it is the way they are generally treated.

Nations are notably lax in their expression of appreciation to their saviors, while those saviors live.

All along the line in the days of peace after the nation has been saved the hero spends much of his time in petty squabbling.

The truth is that a hero is an uncomfortable sort of a person to have around in ordinary times.

In Shaw's play, "Saint Joan," the author points out that both the captain she had made and the king she had crowned were not far away when Joan was kept prisoner by the British. They could have rescued her if they had tried.

But, the author indicates, they were a little glad to get rid of her.

A person who hears voices is all right for a crisis, but rather un-

comfortable to have around in normal times.

Often the qualities demanded by a crisis are entirely different from the ones of value in times of uneventful peace. Thus the hero has a chance to demonstrate his heroism only under certain conditions and his appreciation depends upon the conditions of the time as well as the character of the man.

Although Patrick Henry was the man of the hour when he stirred his countrymen to action with his "Give me liberty or give me death" speech, he would not have made a good President of the United States after the conflict was over.

The two places demanded different characteristics.

Patrick Henry struck the spark at the right moment and was a hero in his place. In another place he might not have been a success at all.

The reason heroes are apparently not appreciated while they live is often because they are placed under conditions where the qualities which made them heroes in the crisis are not as much in demand as other qualities which they may lack.

After they are dead they are remembered only in connection with a background where their characteristics fitted in.

ELBERT HUBBARD OF EAST AURORA



NE of the most peculiar geniuses of America was Elbert Hubbard.

The institution he founded at East Aurora still exists and is doing business at the old stand.

He was primarily a writer, but was also a lecturer, a master craftsman and a business man.

Hubbard has always been regarded by many people as a sort of "bad boy."

The man who knew him best, Felix Shay, has written a book about him called "Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora." It reveals him as a very human character, a man not without faults, and yet one with many excellent qualities.

He was personally abstemious and temperate. His habits were simple. He was a hard worker. Perhaps he was a bit of a poseur, for all men are, but he was more of a playboy, if you get the distinction.

He loved his work and transacted it in the spirit of play.

Hubbard was a man who could do many things and do them all well. He had a genius for success. He succeeded in his business and in his writing.

His success is all the more remarkable because he entered into it through the back door. When learned publications refused to publish his writings he printed them himself.

He became a national figure and probably did much good for the American people in making them think.

His works are still very widely read and contain much common sense philosophy.

Shay's volume contains a wealth of anecdotes about Hubbard and is a careful estimate of his life.

It can be at least said of him that he was very highly esteemed by his fellow workmen and by those who worked for him.

He was a kindly man and had many friends. Most of his enemies consisted of those people who did not know him.

While we may differ from him in many of his opinions most of us have learned that we must not expect a forceful character to agree with us in everything. The best he can do for us is to stimulate our own thought.

As a stimulator Hubbard was a success.

People who knew Hubbard will revel in this book. People who did not know him will become acquainted with him through it.

It does not praise Hubbard. It depicts him as he was.

Whatever his faults, he generated health, happiness and a wholesome desire to work in nearly everyone who made contact with him. He did it just as naturally as a dynamo generates electricity. He was built that way.

Felix Shay manages to convey that current of joy and fun, foolishness and high purpose, idealism and practical common sense. He waited ten years after Hubbard's death before writing this book. Authors of biographies should take note of this man's performance.

Ten years is not too long to wait and reflect, if it enables you to write so fresh and simple and kindly a book as "Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora."

HAPPY MEN



O do what you would rather do than anything else, and get paid for it: that is happiness."

The most fortunate man in the world is the one who is able to make a living from following a hobby he loves.

These are the Happy Men.

One such lives in France. He makes the famous Delaherche pottery. He is an old man with a long white beard who lives at Armenitières near the town of Beauvais, famous for its tapestries.

From his own garden he digs the clay which he moulds. As his fancy dictates he models objects during the year and only once fires his kiln.

Then he stays beside it for thirty hours without sleeping to be sure its heat is even. This, he says, is the secret of the superior glaze which sets his work apart.

He loves to do what he is doing and his pottery is rare, sought after by collectors, and brings a high price.

Another such man lives in an old farmhouse in New England.

His hobby is photographing snowflakes. He found that no two snowflakes have ever fallen to earth which were exactly alike in all particulars. Each is a rare specimen with an individual design.

Every winter is a source of continual joy, for he is fascinated by

the new designs he studies and photographs.

And from this source of amusement comes also his livelihood, for his photographs have been used by laboratories and text books throughout the country.

Near New Orleans dwells another man who is numbered among the fortunate group.

His hobby is raising snails. His aquariums are his special source of fun in life. He would rather work with his snails than anything he knows. It is fun, not work.

But because the snails he raises are of value as scavengers in goldfish bowls he found a ready market for them and is able to make a living from his hobby.

J. Henri Fabre, another dweller of France, lived all his life in a strange world which few inhabit. It is the insect world. Since childhood he followed the ways and activities of the little folk in that realm.

His wonder and pleasure in discovering the habits and mysteries of bees and spiders and ants never abated. As an old man he was as fascinated with his investigations as he was as a boy.

And the books in which he recorded the happy hours he spent in following his hobby furnished the source of his income. They have sold widely and have opened up a new world to thousands.

OASES

WE should be glad that in life's desert are frequent oases. We do not have to travel all the time. There are spots where the camels can rest and ease their burdens, and where you may drink refreshing draughts at the bubbling springs.

In the first place, there is sleep. This usually comes to all of us once in twenty-four hours. If we are fortunate enough to be good sleepers we can lay down our burdens, no matter how serious they are, and enjoy several hours of vacation, even though the burdens stand ready by the side of our bed to leap upon us the next morning.

Places of entertainment and shows are oases. Their principal value to us is that while we are enjoying them we forget ourselves.

The value of entertainment depends upon its absorbing power, its ability to take us away from ourselves.

To be sure, the old man of the sea that ages us stands ready at the door to leap upon our backs as we come out, but for a while we have had surcease.

A friend is an oasis. Goethe says, "This world is so waste and empty when we figure but towns and hills and rivers in it, but to know that someone is living on with us in silence, this makes our earthly ball a peopled garden."

How a friend rests you! To know that someone is for you no matter what happens, to know that someone loves you and believes in you—that is decidedly an easement to our burdens.

Faith is an oasis. To believe in yourself, in your star or destiny, somehow eases the load you have to carry. To believe in other people is a rest and above all to believe in the supreme goodness, that there is an all Father who will carry all our burdens for us if we



AM Yesterday.

I am gone from you forever.

I am the last of a long procession of days, streaming behind you, away from you, pouring into mist and obscurity, and at last into the ocean of oblivion.

I depart from you, yet I am ever with you.

Once I was called Tomorrow, and was virgin pure; then I became your bride and was named Today: now I am Yesterday, and carry upon me the eternal stain of your embrace.

I am one of the leaves of a growing book. There are many pages before me. Some day you shall turn us all over and read us and know what you are.

I am rich, for I have wisdom.

I bore you a child, and left him with you. His name is Experience.

I am Yesterday; yet I am the same as Today and Forever; for I AM YOU; and you cannot escape from yourself.

know how to cast our burden upon Him. This makes life bearable.

It is not so arranged that we must carry our load continually. Nothing is continual. Life is rhythmic. There are nights and Sundays and other vacation times when we lay our harness by and rest the chafed places.

Thank heaven for the oases of life!

THE BASIS OF JOBS



SLIGHT flurry on the New York Stock Exchange a few weeks ago caused a drop in stocks.

The depression lasted for about a week. The grocers and milkmen felt it not at all. But during that time four night-supper clubs went into bankruptcy.

One group catered to the human necessities of society, the other to its foibles.

One was solidly grounded, the other rested upon a vacillating, unstable foundation.

This calls attention to the basis upon which a job rests.

Occupations which supply human necessities are always on the soundest basis, while those which cater to classes and groups, to wealth and luxury, to whims and foibles, are most uncertain.

In the post-war depression in Europe the basis upon which various jobs rested was shown.

The farmers, carpenters, grocers and butchers found that there was a demand for their services just the same. Their jobs lasted in spite of hard times.

People had to eat and have houses, depression or no depression.

But those who were engaged in entertaining or pleasing—the actors, poets, perfumers and dealers in the rare, the expensive, and the luxuries of life—were the ones who found their living cut from under their feet.

Jean Jacques Rousseau when he wrote "Emile," his famous book on child training, decided to train his imaginary charge in carpentry so his life work would be based on something solid and lasting.

Nations as well as individuals are influenced by the basis upon which their income rests.

One reason given why the financial recovery of Great Britain took place before that of France is that the former has a sounder basis of income.

Her exports are to a greater degree basic necessities—steel, oil, rubber and such materials. France on the other hand is famed for and depends to a greater extent for her income upon the production of luxuries and fashions, upon wines, perfumes, silk and similar commodities.

In a world depleted in buying power the nation dealing in human necessities always has the firmer basis of prosperity.

THE SEVENTH SENSE



SIR Frederick Motto, one of the greatest authorities upon the human brain, describes it as containing something like nine thousand million tiny cells.

Referring to this statement a young man writes in with an idea which is interesting to contemplate even if it is highly fanciful.

In this busy beehive of the brain, he suggests, we know that some of these cells record the sensations of sight as brought from the organs of vision. Others have to do with the sensations of hearing as brought from the auditory organs. And so on down the list of senses.

Now, some children are born deaf. Never in their lives have they heard a sound. It is impossible for them to understand what a sound is like. Other children, born blind, have never seen color. It is impossible for them to realize what the different shades of color are like.

They would never realize that such things exist were it not for those around them who have the ability to see and to hear.

In those who are born without certain faculties the portion of the brain dealing with that faculty is unused.

Then, he asks, isn't it possible that somewhere among these mil-

lions upon millions of cells there are sleeping senses of which we know nothing?

Isn't it possible that just as individuals born deaf or blind would, if left alone, never comprehend or understand what they are missing, so the whole race is being born without some unknown and unsuspected sense or senses, because none appear with those cells awakened, never suspicious that such senses are possible?

And, if it is possible that some undeveloped, unawakened sense lies slumbering unsuspected among the countless cells of the human brain, isn't it possible that in time the whole race may develop other senses besides the five we now possess?

This reminds us of a bishop who was addressing a Sunday School. "Now, little children," he said, "perhaps you have never had a bishop speak to you before. I would like to know if there is any little boy or girl that would like to ask a question."

One little boy held up his hand and asked, "Where did Cain get his wife?"

Whereupon the bishop replied, "Ah, that is a very nice question. Now, has any other little girl or boy a question they would like to ask?"

COURSES IN BIOGRAPHY



HE important part of history is biography.

Men epitomize periods. If you fully comprehend the man's life you will understand the forces that shaped his character and the influence of his personality upon the time.

In these you have the key to the deepest comprehension of the important elements of his period.

If you understand the life of Abraham Lincoln you know the history of America's frontier days and of her Civil War.

If you know Robert Clive and his career in the Orient you grasp the kernel knowledge of England's conquest of India.

If you appreciate all of the life of the Little Corsican, Napoleon, you pierce the soul of the history of the times that enveloped him.

Such men condense the currents of change and the spirit and ideals of the mass of people in their epochs.

They focus the essential historical elements into a small space.

Dates and dry-as-dust facts are of slender importance for the future. Motives, ideas and reactions are of primary significance.

One focuses the attention upon the dead phase of history, the

other upon the living phase which helps illuminate the road of history that is in the making.

Not only is biography an aid to a correct understanding of an age, but it is the most fascinating avenue of approach.

First and last we are interested in men.

Personalities rather than ideas hold our attention.

Biography is history in its most assimilable form.

Following the path of personalities we arrive most easily at the correct sensing of the moving forces of a time.

In view of this it is interesting to note that courses in biography are being offered by the history departments of three colleges.

The institutions which have taken up the experiment lie in widely separated sections of the country.

Whittier College in California, Duke University in North Carolina, and Wittenberg College in Ohio, offer biography courses.

History is "the study of studies" and biography is the most interesting method of attack.

It is to be hoped that other colleges and schools will take up the plan of instituting such courses.

THE BACKGROUND



BEHIND every mind is a background.

Behind every overt deed and spoken word flow a mass of feelings, impulses and ideas from which these concrete things are chosen.

Men are hanged and otherwise punished for the actual deeds they accomplish; a more just method of judging humanity would be to take into consideration the whole background. Nobody can do this but the God who made men, and hence it is said that His thoughts are not as our thoughts.

And that is the reason why perfect justice can be meted out only at the judgment seat on the last day.

What a strange region is this background of one's self! There flow what strange ghost faces and inchoate deeds! What gusts of feeling, what streams of tendency, what lurking, buried seeds of hereditament!

A certain part of us is known to the world and we consider that part to be ourselves, but behind this there is another part, out of which the visible is created.

Wild and satyr-like lusts, holy

longings, prickings of conscience, bonds of obligation, remorseful faces from the past, rosy plans for the future—all mingle in the strange phantasmagoria behind the soul.

Greater than any music that Wagner ever composed is the music that he dreamed, but could not express. Greater than any speech that a gifted orator has made are the speeches he thought of, but never made. Greater than any love which a man has expressed is that reservoir of love within him that has never been able to find expression.

If we would know a man through and through, therefore, we must not only know what he thinks and says overtly, but we must bore through the crust of this into those wells of feeling which have never come to the surface.

Probably the background of any saint is as bad as that of any sinner, and possibly the background of a murderer might be as pure and holy as that of any of us.

As Burns has said:

"What's done we partly may
compute,
But know not what's resisted."

THE HELP OF THE DEVIL



HERE is no doubt that some of our best qualities are developed by opposition.

Children who are oppressed and abused in their youth learn to dodge blows and learn how to stand up against unfavorable circumstances in a way that favored children cannot do.

Charlie Chaplin, it is said, was a sensitive and misunderstood child and is still shy and timid.

Harvey O'Higgins says that the man who wins in this world is often the man who has entered the race most crippled.

Mark Twain in America and John Keats in England both came out of obscure poverty. Mark was the son of humble people in Missouri and Keats the son of a hostler in a London livery stable, who married the proprietor's daughter. Like Keats, Mark Twain was a seven months' child. They came here into this life before they were ready. Their struggle was harder on that account. If a man has the right stuff in him the sense of physical inferiority seems to be a quip or whip to his courage.

Roosevelt and Robert Louis Stevenson had asthma in their infancy.

The famous Dr. Johnson began

with scrofula which blinded him in one eye and probably disfigured him for life.

The English historian Gibbon passed his childhood in chronic illness, disability and disease, while Kaiser Wilhelm II was saved from the complacent stupidity of royalty by his withered arm.

O'Higgins also mentions that Frederick the Great's father was very cruel and Dickens spent his life caricaturing the follies of his parents.

Shelley also seems to have been made by the mistakes of his father.

Walt Whitman wrote his father down as "strong, self-sufficient, manly, mean, angered, unjust—the blow, the quick word, the tight bargain, the crafty lure."

Besides affliction in one's youth and other physical disadvantages, poverty is a great handicap to children.

There is no doubt that we should not put unnecessary obstacles in the way of childhood, but there is no doubt either that inevitable obstacles are a challenge to whatever ability a child may have naturally, and that the superior persons in the world have been those who have surmounted the hurdles of youth.

TOO SIMPLE



IFE is complex. It can't be fitted into the compass of a line without overlooking or lopping off a part here and there.

Too much simplification necessitates taking a partial or squint viewpoint.

Hence, most proverbs and epigrams are too simple to be inclusive.

They are valuable as verisimilitudes, but not as complete guides.

Take the old reliable:

"Everything comes to him who waits."

You know as well as I do that that is not true. A number of waiters drop off every day and nothing has ever come to them.

Old Methuselah was on deck for some nine hundred and sixty-nine years and nothing came to him of half the importance that came to the far-shorter-lived David, Moses and Jesus.

The proverb amended to read, "Everything comes to him who waits and works," is closer the truth.

Or take the standard:

"If you want a thing well done do it yourself."

There is much truth in it. But the men who get the most and the best work done in this busy world are the ones who have the ability of delegating powers. The executive who is most efficient is the one who has a genius for "letting George do it" and for picking the right George for the job.

Business is most effectively dispatched in organizations where the owner does not try to do it all himself.

Or consider the old saying:

"Faith does all."

In college a boy said that if he had faith God would see him through his algebra. He prayed so loud he could be heard for blocks and so long he had little time to study.

He failed.



ABOUT the biggest thing any human being can learn is that he can change his tastes.

Most people, when they say, "I like this," or "I don't like that," think that settles it. But perhaps that only points out the very thing about you that needs to be changed.

There are some things you have no right to like. You have no right to like dishonesty, gambling, uncleanness or cruelty. And there are some things you have no right to dislike. You have no right to dislike good books, good music and good men and women.

If you don't like these, learn to like them, or you will steadily go down. And the only way to learn to like the things that make you and help you, the only way to learn to like good things and good people is to associate with them. After awhile the best in you will respond to them.

"Faith plus Work does all," comes nearer verity.

Such sayings are an approximation of the truth as seen in the averages.

But the human animal is a perverse creature and exceptions are many.

Sayings that try to condense too much tell the truth, but not the whole truth.

WHERE THEY LIVED



T is a trait of human nature to feel that the house, the neighborhood, the city you live in is somehow different from the houses, neighborhoods and cities the great men you have read about have inhabited.

We never quite believe—although we say we do—that we live in the identical world with the great.

The garden of peace which the thin-lipped monk, Gregor Mendel, hoed and watched in search for proof for his law of heredity seems different from the gardens we have seen.

The romance of a great discovery clings to it and makes us imagine it had something elusively different about it, that it in itself aided in the great discovery.

When we read of the stars under which the exiled Dante walked and dreamed his immortal dream we feel somehow they were a different sort of stars from the ones we may see tonight.

When we think of the moonlight which flooded the rose garden and the poor musician, Schubert, as he stood beneath the window of the nobleman's daughter, his mind singing the deathless melody of his "Serenade," that moonlight

seems remote, enhanced in beauty by the presence of genius, oddly removed from the moonlight we are familiar with.

The little tumbledown shed on the outskirts of Paris, where Pierre Curie and his wife Marie made their great discovery of radium, has a glamor clinging to it which seems to remove it from a likeness to the common sheds we have known.

The lonely road through the pine woods where Emerson and Thoreau tramped and talked together seems a different one from that we travel over when we visit Concord. Then it seems to have had a different character, to have aroused greater thoughts in those who wandered there.

All this unconscious feeling that genius lives in an environment that contributes something from outside is fallacious.

"The poem hang on the berry bush
When comes the poet's eye;
The street begins to masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by."

Greatness arises from the seeing eye, the understanding brain, the feeling heart.

It is not derived from surroundings which are dissimilar from those of other men.

HAPPINESS



HAPPINESS seems to be a peculiar and fugitive blessing.

Not like other things, as a rule it is not gained by those who most ardently pursue it. Indeed, one of the surest ways to miss happiness is to pursue it definitely. Probably the most bored people in the world and the saddest people at heart are those who make a business of pursuing happiness.

Most of the resorts where it is supposed the people go with the intention of enjoying themselves, are really very sad.

Happiness is only a blessing when it steals unawares upon those who are engaged in some other pursuit. Happiness comes to the laborer who is definitely employed upon his work.

It is something that comes to us as a surprise in its best form and comes, as it were, over one's shoulder.

The foundation of happiness is probably good health. An accompaniment to this is an easy mind or a contented spirit. If one has these two things he is reasonably sure of being comparatively happy.

In one sense happiness is like cold. For cold is simply the absence of heat, and to many happiness is simply the absence of pain.

Humanity is so constructed that in the normal exercise of one's faculties or in the natural operations of nature, happiness is a constant attendant. That is, there is happiness in seeing well, in hearing, smelling and tasting well. And all of these things are the normal functions of life.

The best foundation of happiness, therefore, is normality, and the truest cause of non-happiness is any kind of abnormality.

The body is arranged so that it is content with the exercise of all the muscles and organs, and the mind finds all of its functions to be agreeable.

We are situated in a world which seems to be made for our enjoyment if we are in harmony with it.

Harmony with one's environment indeed seems to be not only a condition of life itself, but of the enjoyment of that life.

Happiness comes from the devotion of all one's energies to some absorbing project.

It is a by-product of work, and play is simply work that is engaged in for the pleasure of doing the thing rather than for the pleasure that is to come after the doing.

Happiness is the result of normal and balanced living.

HUMAN—LIKE US



O you know why pictures of a Presidential candidate always show him trotting a baby on his knee, patting a dog, holding a fishing pole, pitching hay, or shaking hands with the man who shovels coal on his campaign special?

If you don't, I will let you in on the political secret.

It is not because being a first-class farmer, fisherman, nurse-maid or good fellow insures that he will be a good President.

Not at all.

It is all because of a formula. And a formula that is not to be sneezed at.

It is: "Human—Like Us."

When it comes to votes, it is more important to have the constituency say, "He is like us; he is human"—than for them to say, "He is an awfully smart man."

Which opens a trap door revealing the inside working of human nature.

If you happen to live in Wichita, Kansas, you are more interested in a happening on the corner of Main and Douglas than you are in one in Times Square, New York City.

The reason: YOU are nearer Main and Douglas.

The pole of interest is yourself.

As things get farther away from YOU your interest in them decreases.

So we are most interested in a great man when his life touches ours, when he does something we do, likes something we like, has little eccentricities like ours.

Thus the charm of anecdotal literature.

We like to read about the great Samuel Johnson turning around to touch a post because it was his habit to touch every post on his way down the street.

We like to know the reason that a millionaire newspaper publisher always wore a beard was because he was ashamed of a small chin.

We like to read that Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, got his relaxation in wrestling with his help behind his shop.

We like to hear that Henry Ford as the richest man in the world, spent days rigging up an old threshing machine he had used as a boy, and helped thresh the wheat on his farm.

We like to read these unimportant little details about great men because they bring them closer to us and our interest.

They make them seem human—like us.

THANKSGIVING



HERE is no normal man who is entirely satisfied. If we are going to wait until all our desires are gratified in order to be thankful, the time will never arrive.

Happiness is a relative term.

You are happy because you are better off than some people and unhappy because you are not so well off as others.

It is to our credit that so many people live happy and cheerful lives, although those about them have more of this world's goods than they. The poor man gets along very well in his little cottage notwithstanding the fact that the millionaire across the road lives in a palace.

The right sort of man is not made comfortable especially by seeing other people uncomfortable.

Happiness is largely the product of our imagination. If we spend our time imagining how much better off we might be we shall be miserable.

It is easy to turn the imagination the other way and think how much worse it might be for us. This produces in us a feeling of well being.

A healthy man ought to be

glad simply to be alive. All things should be of interest to him.

Robert Louis Stevenson said that he was never bored in his life. Everybody he met taught him something. Everyone was his superior in some respects and he could learn from him.

He was the same who wrote that "this world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

One thing that should be remembered is that our capacity for happiness is directly in proportion to our capacity for suffering. When we cannot suffer acutely we can hardly be happy acutely. The happiness that comes from indifference or coldness or from lack of imagination is hardly to be desired.

We may look over the sty sometimes and envy the pigs who have nothing to think of but to stuff themselves with swill, but the human soul is so capacious that it cannot be happy with mere material comfort.

The problem of culture is to remove man's satisfactions over from his material enjoyment to his spiritual. The more a man lives among the spiritualities and gets his enjoyment from them the more of a man he becomes.

TRUTH IS NO INVALID



HE real enemies of truth are the ones who seek to "protect" it.

They are the ones who suppress argument, ward off attacks, sit on the controversial lid.

They speak of truth in a reverent voice and handle it with gloves.

Truth is no invalid. It doesn't need to be pampered or kept in a wheel chair.

Mollycoddling hinders its growth.

Let it out. Let it mix. It can hold its own.

One of the points of greatness about the late Charles W. Eliot was his understanding that truth isn't an empty sack that crumples as soon as the wind strikes it.

When he was president of Harvard University one of his cherished plans was challenged as unwise.

Instead of suppressing opposition he gave free use of the University Press to the faculty minority that wished to make their side public.

He said that he was confident that if the whole matter were

thrashed out publicly the side with the most truth would win.

The touchstone of truth is its ability to overcome opposition.

The scientist who doesn't mollycoddle his conclusions is the most accurate and trustworthy.

He invites attacks. He subjects his ideas to hardships. He lets them get buffeted about. He lets them take care of themselves, admitting that if they can't defeat all opposition they are not true.

The staunch old Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle, preached the doctrine of letting an enemy of truth have full rein.

"Let it preach," he wrote, "and pamphleteer, and fight, and to its utmost bestir itself, and do, beak and claws, whatsoever is in it, very sure that it will in the long run conquer nothing that does not deserve to be conquered."

Fight for your beliefs, but don't shelter them from opposition.

Make them face all the facts. If they can't stand up under the bludgeoning of attacks something is wrong. There is alloy mixed with their pure metal and they need refining.

DISCOVERIES



NEW star was discovered the other day.

It had been there all the time, just waiting for a telescope big enough to reach it.

A new element was found in the laboratory of a large university.

It had been mixed up in the earth's compound from the beginning and only awaited instruments sensitive enough to record its presence.

Now, if we are honest, we admit that these discoveries are important, but that they mean little to us.

They are interesting, but they don't touch us.

Our lives go on just the same.

Neither ourselves nor our grandchildren will be greatly affected by the distant star or the elusive element.

The real discoveries—the discoveries that matter—are those that are made in that little world of activity which we call ourselves.

They are the times when suddenly we “wake up,” are “converted,” our eyes are opened, and we add something to our lives.

They are such times as when we suddenly see for ourselves the greatness of a classic piece of literature, a statue, a painting, or a piece of music.

We may have looked at them many times before and never have seen their full beauty, or have listened to them innumerable times without appreciating their deep meaning.

And then—Presto!

Their greatness breaks upon us in a sudden discovery.

It matters not how long they have been in existence. For us they are just born.

Like the star and the element, they have been there all the time. It is we who have developed to the place where we are able to grasp their presence.

Such a day is an important one.

“Commonplace people do not see the greatest gifts of others,” and when you find yourself falling in love with something of classic greatness you have the assurance of having grown yourself.

The world's progress is marked by the discovery of stars and elements; your own by the discovery of greatness in the great.

YOUR AMBITION

IN Abraham Lincoln's first political speech, he said to the voters of Sangamon County:

"Every man is said to have his particular ambition. Whether this be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed by my fellowmen, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem."

That was Lincoln's early ambition and one which subsequent events indicate he kept throughout his life.

Contrast with that Napoleon's professed life ambition:

"I propose to make the Mediterranean a French lake!"

In the two the whole life story of each is contained—their achievements and their places in the mind of posterity.

What is your ambition?

If you don't have to tell anyone, but just by wishing after you have gone to bed could make it come true, what one thing would you like to do most?

Would it be to make one hundred thousand dollars, put it into safe bonds, and have an income assured that would enable you to be protected from want the rest of your life?

Would it be to visit some strange or faraway country?

Would it be to be elected to a

high office, to write a "best seller," or get in the movies, or what?

Would it be something that would come right away, or would it take time to achieve?

Would it be to have something, to do something, or to be something?

Just what is your particular ambition?

There are two things to remember about ambition.

Ambition of the right sort is one of the most valuable characteristics of a worthwhile man. It is nothing to be ashamed of.

Ambition is a spirit of the world
That causes all the ebbs and flows of
nations,
Keeps mankind sweet by action; without that
The world would be a filthy, settled
mud.

The second idea was put into words by one of the true gentlemen of the world, Sir Philip Sidney, who, in an age of hypocrisy wore the ideals of chivalry in his heart.

"To be ambitious of true honor, of the true glory and perfection of our natures, is the very principle and incentive of virtue; but to be ambitious of titles, place, of ceremonial respects and civil pagantry, is as vain and little as the things are which we court."

SUICIDE



MAN involved in the crash of some banks in Georgia sometime ago blew out his brains.

Every once in a while you hear of someone's desperately committing suicide or trying to because he has lost money or is disappointed in love, or for some similar reason.

These people are the worst kind of heretics.

They are the heretics of life.

Pastor Wagner said that the fundamental belief is a belief in life. This underlies all creeds, or ought to.

Nothing is superior in importance to the value of living, unless it is some supreme question of sacrifice or patriotism where it is clearly our duty to give up life rather than honor.

This does not apply, however, to those who are simply disappointed. In contrast to these rashly importunate people are such stories as one which appeared in the press not long ago of a man who had gained his sight at the age of fifty and began at that time slowly to learn to read.

So many a man has lost his fortune and has bravely commenced to make another effort in old age. Many an invalid takes up the burden of life cheerfully and makes what he can out of the fragments remaining.

The man who kills himself because he has lost his money simply values station in life more than life itself, as Ruskin says.

Nothing that is an appurtenance to life can equal in importance the value of

life itself. No one knows what the future may bring forth, and no matter how dark the prospects it is the business of a brave man to wait and see what is in store for him.

The effect of failure often is bitterness and a feeling of panic. If we weather the



HERE ought to be some sort of a school where people are taught other subjects than reading, writing and arithmetic.

Having no such school, let us teach them to ourselves. For instance, let us learn these things:

How to control my temper.

How to use my imagination so as to strengthen me instead of making me weak. How to improve and toughen my will.

How to find pleasure in common things.

How to get joy out of nature.

How to curb my selfishness and develop my altruism.

How to play fair.

How to work so as to make work a pleasure.

How to be a good fellow without being a fool.

How to value my own self-esteem more than the praise of others.

first effects things may take a turn. It is not well for us to pin our whole hopes upon wealth or position, or any such thing. Life has many compensations and the satisfactions of life do not always come in the way we expect them. Some compensation, however, is reasonably sure if we take our stand upon the great integrities.

PARADISE BY LAW



LAST night when I flopped into bed I felt like biting the bedpost.

Everything had gone wrong, from morning until night.

The world was going to the bows and the wicked were prospering mightily.

If I were Sultan of this sorry scheme of things, I reflected, I could shatter it to bits and remould it nearer to the heart's desire.

But I was not.

Moreover, in this land of democracy there seemed little chance of my ever attaining sultanic shattering power.

Then I remembered the latest reports from the legislative firing line.

In Hammonton, New Jersey, so my morning paper had reported, three ordinances had passed a second reading of the Council. They eliminated from the township of Berlin the cackling of hens, the crowing of roosters, the barking of dogs, the blowing of horns and the backfiring of automobiles. Also in Port Arthur, Texas, the cracking of peanuts in public gatherings was abolished forever by a legislative decree.

Paradise by law seemed on the way.

I began to consider the pleasant possibilities.

Instead of being a Sultan all I needed to be was a Senator.

If legislative power resided in my hands, so, like the Queen in

"Alice in Wonderland," I could say, "Off with their heads!" What decapitations would take place first?

I began to feel better already and snuggled down under the covers to contemplate.

First of all the "end seaters" disappeared from our fair land in a sweeping decree.

They are the gentle witlings of the human species who persist in arriving early at public gatherings and sitting in the end seats of the row and budge only with dour looks when others have to crawl over them.

Also the late-comers at public gatherings who come in with scuffling feet.

Also pedestrians who walk along highways on the right-hand side of the road, where the speeding machines approach from the rear, instead of on the left-hand side, where they can see machines coming and flee for their lives if necessary.

Then came those who drive automobiles and cut in close in front of machines they pass and immediately slow up.

Next on the list came men who feel it beneath their dignity to whisper and who speak to their friends during a lecture in a droning, audible monotone.

After this legislative outburst I felt a great deal more at peace with the world, and, if I remember rightly, like Abou Ben Adhem sank into deep dreams of peace.

RIVERS AND HABIT



HE water of a river digs the channel, and then the channel contains and restricts the water.

A man makes his habits, and then the habits control and restrict the man.

This seems simple.

But behind it looms this question:

Why did the water dig the channel just where it did?

Why didn't it dig it fifty feet or a mile one way or the other?

The answer is that it followed the line of least resistance, the line of the lowest point all the way along its course.

The question, Why did the man make the habits he did? may almost always be answered in the same way.

If you think over the good habits you have, you will note that most of them are due to the conditions under which your early life was spent and to the fact that you "chose the right parents," for which you deserve exactly as much credit as does a fish for breathing under water.

Any thoughtful person looking back over his life can see points where the whole course of his character would have been changed if events outside his control had not been as they were.

The fact that we are out of jail is due to our own efforts after a certain age. But before that we had nothing to do with it.

This is not written to condone any weakness or bad habit.

It simply points out that taking unto yourself full credit for your good habits is puffing yourself up unwarrantedly.

Because you have better habits than some one else does not always imply that you are a better man.

The real test of a man's worth is not his comparative value to those around him. It is the extent to which he has developed the stuff he was given to work with.

The more advantages you have had, the more you must show in return.

Nor can you judge others wholly on the basis of their present habits. It was Emerson who said, "Man is explicable by nothing less than ALL his history."

The habits make the man; but until you know ALL his life you never know whether his habits represent advancement from where he might have been or descent from where he should have been.

Not where you are, but whether you have climbed as far as you should is the thing that matters.

SELF-EXPRESSION AND SELF-CONTROL



At a recent meeting in London it was declared that much evil has been caused by psychoanalysis. Even psychoanalysts themselves declared that the subject in unskilled hands was dangerous.

By the time the intricate data of psychoanalysis have sifted down to the general consciousness it is mixed with a good deal of ignorance and misinformation.

Since the days of Freud and Jung it has become quite the fad for young people, and especially young girls, to talk about the advantages and desirability of expressing one's self. They claim that many evil results, many noxious complexes come from repressing one's desires, and especially one's amorous desires.

It is but fair to say that Freud and other scientific writers are not responsible for all the nonsense that has been set forth under their names.

The trouble is that the passions and appetencies of young people are vigorous, strong and constant, while their reason is often intermittent and weak. The reason, therefore, becomes the satellite of

passion and is occupied in making excuses for its tendencies.

Civilization is not built upon self-expression, but upon self-control. If everyone gave way to all his impulses we should live in a confusion of barbarism. Civilized life is possible only when people have habitually restrained themselves.

There is a difference between abnegation of impulse and control of it.

No doubt the utter elimination of all feeling results in the evils of various complexes.

But the fact remains that the life energy is one force operating in various ways. Suppressed in one form it appears in another.

The energy the savage exerts in amativeness and promiscuity is directed in a civilized man into other channels. Dancing, golf, tennis, work and other activities can easily furnish a vehicle for one's life force as well as mere self-indulgence.

The problem, therefore, for young people is not to express themselves, nor to eliminate their desires, but to control and direct their impulses from lower into higher forms.

NE SUTOR



HERE is a Latin proverb "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," which means substantially, Let the shoemaker stick to his last.

Luther Burbank recently took a flier into theology and announced himself as an infidel. Hardly did the furore occasioned by this announcement subside than he announced that he could cure disease by holding hands, or some other process.

As a theologian and a physician, Burbank seems to be a good plant raiser.

When Henry Ford announces his campaign against the Jews he demonstrates that he is a good automobile maker. That is about all.

Edison doubts the immortality of the soul, and as a reasoner in such things he makes good electric bulbs.

We don't go to a grocer to get our prescriptions filled nor to a harness maker to have our plumbing done.

In other words, the value of a man's opinion depends on how far that opinion is extracted and is the result of his special studies or his experience.

We should value the opinions of Emerson or Maeterlinck on any philosophical question because they have given themselves to philosophy. We should go to a statesman for reliable opinions about statesmanship.

Almost every reader of the news-

papers thinks he could run a paper better than the editor. Editors, however, are chosen on account of their peculiar ability in this line, and not another.

The opinions that are influential among mankind are those that are excreted from experience.

When a man has achieved fame in any direction or popularity for any cause, it is quite the fashion to ask him his opinions in other directions. They are no more valuable than the opinions of anybody else.

Sir Conan Doyle as an authority on the revisitation of the dead is a good detective story writer. His opinions on the craftsmanship of story-telling ought to be valuable. His views on spirit rapping are worth no more than the views of any neophyte.

Every man has his opinions about every sort of thing, we suppose; and Henry Ford, for instance, being a man of some intelligence, should be listened to. But as an expert on statecraft we should prefer to go to one who has spent his life in the business.

It may be interesting to know what any man who has achieved somewhat of popularity thinks about any subject, but it is well for all kinds of oracles to keep in mind that a shoemaker should stick to his last, and because he makes good boots is no sign that he can mend drainpipes successfully, no matter how good his boots.

WEEDY-MINDEDNESS



SOME minds are like well-tended gardens with long, clean, orderly rows.

Others are choked up with weeds, the valuable plants lost in a tangle of smothering things that are out of place.

Elimination is the secret of a well-tended garden and of an orderly mind.

The English historian, Macaulay, whose breadth of information and remarkable memory are referred to even today, is one of the best examples of an orderly mind kept clean of weeds.

From youth up it was his habit to stop after each page he read and go over in his mind the really significant points.

By weeding out unimportant details his memory was stocked with an orderly fund of valuable information.

Trying to remember too much is fatal to an orderly mind.

The chief cause of weedy-mindedness is indecision.

It is as conducive to a cluttered mind as laziness on the part of the owner is to a weedy garden.

A man who lacks the power of rejection, who is unable to discard can never have an orderly mind.

Thomas DeQuincey, the kindly, weak-willed author of "Confessions of an Opium Eater," was unable to throw away anything.

When his books and manuscripts collected about him so there was no room for more he would lock up the room and migrate to

other quarters to repeat the performance there.

It is said that at one and the same time he was paying rent on four separate places rather than discard any of the material collected in them.

Many people treat their minds with the same cluttering indecision with which De Quincey treated his rooms.

No one has ever discovered a mental magnet to draw out, upon demand, the important from the unimportant when facts have been piled into a mind in an indiscriminate heap.

Unless information is planted in an orderly fashion and weeded frequently the mind becomes a tangle in which will be found many surprises but no great amount of dependable resources.

No weedy-minded man has ever accomplished great things in the world of affairs.

Napoleon described his mind as a chest of drawers wherein different matters were kept in individual places.

"When I want to consider a certain matter," he said, "I open a certain drawer. When I turn to another matter I close that compartment and open another. When I desire to sleep I close them all."

Such mental organization is rare, but everyone can, if he is willing to make the effort, keep the garden of his mind free from a large accumulation of weeds; that is, of useless things and of things out of place.

NEW GOALS FOR OLD



GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, after an active life as teacher, soldier, editor, statesman and writer, said on his eighty-fifth birthday:

"Happiness comes only in the continuation of work and not in finishing your job."

Burton in his poem "Kasidah, or the Lay of the Higher Law," expresses the same idea in different words when he asks:

"And who 'mid e'en the fools
But feels that half the joy is in the race
For wealth and fame and place,
Nor sighs when comes success to crown
the chase."

Every so often in life this lesson has to be pounded in.

Every so often we arrive at a goal toward which we have been struggling and find that having reached it something is lacking.

Men look forward to the day when they will return to their old home town rich or famous or powerful. They imagine what such a day of days would be like.

But those few who are fortunate enough to reach their goal find that the day of days never arrives—as imagined.

Something is always lacking.

Instead of being able to sit down the rest of his life and bask comfortably in the sun of his achievements the man who has arrived—and tries it—finds he has left something behind which gave the zest to life.

The joy of struggle, the interest in the uncertain future, the beckoning of a distant goal, have all dropped out of life.

Men who have "arrived" and then stopped going on have invariably found life a dreary affair.

Those who have given up their work and still continued to live a life unrobbed of fascination have been men like Edward Bok who have retired from one



*O live is to fight. There is always
some sort of struggle on hand.
Don't think that you are the only
soul in trial. Every human being that
amounts to anything has had to fight. He
may not have fought with his fists, but
he has had to use the same qualities that
a prize-fighter has to have if he wants to
win—courage, pluck and endurance.*

*Fortune is a bully. She loves to in-
timidate people. Stand up boldly and
defy her and she will yield to you.*

*Here is a little verse from Henley's
poem "Invictus" to learn by heart:*


*"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed. . . .
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the
scroll,
I am the Master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul."*

activity to plunge into others.

The "growing life" is the happiest because it is a life of continued activity, of continual striving for new goals.

And in the striving for new goals rather than resting in the assurance of having attained old ones is found the chief joy of life.

THE SECRET OF GENIUS

HE writer once asked an eminent musician why it was that Paderewski was better than other piano players.

This was his reply:

"Did you ever see a horse race? Well, in a close finish, you know, one horse is just a *little bit* better than the others. That's why Paderewski is the greatest pianist."

This enigmatical reply suggests a great deal.

Intangibles make genius.

It is the thing you cannot put your finger on, the indefinable, the impalpable, which bridges that fine line between talent and genius.

Work alone won't take you over the line. It takes you nearer, and you cannot bridge it until you near it, but work alone will not do it.

Determination alone won't do it. You may grit your teeth and say, "Now something's got to crack. I will do it." But determination alone will never create a work of genius.

Education alone won't do it. It helps, but genius is often a thing apart from books and instruction.

The truth is, genius is something you either have or you have not. If you haven't, there is nothing you can do about it.

Then, you ask, what is the use talking of it?

This is the answer:

Nobody ever knows whether he

has genius or not. Some unpromising specimens have had it. It sometimes does not show itself for years and years. Sometimes it is not recognized until long after the possessor is dead.

No one can tell until he has tried, and he has not tried until he has done his best and continued to do his best for a long time.

De Maupassant, the master of the French short story, wrote and tore up what he wrote for five long years, perfecting his art. Later he produced such masterpieces as "Happiness" and "The Piece of String."

His advice was: "Practice for years. Make yourself as clear as possible. Then in everything you write *do your best*. Some day the muse may visit you and you will write a masterpiece. And one sonnet or one short story is enough to bring lasting fame."

As someone has said: "Genius is the matter of a quarter of an hour." If you always try to do *your best*, always strive to perfect to the highest possible degree, you may be one of the favored few, but anyhow you will have done your part.

Having genius is something you cannot determine and are not responsible for, but doing *your best* is entirely within your control.

And after all, even higher praise than "He possessed genius," is "He made the most of the stuff he was given to work with."

THE BEST PREPAREDNESS



WE reiterate that the best preparedness is of the automatic kind.

That is, it is the kind of preparedness for war which can be used in times of peace and can develop in those times. For instance, the only use of a battleship or of an army is that of destruction in time of war. In time of peace they are mere playthings. There are mere elements of destruction waiting for some war to make them of use. Without that war they are of no use.

But airplanes, for instance, and dirigibles, can be employed in time of peace. They are money-making devices. They are commerce building. As a means of transportation they can be of immense service to the public. At a moment's notice they can be transformed into instruments of war. Their reach is longer than that of any gun and their power is probably greater than that of a battleship.

Physical training of the entire populace is good in times of peace. It makes a healthier, stronger and more efficient people. They are better money makers and better equipped in every way for the arts of peace. Yet when the crisis of

war comes their physical training stands them in good stead. A well-trained army is better than one that is not trained at all.

The same may be said of a merchant marine. It can be of use to a country in many ways and help to build up its prosperity in times of peace. Yet in times of war it can be quickly converted into an instrument of destruction.

The same thing is true of chemical advance. Destructive gases can be used to abolish insects and for other purposes that shall add to the wealth of the country. An advance in chemistry is an advance in all the lines of peace. Yet when war comes our chemical forces can be easily transformed into a most powerful weapon against the enemy.

In a way, too, the accumulation of riches which characterizes times of peace forms the best means of prosecuting a war. In the long run it is the country with the most resources, with the most money, with the most capitalization, that can outlast the enemy.

All these things are not waste, but are useful. That country is best prepared for war that is best prepared for peace.

THE DURABLE SATISFACTIONS OF BUSINESS



THE typical Twentieth Century man is a Business Man.

Strangely enough, this has come about in spite of all literature and preachment to the contrary. Never before has so much scorn been poured out upon the mere money maker. Never before have there been such eruptions of envy against the criminal rich. Novels, plays and poems have displayed the mean and wretched soul who devotes himself entirely to business.

This should be a good illustration of how little, after all, literature influences life. For today more young men are contemplating entering a business career than in any other preceding day in history.

Today even women have been captivated by the same ideal, and there are tens of thousands of them actively in business and occupied with something else than merely raising babies, sweeping floors and carrying slippers for a man.

The reason of this is that business is not essentially money making, it is essentially service. And service is the most normal, wholesome and happy condition of life.

I have just finished reading a novel, and a curious reflection came to me as I laid the book down. Neither the hero nor any of the other principal characters of the book had ever done a stroke of work in their lives. They all belonged to that superior set in

England who live on dead men's money, the class sometimes called "gentle." The few minor characters who worked were Jewish pawnbrokers, ignorant porters and clod-like housemaids.

But the sort of civilization that the author depicts is rapidly passing. Indeed, the loafers of the world are ceasing to be interesting.

We are discovering that the greatest human interest is in work, and that happiness, adventure and beauty are the children of work, and not the children of idleness.

Summing up the durable satisfactions of business, we might mention a few of them as follows:

(1) The pleasure of Service. Of all forms of human happiness the most dependable, sure and durable, and the one less liable to leave a dark brown taste in the mouth, is the effort to be of use to somebody.

(2) The business man knows that he is a producer, and not merely a consumer.

(3) The business man lives closest to the truth. The truth is not found in philosophical essays and the theories of professors in the university. Truth is what will work.

(4) I refer, of course, only to those who are engaged in some business that is of use to their fellow men, not to the gamblers, nor any of those who make a profit by pandering to the perversions of their fellows.

IS LIFE TRAGEDY?



GENTLEMAN writes me a letter that has more than personal significance. He says:

"Your answer to Ed Howe is wide of the mark. If he had said your statements were bunk he would have been nearer the truth. I have just lost an only daughter. What beauty or joy could you get in my place? Do not be selfish. Think of others whose hearts are breaking while the world goes merrily on.¹ When you speak of being unconquerable in death you talk worse than bunk. No! Death is your master. As it has already conquered millions, so you, too, will go down into the silence where the 'dead know not anything,' and all your bright and foolish joy will be forgotten before then."

I give this letter because it seems to be quite sincere and represents a very common state of mind.

Reduced to its lowest terms, this man's argument seems to be that since we must all die, and since none can escape the common lot of sickness and dissolution, why should anybody be fool enough to enjoy himself?

It is really an argument against life.

Life must be accepted upon the terms it is given us, and one of those terms is that we are to be allowed to use it for only a short period of time.

Now the essence of optimism and intelligence is that we are to adjust ourselves to the inevitable, and not continually break our hearts against it.

Death is as much a part of our existence as birth. It is natural, and any programme of life that does not include it and plan for it is irrational.

The fundamental creed, as Pastor Wagner said, is the belief in life. It might

be added that it is the belief that life is good and sweet and beautiful.

There have always been two schools of thought in the world. One group, perceiving how universal tragedy is, has concluded that life is a mistake and is essentially bad.

It is this sort of dark view that underlay the writings of Tolstoi and also the whole mediæval conception of existence. This world was bad and the only hope was to get out of it. The only place we can find joy is in another existence. So the mediæval mind occupied itself not in being happy here, but in getting ready for happiness hereafter.

It may be but a matter of opinion, but I do not accept this view. I believe that life is good; I believe the world is attuned to joy; I believe that whoever made me and made kittens and canary birds and fishes intended us all to be as happy as we can, and that if we follow our normal instincts and use our intelligence to the best of our capacity, we shall find this joy.

And I believe it is possible so to order one's life and thought that death, instead of being a calamity and a tragic evil, shall appear to us as beautiful as sleep.

In other words, that the words of Bryant are sound and sane when he writes:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou goest, not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

WHAT IS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN?



RS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, wife of the artist, said the other day, "Really beautiful women make few mistakes in dress."

This is equivalent to saying that if you are a beautiful woman you are a beautiful woman, and if you are not you are not.

There is some truth in this. Also some question as to whether we have properly interpreted Mrs. Christy's remark. Anyway, beauty is as mysterious as it is satisfactory.

One of the current musical comedies, "The Clinging Vine," is about the only comic opera I have seen since the days of Gilbert and Sullivan that has a real story to it. The idea is whimsical and intrinsically funny.

It concerns an efficient business woman who went to visit her grandmother, and was expected at a house party to be as charming as a flapper. She didn't know how.

She asked her grandmother why it was that the men did not take to her. When she said that she had taught one man how to play golf, and to play chess, and a few other things, the worldly wise older woman remarked that there she had made her mistake, that a woman should never try to teach a man anything, that men were pleased only when they taught women. Of course, a man learns most things from women, but he never wants to admit it.

When it came to the question of clothes and personal appearance the girl asked her grandmother what it was about a woman that attracts men, whereupon the grandmother replied in an answer that would have done credit to Solomon, "I do not know what it is, but I know it when I see it, and you haven't got it." That is about the sort of thing that charm is.

It is like the flavor of the apple, or the odor of the rose, or the quality of a tune.

The elements of beauty cannot be listed. They are undefinable, evanescent, spiritual, volatile.

You may like her for just "a little way she has," as Shakespeare expressed in his pun, "Anne hath a way," referring to the spell which Mistress Anne Hathaway had cast upon him.

I once made a poem upon this idea in my salad days, when I occasionally committed that sort of crime. Here it is for what it is worth:

I have sometimes thought it was your
eyes,

Sometimes your voice,
Bade my indifferent heart arise
And make its choice.

I have counted over all your ways,
My sweet, my mate,
To find in which peculiar grace
There lay my fate.

Vain task! I love you, dearest one,
For all you are;
The charm of heaven hangs not upon
Some single star.

HUSH AND TUT



AFTER all, this entire to-do over censorship and suggestive plays and shocking pictures and short skirts and naughty gestures, and the like, is a matter of balance, commonsense and, as it were, walking the tightrope.

The strife is likely to continue for the simple reason that neither side to the controversy is unqualifiedly right. Decency is always a matter of judgment, balance, adjustment and commonsense. It can never be made a matter of rules and of hard-and-fast lines.

No church or censor board or state or law is ever going satisfactorily to prescribe what is proper nor prescribe what is improper.

Those matters will continue to depend upon the time, the place and the girl—the also the boy.

In other words, propriety or decency is a complex thing. It results from the functioning of the very best intelligence, taste, and conscience that we have. It implies thinking and judgment, and there is no way to escape the responsibility that accompanies these things.

“Morals” comes from the Latin word which means “manners.” Of course, there are certain broad moralities which are for all time and all countries. It always has been and always will be wrong to kill, to be cruel, to be a liar, to cheat, and the like.

But there are a whole lot of things that are perfectly right for you to do, for instance, as a physician, and wrong for me to do because I am not a physician; certain other things proper enough in the mistress of the house but improper for

the servant;—certain things becoming in a child and most unbecoming in a grown person, and so on.

The only sound basis for decency in life and character is intelligence, proper training, the association with gentle and right-minded people, in other words education.

Ignorance is not innocence. Vacuity is not purity. Inexperience is not piety. The healthy mother of half a dozen children is as chaste as a virgin of fourteen.

The best safeguard, therefore, for youth is to teach them how to think and how to judge and to give them the example of decent-minded companions.

For this world is mostly composed of dirt, and we walk on it and build our houses on it, and a good deal of it blows into our literature and society. And nothing can make us immune to it but sound, healthy minds and bodies.

Hush and tut are poor substitutes for intelligent training. This sentiment is expressed in the following lines, signed by Lee Wilson Dodd, which I clipped from a recent newspaper:

“The Bible is full of terrible tales,
There are yarns in Homer that bring the blush:
For women are females and men are males,
So gather cobwebs and multiply veils
And hush!
There are dreadful words in the Dictionary,
Dante and Shakespeare are smudged with smut:
For men and women are different—very;
So close your eyes and your ears, be wary,
And tut!
Not even Science can be commended,
Pure Mathematics alone is safe:
By all the Ologies we’re offended,
For life is unclean and it ought to be ended,
So strafe—strafe—strafe!”

THE SUNBEAM AND THE LIGHTNING



HE poet Wordsworth once wrote:

"The forked weapon of the
skies can send

Illumination into deeps holds

Which the mild sunbeam hath not power
to pierce."

Deep in the hidden holds of a man's nature often lie subliminal, unguessed qualities and capabilities which are never seen under the mild, warm rays of favoring circumstances.

It takes the lightning of catastrophe or failure, violence or disaster, to reveal these hidden powers.

It was remarked of Mark Antony, the Roman general, that in time of stress and impending disaster his true metal shone forth. He could stand anything but easy success.

The story went the rounds of the newspapers last winter of a tramp drifting from town to town in the West, apparently a hopeless good-for-nothing.

Then came the revealing lightning.

The freight he was riding was wrecked. Crawling out, he risked his life to pull the engineer from under the overturned engine where he was in danger of being scalded to death.

Ulysses S. Grant was a tanner on a little side street, where he might have remained had not the light-

ning of the Civil War brought forth those qualities of indomitable resolution for which he became famous.

In the depths of a mild, tender-hearted little maid of Orleans the lightning of troublous times revealed the powers of a Joan of Arc.

A white-faced, timid little school teacher, who hated to scold a pupil, proved the heroine of an Oklahoma school fire, last winter, in which she lost her life.

The lightning of disaster and adversity which revealed the heroic in these spectacular examples also, "on the small and ill-lit stage of everyday life," light up the hidden fineness of humble men who toil unseen.

Hardship and suffering act as a refining element upon noble natures. They bring to light the admirable and heroic.

The soft south winds of easy days produce a race of mild-eyed Lotus Eaters.

It is the North wind of adversity that lashes men into dauntless Vikings.

Through adversity are spun the strongest threads of human character.

There is much truth in the words of the poet:

"Things that hurt and things that mar
Shape the man for perfect praise;
Shock and strain and ruin
Are friendlier than the smiling days."

BOTH AMERICANS

AMERICA is singularly fortunate in the two greatest men of its history—Washington and Lincoln.

Perhaps both of them are equally revered, and that all classes of people respect them and their memory is significant.

For they come from different strata of society. Washington was an aristocrat. His habits and opinions and customs were those of the gentlemen of his time.

Lincoln was a child of the people. He was born in poverty and his early life was a series of struggles against adverse conditions.

Both men won their way to popularity against much that was adverse. That both equally served their country in time of need is significant. It shows that there is a place in America for all sorts and conditions of people.

There is opportunity to serve one's country for the rich as well as for the poor, for the highborn as well as the lowborn.

One of the amazing things in the late war was the readiness which was displayed by the blue bloods and nobility to take their place in the ranks and risk their lives for their country. Those who have means are supposed to dodge responsibilities, but the sons of the nobility and of the wealthy appeared to make as good soldiers as their less favored brothers.

That country is fortunate which receives the support of all classes, and it is significant that in America the poor are as patriotic as the rich.

Those who have nothing and who must fight their way in the world

heavily handicapped by poverty are encouraged by the example of Abraham Lincoln, the greatest of commoners.

Those who are wealthy and whose blood is blue have the example of Washington before them and are made to see how the aristocrat may serve his country as well as the proletariat.

It is in youth that we make promises NEVER to do things or ALWAYS to do them.

As the years grow upon us we become more cagey and we reflect that there are few things that we always or never do.

Youth is orthodox. It believes in fixed things. Old age is the heretic. It sees that things fluctuate.

That is the reason why old age as a rule is more tolerant than youth. The grandfather is more likely to have the point of view of the child than is the father. He sees that most things do not matter and that time cures most evils.

He knows that most of the troubles of humanity are such as never come and most of the problems are such as work themselves out in time.

The passage of the years leaves us, or ought to leave us, more tolerant of the frailties of humanity.

We are singularly fortunate that there are no classes in America. When we speak of Washington and Lincoln as being of different strata it is in an accommodated sense of the word and in deference to old ideas. Really they were both of one class. They were both Americans, and the example of one is equally stimulating with that of the other.

LOVE AND PASSION



HOEVER put the words "Till death do us part" into the marriage ceremony understood life.

Whoever it was understood the difference between love and passion. Passion may be for a day, and usually is, and is often succeeded by indifference or contempt. Love is a different sort of thing.

Love is based upon other things than mere physical attraction. It is something composed of esteem, regard, and many other things that depend upon something else than proximity alone.

Human nature is so constituted that a man who swears to love a woman till death do them part is reasonably sure that if he behaves himself and controls himself love will be co-terminous with his life. It is upon this law that the promise rests.

When passion has disappeared after a few weeks or months love remains. It is more than the residuum of passion. It is something built upon character, and with reasonable culture it can be depended upon to endure.

In fact love is one of the most enduring things in the world. It

outlives hate. It is tough, and the more storms that blow upon it the stronger it grows.

This is noticeable in mother love which can endure and outlive the greatest disappointments. Long after a child has proved himself unworthy mother love will continue unabated.

Love does not depend altogether upon the actions of the other party, but it is inherent in the character of the person himself. Many a wife or husband keeps on loving in spite of all that is done to destroy that love.

If love were what many people understand it to be, a mere gust of passion or a wayward sentiment, there would be no sense in promising to cherish one another forever. Most of the objections to marriage are based upon the wrong conception of what makes marriage beautiful. It is not passion, but it is love.

Love often endures long after the fires of passion have expired.

Those who think that love is merely infatuation are apt to flit from flower to flower, while those who conceive of love as a child of loyalty will be stable and dependable.

THE LURE OF THE MAP



LITTLE boy in Poland once put his finger on a spot in unexplored Africa and said:

"I want to go there."

As the captain of a ship years later he did go there and told the story in "The Heart of Darkness" under the name Joseph Conrad.

There is a bewitching allurement about a strange map. As children we are attracted to it and when we are grown the map still holds much of its old lure.

The many colored, strangely named countries, the vein-like traceries of mysterious rivers, the crinkled shadings that rise to towering mountains in the mind, ancient names that have come down the centuries trailing rainbow-hued legends, are all seen on the face of a map.

In the lure of the map is the spell of the unknown, the charm of the impalpable, the seduction of the far away.

The gypsy blood of nomad forbears is stirred. Inherited in our natures is the spark of wanderlust.

Over the broken shore line and empty blanks our imagination fills in the foam-tipped waves riding

in on a deep blue sea, or wide pampas of endless green.

From tales by the fireside of the old Norsemen returned from strange lands, down through the colorful record of Ulysses' wanderings and the weird fantasies of Marco Polo and of Sir John Mandeville to the present newspaper accounts of Amundsen's and MacMillan's faring into the far north, of the Rice expedition into the jungle of South America, of the Beebe expedition in search of the mysterious Sargasso Sea, travelers to unfamiliar shores have interested everyone.

Part of the hold Theodore Roosevelt had on the American people consisted in the glamor of the globetrotter, the visitant to the mysterious depths of Africa and the unexplored silence of the upper Amazon.

Burton Holmes has capitalized this innate interest in the far away with the travelogues of other lands. The movies are bringing the sights of other countries before our eyes.

But still in the vague outlines and names of the map our imagination is stirred in the same old way.

The lure of the map remains unchanged.

GETTING AWAY FROM YOURSELF



OME time ago I wrote an article about a book in which a man who had lost his hearing told of the strange, silent world which the deaf inhabit.

Among the letters received relative to it was one from a woman in Brooklyn, New York, part of which is quoted below:

"Due to an operation my ear drums were broken. To lose one's hearing in adult life requires a great inward adjustment. In fact the struggle is so hard at times that one loses faith in everything.

"Yet to shout from the house tops is of no avail. Self-pity makes it even more discouraging, as to concentrate upon self is just walking farther into the channel of sullenness. Therefore, there seems but one way to choose—to try to get away from self, if that is humanly possible."

There are thousands of brave, heroic people like this woman who are carrying on, trying to make the best of a life twisted askew by misfortune. They raise the sum total of human heroism in the world.

For when sickness, affliction or sudden handicaps tumble the dreams of a lifetime about a per-

son's prime, just to make the best of life is in itself to be heroic.

There are times to such people when getting away from themselves is a necessary part of life.

How to do it in the right way is the problem.

The other day I called upon a young man who had been sick in bed for two years. Lying on his back, unable to hold a book, he got away from himself by having a map hung on a string over his bed.

He memorized the names of the states and the countries and their position in relation to each other, and made trips in his imagination.

He also had lists hung on the string and had learned all of the American Presidents in order, and said he soon would be the only man in the world who could name all of the Vice-presidents.

He discovered one of the best ways of answering the problem of how to get away from yourself.

Methods which enrich your mental or spiritual resources, and those in which the activity benefits others, are the most effective.

For in losing yourself in self-betterment or in social service and kindred activities you not only occupy your mind, but also reap the feeling of doing something worth while with your life.

INTIMATES YOU NEVER MET



HERE'S the Pirate, for instance. Outside of a novel, not one in a million of you ever saw one.

And we are familiar with many persons we never met, never will meet.

Showing how much of our life is literary, scenic and fanciful, and how little real.

Did you ever see a Miser? Honestly. A real Miser?

We all know just how he looks—his shabby coat, his clawlike fingers eager to grasp gold and handle money bags, his greedy eyes, his bent form.

But it's in books you saw him, or on the stage. You never saw him in flesh and blood.

Of course, one or two of you may have acquaintance with such a one; but not the average man.

And the King. He is as familiar as the grocer. You know him—crown, sceptre, robe, throne and all. If he were to walk into your room you would recognize him instantly. But you never saw one in your life.

And if you don't hurry you never will see one. They are thinning rapidly.

And the Millionaire.

Of course, Millionaires abound—theoretically. America is supposed to be full of them. They crowd the subway.

But as a matter of fact, and between us, and cross your heart, how many regular Millionaires do you know?

Of course, there are a-plenty. But do you actually know one man who is worth a million dollars in real money?

You hate them naturally, these Millionaires. They are crowding us common folk off the earth. There ought to be a law against them, and all that. But—

Do you know one?

Then there's the Burglar. You know many Burglars, Gunmen and Desperadoes, but they are all in magazines and detective stories. Have you speaking acquaintance with just one regular Burglar that belongs to the Burglars' Union?

And the Poet. You know him—long hair—Windsor tie—vacant eyes—industrious mouth—and all that—but it is in print you know him.

Are you acquainted with one honest-to-goodness-meat Poet?

How many other of your intimates have you never met, or only once or twice in a lifetime?

There's the President, and the Vampire, and the Gambler, and the Society Leader, and the Beautiful Lady, and the Noted Author, and the Sea Captain, and the Esquimaux, and the Bolshevik, and the Pope, and the Notorious Criminal, and the Great Artist, and Bill Hart and Ethel Barrymore.

Of course, some of you may know some of them.

But

Isn't your world crowded with people you have never met?

THE HEALTH VALUE OF SCANDAL

ALL sorts of scandalous exposures have been taking place in the nation. Names of high renown have been smirched, newspaper headlines have become more and more lurid and there has been a great scampering of politicians for the tall timber.

All this has usually been taken as food for pessimism. Many have exclaimed, "What is the country coming to when men in high office have been shown as betraying their trust? Does it not prove that our Government is rotten? Does it not prove that Democracy is a failure and that we are at the mercy of unscrupulous wealth units?"

It proves nothing of the kind.

On the contrary it proves that the country is healthy.

For it is a good deal better to have a boil break out on your neck than to have inward blood poisoning.

Conditions of graft and crookedness exist more or less in all countries. Those who are familiar with conditions in European and Oriental nations know that bribery and grand and petty pilfering are extant all the time. The difference between them and us is that here it breaks out quickly and there it remains covered.

These exposures that have recently taken place in the United States mean that there is no royal family, here are no ancient houses nor solemn dignities which must not be touched.

The searchlight of investigation is liable to fall on anybody, anywhere, from a Cabinet Minister to a Mayor.

These exposures show that there is a sound public opinion which may at all time be successfully appealed to.

They prove that we as a people have a conscience, a lively and sensitive conscience.

They demonstrate that gumshoeing gentlemen cannot quiet the people with whispers of "Hush! Hush!"

Back of all the present condition in Senate and House of Representatives is that stern, silent conscience of Main Street to which ultimately all the contestants must appeal.

A palm-greasing system cannot establish itself into a permanent institution; for some Congressman or Senator is liable to rise any day and throw a bomb.

The one thing that is fixed and established is the conscience of the common people; the honesty of the great mass; and the surest road to permanent popularity, if not the quickest, is for a politician to align himself to that conscience and appeal to it.

After sitting through several of the turbulent investigations of recent scandals I have come out, not with despair for the republic and its institutions but with a greater confidence than ever in the honesty of most public men and, above all, in the eventual righteousness of any decision that may be rendered by the great public.

What diseases our nation has are not concealed diseases that rot the bones and vitiate the blood but diseases that quickly break out in some sort of rash and are not a menace to life.

THE DARK SIDE OF DIVORCE



HAUNCEY M. DEPEW, interviewed on his ninety-second birthday, was asked what he considered to be the most beautiful word in the English language.

His answer was: "Home."

About the same time President Coolidge, addressing a large body of people, expressed the belief that the only cure for the crime wave and many other problems of the present time lies in the home—in better homes.

Leading men all over the nation concurred with both statements.

But, while they were concurring, Mrs. Amy Steinhart Braden gave the other side of the picture. Mrs. Braden is Secretary of the California State Department of Public Welfare and recently she made an appeal for homes to take in divorce-orphaned children.

In this appeal she said:

"The present-day breaking up of homes is leaving more children without parental care than there are childless families willing to adopt them."

She points out that there are, in California alone, about 3,700 "boarding homes" for children which have been given licenses.

These are full and there are several hundred children on the waiting list. An appeal to private homes to take them in is being made.

The dark side of divorce is seen in the lives of the children who are robbed of the normal privileges of home life.

Divorce proceedings are generally in the limelight.

It is not here, but in the shadows that lie beyond, that the main tragedy of the breaking up of homes takes place.

This main tragedy concerns itself with the helpless children left in abnormal



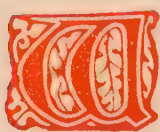
HERE is a swarm of Bees. If you attend to them, they will make you the honey of success. And if you neglect them, you are apt to get stung.

(1) Be Polite. Politeness will get you out of more difficulties, climb you more hills, cut you more barbed wires, find you more smiles than any other quality you can acquire. (2) Be Sure. Don't Guess. Don't Suppose. Find out exactly. Know. And if you don't know, Ask. (3) Be Clean. Water and whiskbrooms are cheap. (4) Be Honest. Even when nobody's looking. (5) Be on Time. People that have to wait for you don't like you. (6) Be Patient. (7) Be Cheerful. And if you can't be cheerful, look cheerful. (8) Be Considerate. Don't be officious, nor meddlesome, nor a nuisance. (9) Be Careful. Better be Careful one hundred times than get killed once. Look out for these Bees.

conditions, not with the couples who separate.

Divorce-orphaned children, farmed out in groups in "homes" run on a commercial basis, and shut out from a knowledge of what a real home is like, form an ever-widening blot on our present-day civilization.

THE LINCOLN SPECIFICATION



ITH Charity to all, with Malice toward none, and with Fairness in the Right as God gives us to see the Right."

That formula of Abraham Lincoln, if we could only apply it, would solve most of the difficulties that confront us today.

It is a text that merits earnest preaching.

After the manner of homiletics, let us note three points. What we do should be characterized by three qualities.

First: "With Charity to all."

Charity is not a condescending spirit, an attitude of mind we are to take toward those we pity.

Charity rightly understood simply means the recognition of the fact that others who think differently from ourselves may be just as honest, sincere and fair as we.

This is one of the hardest things to learn, and as a rule most of us only get to it late in life if we get to it at all.

It does not mean that we are to think that all men are right, for that would be absurd. But it does mean that we are to begin all negotiations with the assumption that every one with whom we have to deal really wants to be fair, and that if he is unfair it is either because he is uninformed or that he is a prey to certain passions and prejudices from which we should help to free him.

"Charity to all" means that we should not try to batter down our opponents, but to adjust ourselves.

All the settlement of the Irish question needs is for both parties to have a little more charity to all.

And the reconstruction of Europe would take place much more rapidly if

this same sentiment could obtain in the minds of the wrangling nations.

2. "With Malice toward none" means that we are to get rid of vengeance.

There is nothing constructive in the desire to get even with people.

There is no progress nor prosperity that can be accomplished by hurting people.

"With Malice toward none" means that we should discriminate between the man and his motives, and that we should try to alter the motives and not to destroy the man.

If a child's face is dirty, we wash it. We don't kill the child. And if a man's mind is cluttered up with error we should try to cleanse it, and not extinguish the man.

"With Malice toward none" means that the best way to conquer an enemy is to understand him.

3. "With Firmness in the Right" implies that we are not to be so devoted to Charity and so anxious to rid ourselves of Malice that we are willing to discard our own convictions and principles.

No man should yield on a matter of principle to gain advantage over another or to gain his good-will. For if he does so he is setting an example to his opponent.

One may be perfectly firm in the right and yet be able to get along with people whose notion of right does not agree with his, if he will only keep in mind that along with his own integrity of purpose he must free himself of Malice and fill himself with Charity.

If some potent spirit could but breathe this Lincoln Specification into the minds of the nations and their rulers, the coming Christmas would be the happiest the world has ever known.

STATION IN LIFE



HE children used to play a game in this wise. Bring the tips of the fingers of one hand against those of the other, except the two longest fingers, the middle fingers, of which you bring the knuckles together, bending them down. Now name thumbs your father or mother, the first finger your brother, and the little finger your sister, and the ring fingers the girl who is your sweetheart. Then it will be found you can separate any of the pairs, always without separating the meeting knuckles, except the ring fingers, which you are powerless to separate. That is to say, you can leave anybody but your Junespice; whereat you are laughed at, and rallied and there is in the company much merriment, which, thanks be! comes easy when human beings have not reached twenty-one.

Do this childish trick now with your fingers, and let me take occasion to interpret it into life; that is to say to remind you that you can tell best what you love most by seeing what you are most unwilling to part with.

"Life," exclaims Ruskin, "some of us are ready enough to throw that away, joyless as we have made it. But 'Station in Life'—how many of us are ready to quit that?"

Almost daily we see in the news-

papers accounts of those who have thrown life away. Despair and suicide are common enough.

The reasons given for despair are curious. One man has lost all interest in life because he has lost his money, another because he has been disgraced, another because he has been thwarted in love. All of them value the trappings of life more than life itself.

Is it not strange that some would rather go to their death than move from a palace to a hut? Is it not strange that a man says that he has been "ruined" when he has to give up his three automobiles and ride in the street car? Is it not strange that a woman should not want to live any more when she must let her army of servants go and wait on herself and cook her own meals?

It is well enough to like the good things of life, the accoutrements and privileges that success may bring, but the greatest of tragedies comes when we value these things more than life itself.

Whoever enjoys mere living, existence, to breathe the refreshing air and look upon the pleasant sun, to eat and sleep, hope and strive and travel, and, best of all, to love,—all of which things can be done without a cent in one's pocket or without being elected to any office,—in other words, whoever believes in Life, loves Life and appreciates Life, is the wisest of mortals.

THE POWER OF NON-RESISTANCE



THE greatest powers in the world are concealed, not open. There is vastly more force in the silent gravitation, electrical energy and other quiet potencies of the earth than in all the earthquakes, storms and thunderings.

When a very wise Man counseled non-resistance, the child-minded world supposed Him to advise yielding to evil. The smart and superficial construed His word to mean cowardice.

As a matter of fact non-resistance is more powerful than evil.

You can conquer an enemy who will fight back. You cannot conquer an enemy who will not fight.

This seems absurd to us because we only look on the surface of things.

When we understand fully the nature of man we see that it is not absurd at all.

A striking illustration of this appeared in the Ruhr region. The French Army invaded this district and surrounded the mines and factories with bristling bayonets and shotted cannon. The German records declare:

"We are passing a milestone in history. The attempt will be made to prove that determined passive resistance cannot be conquered by armed force. We ap-

peal to the friends of peace in the world to help us to conquer War, to obtain peace through a bloodless victory and to build up a new Europe where right shall reign."

These Germans were not saints. They were hard-working practical men. They knew what war meant and knew that war would not get them anything.

The French soldiers found themselves in a strange predicament. The German workers were ordered to go to work. They stood with their arms folded and looked at the French soldiers and all the French soldiers could do was to look at them. They could not shoot them for the men had done nothing to be shot for.

The self-evident proposition that few people have sense enough to see is that no nation can send an army into another nation and shoot down the population that will not fight back. The other people of the attacking nation would not stand for such a thing. They would not support such an army.

Sometime Christendom is going to wake up to the fact that the Man who founded the Christian religion was a statesman and not a fool. When he said "Turn the other cheek" he knew what he was talking about.

SOME POPULAR BELIEFS



UNILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, the arctic explorer, demolishes many popular errors to which most of us still cling, although they are vestiges of uncritical ages. Many people have been indignant that their time-honored beliefs should thus be attacked and have written letters of protest.

1. In the first place Stefansson says that the North Pole is not the coldest place on earth, as many people imagine. Oceans always act as a moderating influence upon temperature and the North Pole is surrounded by the sea. There are parts of the United States and of Siberia where the cold is greater than at the North Pole. The temperature at the Pole never falls below 60 degrees. In Montana thermometers have registered 60 degrees, and in Siberia there are places where 70 degrees and 80 are not uncommon, and one of them has experienced 93 degrees, which is 30 degrees below the temperature of the North Pole.

2. Another popular belief is that ostriches bury their heads in the sand. This superstition, Stefansson says, is thousands of years old, but exists only among races unfamiliar with ostriches' habits. Colonel Roosevelt told Stefansson that when in Africa he had diligently inquired of all negroes he ever met whether they had ever seen ostriches bury their heads. They had never heard of such a thing and on the contrary expressed the greatest respect for this bird's astuteness.

3. Another superstition which Stefansson attacks is the habit of rubbing snow on any part affected by frost bite. He tells us that the Eskimo never em-

ploy this method and when it is suggested to him he rejects it as in the highest degree absurd and dangerous.

4. The next superstition attacked is that human beings cannot live on meat alone. He himself has gone four hundred days without tasting vegetable food. Certain Eskimo tribes subsist solely on meat and fish and eat vegetables only in the direst straits, to avoid starvation.

5. He denies the belief that Eskimos are especially fond of fat and that they drink oil. "The Eskimos," he writes, "undoubtedly would be fond of fat and might even drink oil, if it were true that they were exposed to more cold than the rest of us, but the fact is that the Eskimos are actually exposed to less cold than the average American or Englishman." He supports this declaration by informing the reader that Eskimo houses in Winter are so superheated that the inhabitants frequently sit naked around the open fire with perspiration running down their bodies. And when they go out they are clothed as warmly as though they were inside a thermos bottle.

6. Another common assumption which Stefansson attacks is that the languages of primitive peoples are simple. On the contrary, the Eskimo language is enormously complex, with twenty-seven forms for every noun and elaborate declensions of verbs. While our English dictionary contains vastly more words than the Eskimo dictionary it is because we preserve many thousands of dead words, and because science has given us highly specialized words with which only the exceptional man is familiar.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS



SYMBOLIC event took place the other day when the Queen of Belgium walked up to the ballot box and dropped in her vote.

It was noticed by most newspaper readers with a cursive smile, and possibly mentioned over the coffee cups as a picturesque item, but really it was significant and worth turning over in the mind.

It marks the utter passage of the old order. Kings and Queens and all the Lord's anointed are certainly not what they used to be.

Imagine Abdul the Damned or Louis the Magnificent waiting in line at the polls, or picture the Prussian Kaiser or the Russian Czar standing up to be counted!

Sometimes we grow peevish and inclined to think the old world is getting sour, that it's the twilight of the gods, the rich own the earth and little son Tommy is entering upon a world game with the cards stacked against him.

Where are our liberties? we ask, and it's Oh for the good old merry days so light and gay!

Then a little thing like a Queen voting brings us up with a jerk.

And there comes to mind what we have read:

Of grand seigneurs of Bourbon days deflowering a mother's child, flinging the horrorstricken parent a purse of gold and riding away singing rataplan, rataplan,

Of noble lords of Charles Stuart's day ordering his bullies to flog the impertinent tradesman for daring to send in his bill,

Of Richard's summary command, "Off with his head!" and then chortle, "So much for Buckingham!"

Of Le Roi Soleil, the magnificent old lecher who lounged through the barbaric splendors of Versailles, played with wantons at Trianon, and said, "The State? I am the State." Neither did anybody deny him,

Of Russian Grand Dukes flogging moujiks for daring to complain of sickness, and Cossacks shooting down the assembled people who had the temerity to present a petition,

Of slave drivers tying black men to whipping posts and selling their little ones into bondage,

Of all the cruel, dirty, cowardly and unjust antics of privileged scoundrels and crowned perverts,

Of how for long centuries, from generation to generation, mankind has been bilked, buncoed and browbeaten by the ancient delusion of hereditary nobility,

And then when we see Her Royal Highness voting, alongside the milkman's wife and the grocer's clerk,

We are forced to conclude that the world does move, and that in spite of the fact

That the banker lives in a fine house and we live in a walkup flat,

That Wall Street gentlemen control millions, while we have difficulty in holding our jobs,

In fine, that some are still rich and dress in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, while others must hustle mightily to pay the rent.

Anyhow, it's not so bad as it was.

The Queen votes.

THE END



EVERYTHING has an end, but the sum of things goes on.

As far as nature is concerned, there is no individual immortality, but there is immortality of the race or species. One generation breeds another, and so on. No generation lasts.

To be satisfied everything must have a close. We must have a climax in music. In a story we must have a beginning, and difficulties, and a satisfactory ending. Every speech must have a satisfactory peroration.

The most eternal things that I know of, that is, things that seem to express eternity, are not the mountains nor the stars, but, strangely enough, the rivers, which are continually changing. They are eternal because they are constantly refreshed.

It is the same Arno that flows through Florence which was there in the days of Dante; Julius Caesar saw the same Tiber we see now; Joan of Arc looked upon the same Seine! and King Alfred saw the same Thames we note today.

So the most eternal things are not the things that stand forever, but those which are continually refreshed.

From this doctrine of the end of things a wise man takes his comfort. He learns moderation in joy and fortitude in pain.

What he says to himself in days

of sorrow is the same thing that he says to himself in days of joy to keep himself sober: "This too shall pass."

There are moments when we take great comfort in the fact that everything some time shall cease. As Swinburne says:

"From too much love of living,
From hope and pain set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

I may not be quite exact, for I quote from memory, but the idea is there.

We can endure every lot because we have to stand it only a day at a time. Each life is broken up for us by periods of repose.

Every day is a little life and typical of that larger day of life—that youth, manhood and age, which we all endure.

There must be an instinct of death as there is an instinct of sleep, and the sage lies down calmly to die as the tired man goes to his bed.

It is the end, and while our brief day may not have been successful according to various standards, at least it comes to its close in the hope of another awakening and a new trial.

Shall there be another awakening to the sleep of death? If a man die, shall he live again?

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